MAKING PEACE WITH THE EARTH by Gordon Harrison

Saturday Review

November 6, 1971 / 50c

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JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH ON The Lyndon Johnson Papers

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You look at a little car and wonder how long it'll last.

The answer's hidden deep inside.

Let's look inside a Pinto...and see what makes it different...where it counts.

Everybody's got his own theory on how to build a little car.

Ours is simple: It should accelerate fast enough to handle turnpikes, stop fast enough and straight enough to cope with emergencies, steer precisely and responsively.

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Our brakes are oversize and self-adjusting.

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We didn't stint on Pinto. Not where it counts.

Talk to your Ford Dealer about Pinto. He has plain ones, fancy ones. Pintos with options like those shown above. He's got them all for you to drive.

Better idea for safety: Buckle up.

Pinto Runabout

Pinto
Different where it counts.

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The real

The lifeblood of our technological civilization is energy from fossil fuels. But easily accessible domestic reserves continue to diminish as demand steadily increases.

Man must perfect techniques to extract from nature's abundance greater quantities of supplemental energy. Perhaps giant satellite solar cells; perhaps proven safe atomic fission. Or perhaps he will be encouraged to seek greater yield from known natural reserves and synthetics without disturbing either the ecology or the economy.

The ideal

A practical way to harness the pure, clean force of the sun, source of every energy form man has ever known.

Whatever the answers, they must be found while we still have the energy to find them.

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artist. lippold The Metropolitan Museum of Art

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Saturday Review

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John Kenneth Galbraith on The Lyndon Johnson Papers

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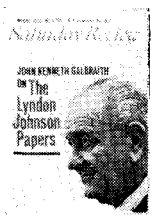

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Consciousness raising is going on whether we like it or not. For example, we can be "appalled" at the "stridency" of some of the "extremists" in the new feminist movement, but there are few men (or women) whose thinking has not changed at least a little as the result of that movement. Language, literature and politics are beginning to be discussed from a different point of view. Even the banal phrase "the woman's angle" has taken on a new meaning.

Eve Merriam, poet and teacher, whose *After Nora Slammed the Door* was one of the first of the new feminist books, has just published GROWING UP FEMALE IN AMERICA: *Ten Lives*, which illuminates a neglected aspect of American history and life—what it was like to be a girl when this country was developing. Using diaries, letters, fragments of autobiographies, Eve Merriam allows ten very different American women to speak for themselves. The first is an 18th century schoolgirl, the last a Winnebago Indian who died in 1960. In between we read about the wife of a Confederate officer; about Susie King Taylor, born a slave; about Arvazine Cooper, who journeyed across the Great Plains and had a baby en route; about Maria Mitchell, the astronomer; Elizabeth Cady Stanton and others. These women tell of the struggle to be educated, to use that education, to be treated as people, not children. (Did you know, for example, that an American husband once was allowed to punish his wife for disobedience "provided he did not use a stick thicker than the judge's thumb"?)

Reading GROWING UP FEMALE IN AMERICA, you get a sense that Eve Merriam enjoyed the time she spent with these ten women. Certainly, their words reveal better than a hundred treatises the nature of our private past. There are pictures in the book. Songs, too, and old advertisements. It's different Americana—entertaining and instructive for all sexes.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

GROWING UP FEMALE IN AMERICA ($7.95), edited and introduced by Eve Merriam, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located in The Fashion Center, Paramus, New Jersey 07652.

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In operator training, you can sometimes learn a lot by talking to yourself.

Hearing yourself on a tape recorder can be a surprise.

That's why a tape recorder is often the easiest way for a new girl to improve the voice quality we stress most: Courtesy.

Diction is still important, but with today's improved telephone transmission, operators are easier to understand without the old "nyen," "fy-uv" overpronunciation you may remember.

But there's a problem. No matter how courteous and friendly a new operator tries to be, her voice can sometimes play tricks and make her sound just the opposite.

If she talks too fast, you think she's impatient and anxious to be done with you. Maybe she's just nervous.

If she talks too softly, you might think she's unsure of her job.

If she talks in a monotone, you think she's not interested in you and your call.

But once she hears herself, she knows what to do.

And whether she has a soft Alabama drawl or a crisp "Down Mainer" accent, working with a tape recorder or other teaching aids helps her natural courtesy come through.

The American Telephone & Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company believe that an operator's voice should reflect the warmth and friendliness we know is there.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Senators

THE WASHINGTON SENATORS baseball team has departed the ball park in the nation's capital and will henceforth play in Arlington, Texas, a small town halfway between Dallas and Fort Worth.

This may not be any great shucks to you, but I worry about how that announcement will look in the Peking *Times*, which prints all the news that's fit for Communists. Front page all the way, up and down, from top to bottom: "Twenty-five Senators have walked out on the Nixon Administration, a defection so cloaked in mystery by the inscrutable Americans that one can only guess that the twenty-five Senators, who hate Communists, defected in protest against the coming visit to China of President Nixon, who loves Communists. Credence was lent to this rumor by Mr. Nixon's proclamation that he will go to Russia for the May Day celebration."

Of course, we all know that what would be a Chinese puzzlement in Peking is simply that the Washington Senators' fans failed to patronize a team that has for many seasons finished close to the bottom of the league. The owner of the club felt he had been shortchanged, so he chose to move to greener Astro-turf. Freedom of choice —a commodity in short supply in Communist countries.

You can't fault the ball club for leaving town. When the number of players outnumbers the fans in the stands, it is difficult for the team to work up much of an *esprit de corps*. Or even a sweat. A center fielder rushing at full speed to make an over-the-shoulder catch can't hear a handful of fans chanting, "Let's go, Senators. Let's go, Senators." But the owner heard, picked up his team, and went.

Richard Nixon is a fervent and vocal fan of all sports and let it be known that the departure of the Senators was a grievous loss to him personally and to his son-in-law David Eisenhower particularly. Many Congressmen, taking a cue from their leader, were heard to exclaim, "We have no ball team!" That they didn't have a ball team when they had a ball team seemed of no consequence.

It comes as a surprise to this sports fan that anyone in Washington really cared. Ball clubs, to be successful, take a lot of caring for, a lot of cheering on, and a lot of patience with. Players of our national pastime need a lot of those, especially in our national capital.

If you were a member of the Washington Senators, how would you have felt when our President traveled to Minnesota to shake the hand of third baseman Harmon Killebrew after a home run spree? Or when the President invited Vida Blue, pitcher for the Oakland Athletics, to the White House to shake his hand and congratulate him on his fast ball, curve, and slider? Or when he sent his charming First Lady to a World Series game in Baltimore, where Pat, good sport that she is, threw out the first political ball?

All these kudos spread around the country, forsaking the hometown team, did little to cheer or to comfort the Senators. Baseball players, despite their swinging of heavy bats and their pounding of fists into deep-pocketed gloves, are a sensitive breed, esthetic, and an easy prey to hurtsy feelings.

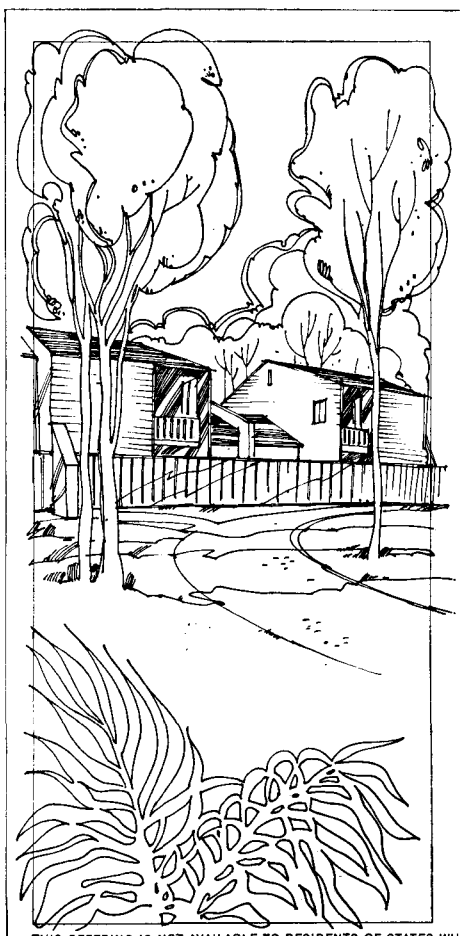
It is not any wonder, then, that the Washington Senators felt loveless and friendless. From this a person can develop a chronic home runlessness. And since the name of the game is home runs, it is readily understood why the only persons who showed up in great numbers at the Robert F. Kennedy Stadium were the ballplayers.

It should not have inconvenienced the President too much to show up at the ball park for a night game and, after a runless evening, to walk over to manager Ted Williams, pat him on the back, and say, "Well, Ted, we can't lose 'em all." Or to call over big Frank Howard from first base, look up at him, and say joshingly, "How's the weather up there, Frank?"

That's the stuff team spirit is made of. It might have saved the club from moving to Arlington, Texas. For that matter, if a team that has been buried in the cellar so long had to go, it would seem more appropriate if it had gone to the other Arlington.

A shame! It could have been averted. The President might have declared the pasture on which the Washington team played an underprivileged and underdeveloped disaster area. By simple fiat, he might have decreed that all federal employees and other groups that come to the White House seeking favor must attend at least one ball game.

Have a hot dog. Have a Coke. And while you're at it, have a heaping helping of irony: The gun lobby alone could have packed to overflowing the Robert F. Kennedy Stadium.



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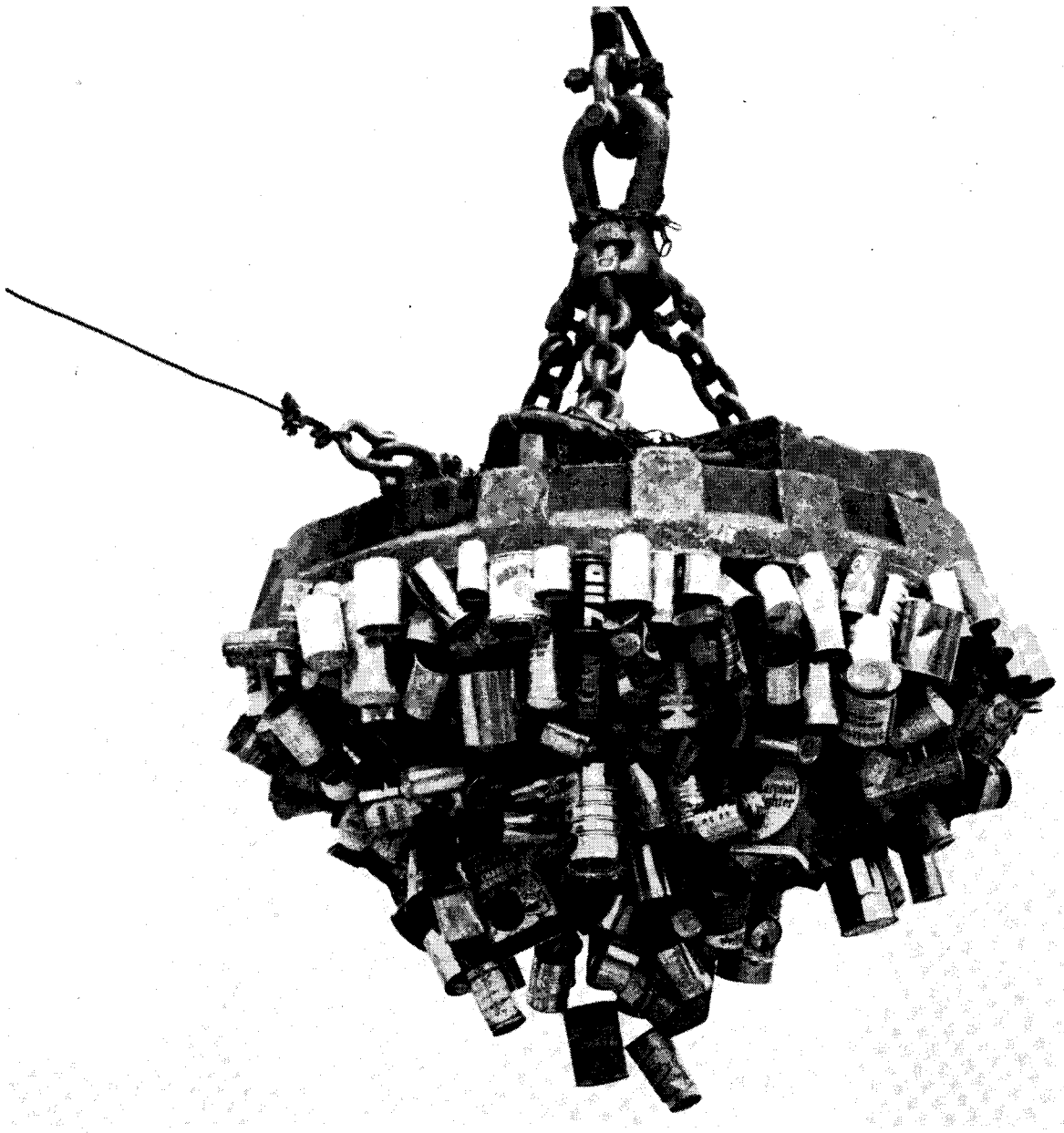

Try picking up any can but a steel can this way...You can't.

And neither can municipal refuse systems. Only steel cans can be easily "mined" by magnets out of household refuse and sent back to furnaces for remelting. This is the way progressive cities—like Atlanta, Oakland and others—are recovering 9 out of 10 cans from household refuse collections.

We are recycling all steel cans returned to us. We can handle 'em because we have big magnets.

Does the idea attract you? Like a magnet?

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American Iron and Steel Institute

STEEL—the recycled material.

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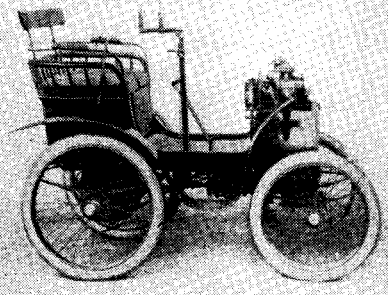
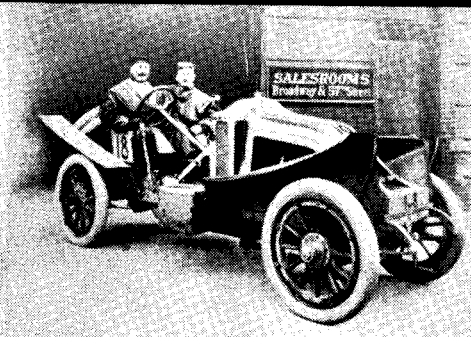
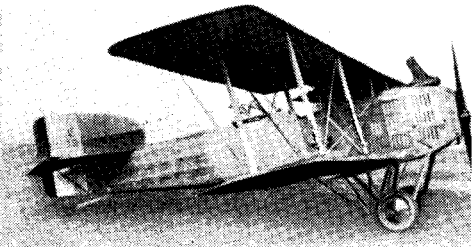


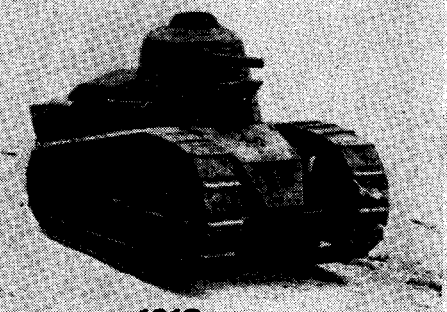
1898.
The Renault that started it all. (Before the Model T was a gleam in Henry's eye.)



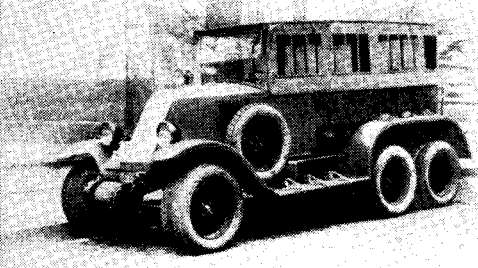
1909.
The Renault that won the New York 24-hour race. We get off to good start in America.



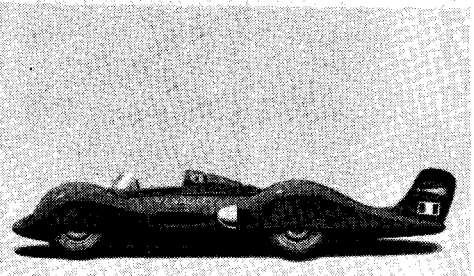
1916.
The Renault that worried the Red Baron. (1930: we are world's largest maker of aircraft engines.)



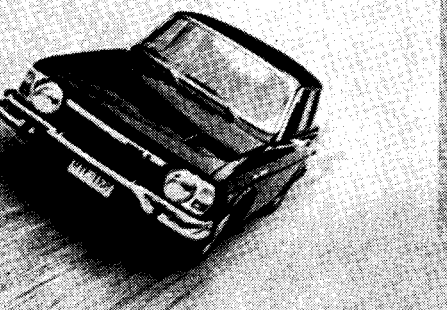
1918.
The Renault that turned the tide in the trenches. Even Renault workers got citations.



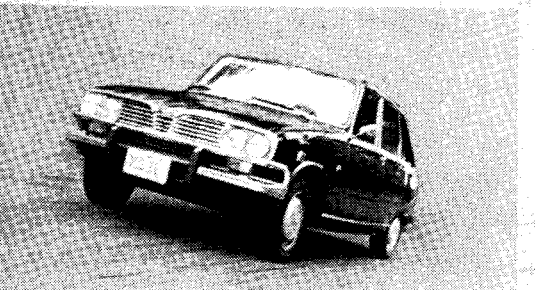
1924.
The Renault that made the first motor crossing of the Sahara.



1956.
The Renault that set a world's speed record at famous Salt Lake City flats.



1966.
The Renault 10 arrives in U.S.A. It gets up to 35 mpg and gains a very solid following.



1968.
The front-wheel drive Renault 16 arrives. But not before winning "Car of the Year" in Europe.

1971.
Renault Alpines take 1st, 2nd, 3rd in Monte Carlo against cars like Lancia and Porsche.

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world's largest producer of front-wheel drive cars.

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FROM PRENTICE-HALL
Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey 07632

London Letter

Herbert R. Mayes

A Day in the Life

THE ENGLISH have a *thing* about privacy. I have read books and essays that touch on the subject but still am unsure of its origin. However well I think I may know some of the natives here, I feel basically ignorant of any facet of their character except that they have an aversion to intrusion, not merely by foreigners but by their own kind. Their concern for privacy must, of course, antedate the dictum of Edward Coke, the Lord Chief Justice, who held in the seventeenth century that a man's house is his castle. Perhaps it even antedates 1086, when William the Conqueror, in order to determine the economic resources of the nation for purposes of taxation, ordered compilation of the Domesday Book—"the record from which there is no appeal." How much land the gentry owned, how many houses, pigs, and cows they had, how many laborers, how much money was due and owed—such questions the citizens resented; and if they did not resist, it was because there were soldiers ready to be arrayed against them.

It has been a good long while since anybody tried to use domestic force against the British. Most of them respect and cherish the Crown, but will rebel instantly against any pretensions of government. In their persons and homes they want to be let alone. They consider it not good form to inquire of a neighbor where he works. It would be quite un-British to ask anything about his forebears. The British reserve is akin to a religion.

The imminence of a census poses problems here for whatever government is in office. Today everybody recognizes that at regular intervals a census is necessary and inevitable. Just the same, everybody gets his back up, prepared to protest—not against a census as such, but against practically all the questions likely to be asked. Even something as innocuous as "Do you go to your place of business by bus or underground?" will provoke argument. ("Whose bloody business is it but mine? Next thing you know, they'll be asking if I take a nip at night.") With a new census in the offing, with five years of preparation behind it, and with endorsements by all political parties, the approach to the populace was timid, kindly, paternal, and only slightly menacing. ("We apologize for the chore we are inflicting on you. But we can't guess our way into the future, can we, by assuming we are this and that when, for all we know, we may be nothing of the sort?" And at the end, a gentle "For your help, we thank you." Then a postscript: "There are penalties up to £50 for failing to comply.")

Thus, on Friday, April 16 of this year, 105,000 enumerators personally delivered to the 18 million households in Britain questionnaires that had to be filled out on Sunday, April 25, for the seventeenth British census in 170 years. ("We dislike the word 'enumerators,' it's long and ungainly, but tradition has saddled us with it.") On April 26, the forms were collected by the enumerators who, because of the color of the bags they carried, were derisively called the Army of the Blue Satchels.

For several prior months, a folksy but vigorous campaign had been conducted by the government, via press, radio, and television, to persuade the country that the questions were essential and that by law they had to be answered. Stressed especially was the absolute confidence in which the accumulated information would be held. ("Your answers are strictly private. They go into computers and simply become statistics that will help us determine future housing, education, health, and traffic needs. Nobody will know your name or address.")

"Who is the head of your household?" Not a frightening question, really; but, damn it, it's *prying*. The British are against it. Whether or not there is an inside toilet in their home, for example, they consider nobody's business but their own. Immigrants in particular were chary about questions having to do with their date of arrival and the birthplaces of their parents. ("But we want to be sure," said the government, "that our immigrant communities get their future share of homes and jobs. Britain is a melting-pot nation—we want to be fair to everybody.")

All households were provided with copies of the questions in English, Italian, and Greek, and also in Urdu, Bengali, Gujarati, and Punjabi. It was mandatory, however, for answers to be in English, only the Welsh being permitted, if they preferred, to use their own language.

Each household also received some twelve pages brimming with cheery if not vital information, explaining, for example, that the first census of British people was made in 1624 in Virginia, and the second in New York in 1698. ("They were British colonies then. But

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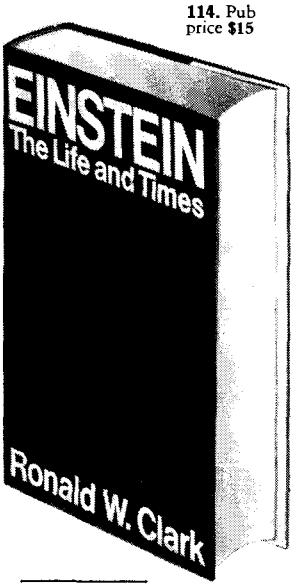

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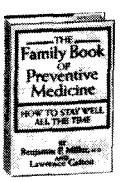

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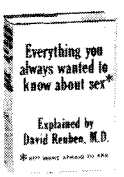

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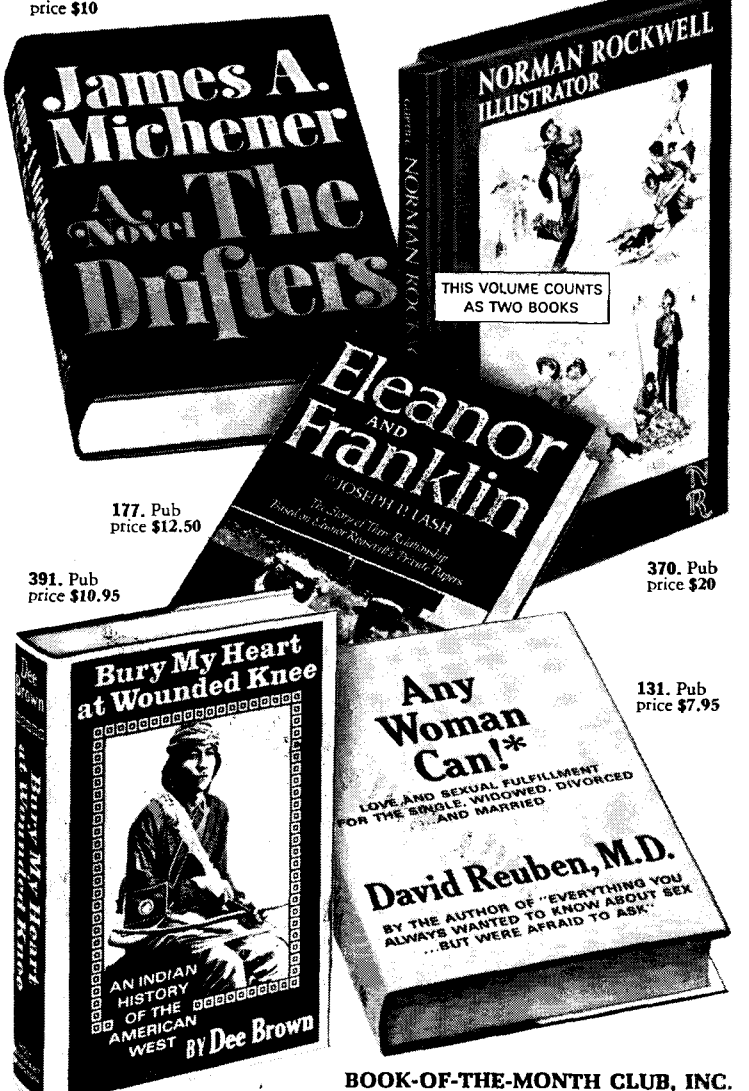
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the Babylonians beat us all with a census in the seventh century B. C. The 1971 census form is big, but not as heavy as the Babylonian version—that was made of clay.")

Only married women were asked if they had children and when they were born. "In spite of all we hear of our permissive society, 92 per cent of the babies born here are born in wedlock," the government said, which must have startled officials in abortion clinics and anybody, which is practically everybody, who knows about the Pill. It probably puzzled the fourteen-year-old girl who observed in her diary on April 25 that "on the wireless today I was told the number of unmarried mothers here under fifteen has trebled between 1959 and 1969. I never dreamt the problem was so great, and I don't think that readily available contraceptives for school children will solve it."

More than anything else, what intrigued me about the census was a notion conceived by a very, very English gentleman with the very, very American name of Ted Jones. It resulted in a letter being directed to education authorities throughout Britain. "Children are being invited, for the first time," it began, "to take part in a census—to make Census Day the most recorded day in British history. Pupils of all ages are invited to write about *their* day and their lives on April 25, so that future historians will know what it was like being young in the Britain of 1971. We do not want essays —just first person records of local life, like diaries, telling about the things that happened to them on Census Day, the people they met, the clothes they wore, who came to dinner, how their fathers grumbled filling in their forms, and their mothers couldn't remember the dates they were born." (Sample extracts from Pepys and other diarists were included.) The best entries would be stored for 100 years in vaults beneath Somerset House, the children were told, and there would be no prizes —except that the writers of the most interesting diaries would become, in effect, "a part of history." Each school head was asked to select up to four diaries for submission and have them countersigned by the local mayor. "There is only one rule, the rule of Census Day: secrecy. Children must show their diaries to parents before submitting them to teachers. This is to ensure that children do not commit to history information which is no business of historians anyway."

At the beginning of September, by which time I assumed the diaries had been sorted out, I asked for permission to inspect them. It was granted, with the stipulation I divulge no names.

Out of the many thousands of diaries written, approximately 500 were set

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Our marriage will cause quite a stir.

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aside for preservation until January 1, 2071. I read through more than 400 over a period of three weeks. If one single fact impressed me above any other, it was this: the extraordinarily close family relationships. On Census Day, 80 per cent of the children and their parents visited briefly, or were visited by, grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins. (There was an occasional untoward note, such as, "When we got home, Alistair and I found that our daddy was there. You see, mummy and daddy are separated, and daddy comes up every Sunday. He comes up and we have tea, and then he goes away again.")

On Census Day, the overwhelming majority of children went to church, though hardly all of them with enthusiasm. ("Helen and I sat in our usual place and exchanged our weekly news on dances, discothèques, youth clubs, and new films. The wealthy Henley family sat in the front pew. Mrs. Henley was wearing a huge, ridiculously shaped hat. I wonder how they have the nerve to criticise teenage clothes. Right ahead of us were two girls wearing Levi denim jeans. The vicar's wife did not approve. Sometimes, like many people today, I doubted the existence of God." Also, "Went to our little Methodist Chapel and sang my favorite hymn which is 'Jesus wants me for a sunbeam' and I put 2½p on the plate. The rest of it is boring.")

About a third of the children have pets and seem devoted to them. ("My best friend is our terrier Baski. He is twelve and a year older than me. Dad named him after the hound of the Baskervilles. I love Baski and he loves me." "I cleaned Pippin my favorite rabbit's cage out." "Abbot is my best guinea pig but he is sick and mum is going to find a doctor.")

Most of the girls and about 20 per cent of the boys help in preparation of meals, make beds, and do "hoovering" and general tidying up, though it should be remembered that the diaries were written on a Sunday and may not reflect normal weekday activity. During the day or evening, most of the children had a bath, with no indication of whether it was a weekly or daily occasion. In any event, it is not always a lickety-split affair, as various mentions were made of immersion heaters, which provide hot water only after two hours. With surprise I noted that about 5 per cent of the children, both sexes and up to the age of fourteen, after waking up "crawled into bed with mum and dad for an extra hour's sleep."

I was pleasantly surprised by the number of children, almost a third, who that Sunday morning were giving some attention to books. ("I read another forty pages of *Sense and Sensibility* by Jane Austen and noticed that in the book there are three sisters, but in the television series there are only two sisters. I shouldn't have thought BBC would have allowed such a drastic change." "I read wind in the willows again but I don't know what for.") At some time or other during the day almost every child watched television, the overwhelmingly favorite program being *Doctor at Large*. ("It was about a doctor named Michael Upton. There was a nurse in Doctor Upton's surgery. She fancied him. She wouldn't let him alone. She kept kissing him, she even had him on the bed three times. She was drunk.") A doubtful note from a girl of thirteen: "The telly is both a blessing and a hazard. It solves the problem of communication but it encourages violence in kids when they see their heroic cartoon character Superman deal someone a lethal blow." On radio, or wireless, as some of the children still call it, little is listened to other than news and popular music. ("I'm glad that 'Hot Love' is still in the lead." "Dad says pop music is the only thing in my head. If only he knew what really was in my head!")

I gathered that the children receive more of their news from radio and television than from newspapers. ("BOAC's jumbo jet, only one-quarter full, took off this afternoon." "The funeral of Papa Doc, dictator of Haiti, was held today. His coffin was solid bronze and bullet-proof, though why anyone should try and shoot a dead man is beyond me." "More trouble in Ireland. Nothing but trouble." "Russian space ship *Soyuz* with three cosmonauts aboard made a soft landing on Russian soil after docking with *Salyut* an unmanned space station.") Quite a few children were impressed by Princess Anne, "who came fifth in Badminton Horse Trials today."

Occasionally, some disillusion: "It is about ten miles to Highgate Village and as we drive along the North Circular Road we see a lot of gypsies camped on the grass verge. They have been there for several weeks, and I feel sorry they have made such a mess, as I had been championing them in a school debate." Also, "Everything is terrible. We should take all the mad people that have power over other people and burn them all. Mix all the people in a cauldron and pick out one colour of man. Take the flags off the moon and get rid of the search for other worlds to destroy. The one we have got is bad enough." "Skinheads are afraid of no one person but they are terrified of police dogs. They are the only thing wrong with our society."

Occasionally, a note of sadness:

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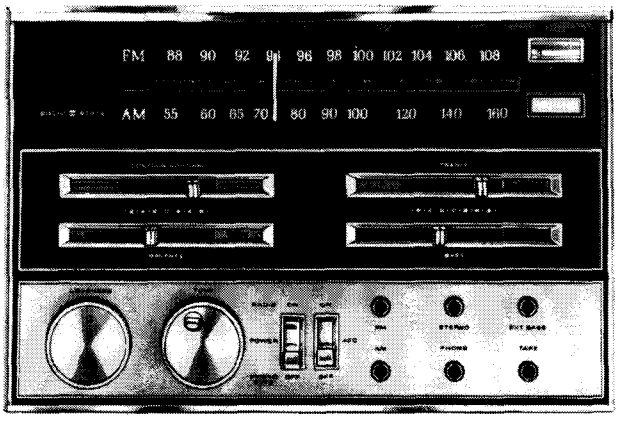

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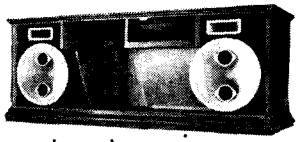

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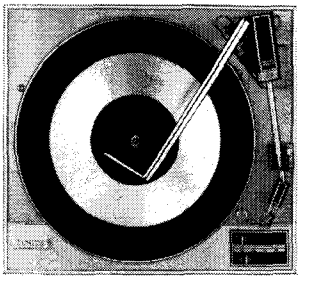

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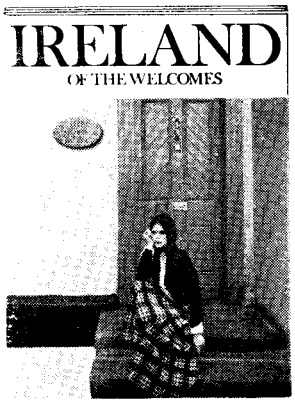

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AVON

"Dad was made redundant a week ago. He is worrying when he will find some other work. Mum is worried and I am too. I made him a cup of tea." Occasionally, a personal problem: "Andrew came to spend the evening with me. Mum and Dad went visiting somewhere. My sister Fran kept coming in. Dad had told me he told her to. I said didn't he trust me, and he said no."

There were still other less than cheerful references. "As we passed through dimly lit towns I noticed middle-aged men staggering out of pubs, and groups of long-haired teenagers going to or coming out of dance halls, many of them eating steaming fish and chips from fatty grease-proof paper." "Our house in Birmingham is in the middle of factories and the river is dirty and polluted." "Perhaps our whole civilisation will disappear in a nuclear explosion." But there were optimistic views to balance. "I think I live in the best time because thirty years ago there was a world war, but in this era there are fantastic developments such as landing and walking on the moon; hovercraft that can go over sea and land; transistors the size of a pinhead; computers to work out figures in a couple of hours that would take a man many weeks." "I think all countries will talk the same language, no colour discrimination, eat a week's meal in a pill. I live in Kirby. Our population is 375. Expected to rise to 470 by 1981."

About 22 per cent of the children have bicycles. Thirty-one of the boys and eleven of the girls rose at dawn on Census Day, hurried to local depots for their bundles of Sunday newspapers, and made their rounds of deliveries. Some of them that day joined marches in celebration of St. George's Day, and those who carried the Union Jack mentioned it with pride. That day thirty of the girls participated in Girl Guide activities. Piano practice was mentioned, usually without complaint, by twenty-nine girls and eight boys. Seven girls warmed their beds that evening with hot-water bottles. During the afternoon, almost half of the children were driven by their parents to rural areas, which most of them admired. ("The yellow primroses carpeted the river banks. Trees have no leaves yet but the buds are getting ready." "Daffodils, primroses, and tulips are blooming and spring is beautiful.")

Because the country is fairly burgeoning with historic sites, with castles, stately homes, and monuments and memorials commemorating victories of military and naval heroes, more children than I would have expected found pleasure in the excursions. "Our Census Day is very different from the census of long ago when Joseph and Mary journeyed to Nazareth. My sister Emily and I went down by Tyrone's Bed. Tyrone and that district has a very interesting history. The Earl of Tyrone was an Irish Earl who lived in the 16th century. He was running away from Queen Elizabeth the first's troops." "In Stratford on Avon we saw the church where Shakespeare was married and the cottage where Ann Hathaway his girl friend lived."

From the youngest child, aged seven, whose complete diary said merely, "I had sugarpuffs for breakfast, we played hideandseek," to the oldest child of fifteen, there emanated a naïveté and curiosity and sense of awareness that probably are common, for all I know, to the young of every land. ("I went to the toilet and took care of myself." "I made tea and Daddy came down in his old gown. I was relieved to see he had his pyjama trousers on. Sometimes he forgets them and the sight of two hairy legs at breakfast is quite repellant.")

Here in these diaries surely is ma-

(Continued on page 91)

"The chimney is drawing much better since you fell through it."

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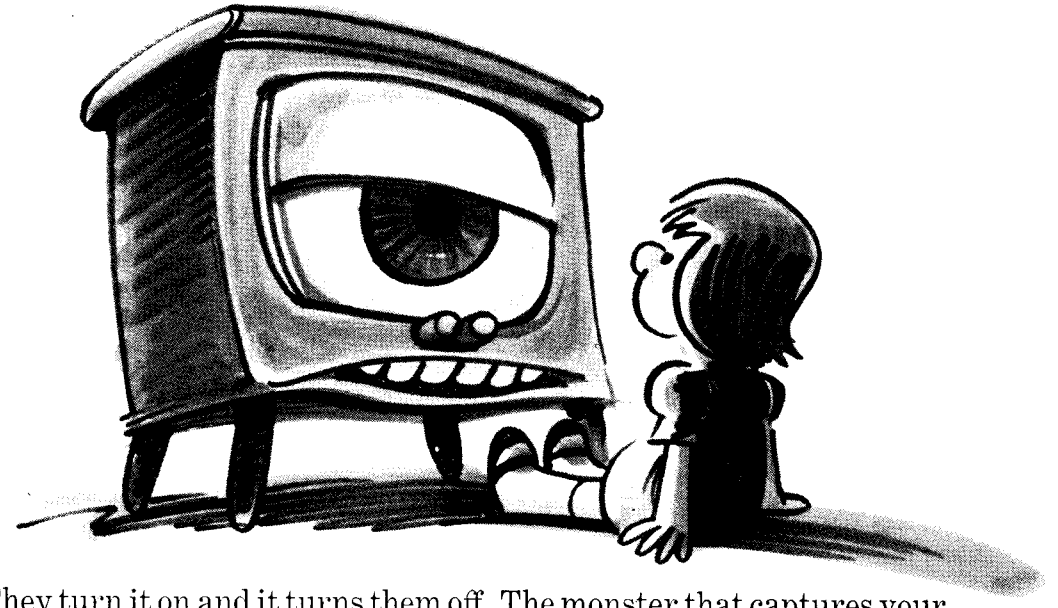
Defeat the One-Eyed Monster



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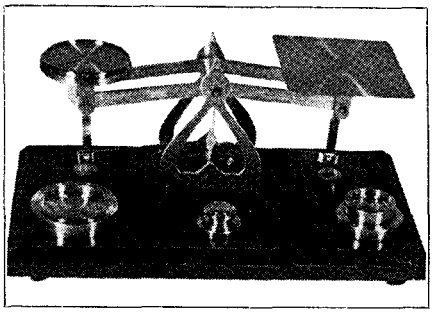

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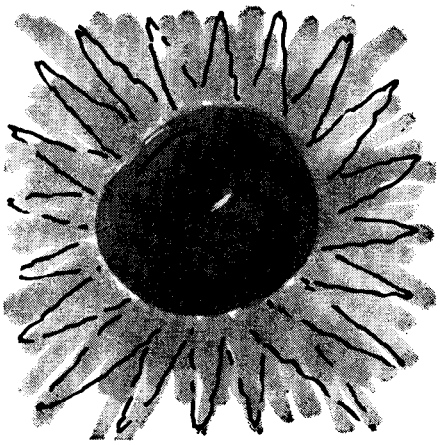

STRAIGHTEN UP NOW!
(See Classified ad page 93)

Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Want of the Week—from Mrs. Marion Caldwell of Warrensburg, New York, who found it in *The Dollar Stretcher*:

WANTED
Nice Young Lady to Share a Cemetery Plot with Energetic Young Executive

Great spot for a real go-get-her.

Campus Note of the Week—from Clyde Snow of Noble, Oklahoma, who broke our record by finding not one but two notes on the same page of the University of Oklahoma's *Oklahoma Daily*:

The Women's Studies Center will no longer hold Human Sexuality on Thursday mornings. They will retain the Tuesday 10 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. classes.

and

The American Association of University Professors will meet at 4 p.m. Monday in the lounge of the Home Economics building. Afterwards there will be a social gathering.
slug slug SLUG SLUG

"In the deep Midwest," Mr. Snow points out, "not only do we have the new morality, we also have campus unrest."

Jack Olsen, author of *Slaughter the Animals: Poison the Earth* (Simon & Schuster), is not an easy man to corral. A rugged six-foot-twoer, he lives on a mountaintop in Colorado. From there he surveys vast stretches of land—land on which, as his book describes in an utterly unforgettable way, the U.S. government, through the Department of Interior's so-called "Wildlife Services," is engaged in a poison program of such dimensions that even to read about it and not do anything to help stop it seems like a criminal offense. If Mr. Olsen's book already has been compared to Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*, it also makes no bones about who should get the blame—the stockmen and ranchers who, for ridiculously low fees, graze their stock on this land and evidently want nothing else to roam there—even if it means killing with a cruelty that passes not only understanding but even sanity.

"Remember," Mr. Olsen told us, "since most of it is public land, and your taxes pay the poisoners, what they're doing is poisoning *your* animals on *your* land with *your* money."

Come to New York immediately, we ordered him, and tell the public about it. "Listen, bud," he said, "there's only one way I'd come to New York, and that's handcuffed to a federal marshal. Since I discovered fresh air, I don't even like talking to New York on the telephone. It's contaminating."

Mr. Olsen, whose previous book is *The Bridge at Chappaquiddick*, is, we learned, not much at reading reviews. "For that book," he told us, "I was savaged by a little clique of pro-Kennedy people—the kind of people who, if you're not 105 per cent for Ted Kennedy, you're a reactionary. The incredible thing about it was that I *am* pro Kennedy—I'm even pro Ted Kennedy.

"I know this book will get a couple of savagings, too. After all, I live in sheep and cattle country and among people who are responsible for the poisoning." Did *any* of his neighbors, we wanted to know, like the book? There was a long pause. "Well," he said, "the nearest thing to something like a compliment was said to me by a Colorado game warden quite a ways from here. It was when the eagles started dropping like flies. 'When you came through here writing,' he said, 'I wasn't sure you knew what you were talking about. But you must have known something.'

"Every single eagle death," Mr. Olsen said quietly, "was like a punctuation mark for my book. But watch out now for a campaign by the Department of the Interior to make it seem like *just* eagles are being killed. The other day Rogers Morton, the Secretary of the Interior, went on television. They asked him if any other animals besides eagles were jeopardized. You know what he said? 'No,' he said. *No*, for God's sake. In my book, there's a typical year's body count by the department itself. Coyotes, 90,000; foxes, 24,000; bobcats and lynxes, 21,000; skunks, 19,000; raccoons, 10,000; opossums, 7,600; badgers, 7,000; porcupines, 6,700; red wolves, 2,800; bears, 800; mountain lions, 300.

"That," he repeated quietly, "is one year—by their figures. And Mr. Morton just says 'No.' He's a Yale man, too."

Mr. Olsen was not Yale—he was Pennsylvania. "Not for too long either," he adds, "a year and a half. I didn't want to get contaminated by the Ivy League—or, for that matter, any college." He was born in Indianapolis but grew up in Philadelphia, the son of an itinerant salesman, insurance adjuster, and baseball player. "He told me he had played for the Detroit Tigers, but when I got old enough to look it up I

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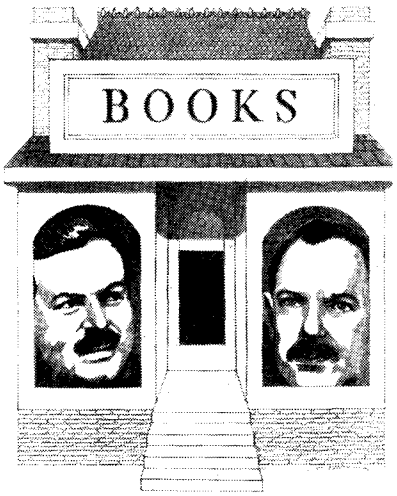
BETWEEN VOLUMES OF BALZAC AND THACKERAY A GREAT LITERARY TRADITION WAS BORN



It was only a chance meeting in a rare-book store, but it was one of magazine publishing's finest days. For it was the first face-to-face encounter between Ernest Hemingway and Arnold Gingrich, founding editor of Esquire Magazine.

At that meeting, Hemingway agreed to be Esquire's first contributor. He even suggested other fine writers who would give the new magazine life. But, more important, he set a standard of literary excellence Esquire has been following throughout its 38 years. And perhaps the finest tribute to these men of letters is the fact that Esquire is the publisher of more Nobel and Pulitzer Prize winners than any other magazine.

But Esquire is certainly not resting on its laurels, as this partial list of contents from a recent issue will prove:

- **Unpublished F. Scott Fitzgerald**
- **Never-before-translated Vladimir Nabokov**
- **A portion of John Updike's upcoming book**
- **The childhood reminiscences of Graham Greene**
- **One of six autobiographical articles by Malcolm Muggeridge**
- **The second of three excerpts from Gay Talese's "Honor Thy Father"**
- **An excerpt from William Styron's first novel since "Nat Turner"**
- **Rex Reed on Tennessee Williams at 60**

These are just a few of the many features packed into one exciting issue of Esquire. And each and every future issue will be just such a great reading event. There will be more fiction from literary luminaries like Joyce Carol Oates, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Bruce Jay Friedman, Bernard Malamud, Gore Vidal and John Barth. And, just as Esquire previewed all of the major works of Philip Roth, it will continue to supply its readers with pre-publication excerpts from future best-sellers.

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- **The greatest hotels in the world**
- **How to live like a millionaire in Portugal**
- **The Israel you wouldn't believe**
- **Exploring the South Pacific with Walter Hickel**
- **Tours for people who hate tours**

Just a few of the travel articles that ignited adventuresome spirits and gave insights far beyond the ordinary realm.

But Esquire is much more than fiction and travel. There's scathing commentary by people like J. Anthony Lukas; Garry Wills; Dalton Trumbo; Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.; Nora Ephron; Susan Sontag and Sally Kempton, plus rollicking satire by some of the most devilish minds around.

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found he hadn't even been in organized baseball. He was Willy Loman. I wrote a book about him called *Over the Fence Is Out*."

Mr. Olsen's climb to his free-lance mountaintop was by way of the San Diego *Union*, the San Diego *Journal*, the Washington *Daily News*, the New Orleans *Item*, the Chicago *Sun-Times*, *Time*, and *Sports Illustrated*. He met his wife, Sue, at Baja California. Is she, we asked, a writer? "No," he said, "just a girl—but she's awful good at being that."

Mr. Olsen has just finished a book called *The Girls in the Office* and is going to work on another called *The Girls on the Campus*. "It's going to be a whatever-you-call-it-for-six-books," he said, "a sexology. The only one I know is trilogy. I don't even know what it is for two."

Biology, we told him firmly. We asked Mr. Olsen about his own animals. "We have a dog that came to us half-dead. He was run over by a school bus. I don't approve of dogs in wild settings —they spook the wild animals—but this guy lived as a wild animal for six months after he'd been hit by that bus. He loves wild animals.

"When you live at 9,000 feet you don't get many animals," Mr. Olsen continued, "but I did see an ermine last winter—and in his own coat, too. And some nights now we get as many as a dozen coyotes that come around. I put out Purina Dog Chow for them, and they really turn out for it. Raccoons come too. They love Purina. People should know that if they live in wild places, even where there aren't many animals, if they'd put out maybe five bucks' worth of food a month, they'd get plenty of animals. And, it would help them in their tough periods —those starving times.

"There's one thing about coyotes, though. They're so smart. If you try to get out to see them, even if you click the front door, they're gone. Once they even went when I clicked my camera from *inside* the house." Mr. Olsen paused. He was obviously thinking about his coyotes. "Yes," he said slowly. "Smart. I guess that's why they're surviving."

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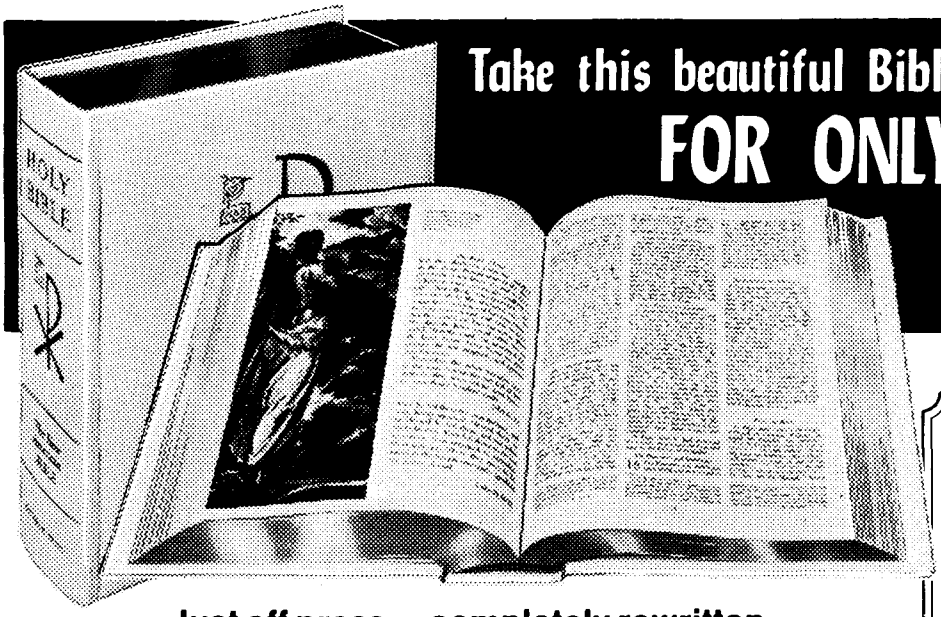

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Dawn Watch

UNLESS A MAN is up for the dawn and for the half hour or so of first light, he has missed the best of the day.

The traffic has just started, not yet a roar and a stink. One car at a time goes by, the tires humming almost like the sound of a brook a half mile down in the crease of a mountain I know—a sound that carries not because it is loud but because everything else is still.

It isn't exactly a mist that hangs in the thickets but more nearly the ghost of a mist—a phenomenon like side vision. Look hard and it isn't there, but glance without focusing and something registers, an exhalation that will be gone three minutes after the sun comes over the treetops.

The lawns shine with a dew not exactly dew. There is a rabbit bobbing about on the lawn and then freezing. If it were truly a dew, his tracks would shine black on the grass, and he leaves no visible track. Yet, there is something on the grass that makes it glow a depth of green it will not show again all day. Or is that something in the dawn air?

Our cardinals know what time it is. They drop pure tones from the hemlock tops. The black gang of grackles that makes a slum of the pin oak also knows the time but can only grate at it. They sound like a convention of broken universal joints grating uphill. The grackles creak and squeak, and the cardinals form tones that only occasionally sound through the noise. I scatter sunflower seeds by the birdbath for the cardinals and hope the grackles won't find them.

My neighbor's tomcat comes across the lawn, probably on his way home from passion, or only acting as if he had had a big night. I suspect him of being one of those poolroom braggarts who can't get next to a girl but who like to let on that they are hot studs. This one is too can-fed and too lazy to hunt for anything. Here he comes now, ignoring the rabbit. And there he goes.

As soon as he has hopped the fence, I let my dog out. The dog charges the rabbit, watches it jump the fence, shakes himself in a self-satisfied way, then trots dutifully into the thicket for his morning service, stopping to sniff everything on the way back.

There is an old mountain laurel on the island of the driveway turn-around. From somewhere on the wind a white morning-glory rooted next to it and has climbed it. Now the laurel is woven full of white bells tinged pink by the first rays through the not quite mist. Only in earliest morning can they be seen. Come out two hours from now and there will be no morning-glories.

Dawn, too, is the hour of a weed I know only as day flower—a bright blue button that closes in full sunlight. I have weeded bales of it out of my flower beds, its one daytime virtue being the shallowness of its root system that allows it to be pulled out effortlessly in great handfuls. Yet, now it shines. Had it a few more hours of such shining in its cycle, I would cultivate it as a ground cover, but dawn is its one hour, and a garden is for whole days.

There is another blue morning weed whose name I do not know. This one grows from a bulb to pulpy stems and a bedraggled daytime sprawl. Only a shovel will dig it out. Try weeding it by hand and the stems will break off to be replaced by new ones and to sprawl over the chosen plants in the flower bed. Yet, now and for another hour it outshines its betters, its flowers about the size of a quarter and paler than those of the day flower but somehow more brilliant, perhaps because of the contrast of its paler foliage.

And now the sun is slanting in full. It is bright enough to make the leaves of the Japanese red maple seem a transparent red bronze when the tree is between me and the light. There must be others, but this is the only tree I know whose leaves let the sun through in this way—except, that is, when the fall colors start. Aspen leaves, when they first yellow and before they dry, are transparent in this way. I tell myself it must have something to do with the red-yellow range of the spectrum. Green takes sunlight and holds it, but red and yellow let it through.

The damned crab grass is wrestling with the zinnias, and I stop to weed it out. The stuff weaves too close to the zinnias to make the iron claw usable. And it won't do to pull at the stalks. Crab grass (at least in a mulched bed) can be weeded only with dirty fingers. Thumb and forefinger have to pincer into the dirt and grab the root-center. Weeding, of course, is an illusion of hope. Pulling out the root only stirs the soil and brings new crab grass seeds into germinating position. Take a walk around the block and a new clump will have sprouted by the time you get back. But I am not ready to walk around the block. I fill a small basket with the plucked clumps, and for the instant I look at them, the zinnias are weedless.

Don't look back. I dump the weeds in the thicket where they will be smothered by the grass clippings I will pile on at the next cutting. On the way back I see the cardinals come down for the sunflower seeds, and the jays join them, and then the grackles start ganging in, gate-crashing the buffet and clattering all over it. The dog stops chewing his rawhide and makes a dash into the puddle of birds, which splashes away from him.

I hear a brake-squeak I have been waiting for and know the paper has arrived. As usual, the news turns out to be another disaster count. The function of the wire services is to bring us tragedies faster than we can pity. In the end we shall all be inured, numb, and ready for emotionless programming. I sit on the patio and read until the sun grows too bright on the page. The cardinals have stopped singing, and the grackles have flown off. It's the end of bird song again.

Then suddenly—better than song for its instant—a hummingbird the color of green crushed velvet hovers in the throat of my favorite lily, a lovely high-bloomer I got the bulbs for but not the name. The lily is a crest of white horns with red dots and red velvet tongues along the insides of the petals and with an odor that drowns the patio. The hummingbird darts in and out of each horn in turn, then hovers an instant, and disappears.

Even without the sun, I have had enough of the paper. I'll take that hummingbird as my news for this dawn. It is over now. I smoke one more cigarette too many and decide that, if I go to bed now, no one in the family need know I have stayed up for it again. Why do they insist on shaking their heads when they find me still up for breakfast, after having scribbled through the dark hours? They always do. They seem compelled to express pity for an old loony who can't find his own way to bed. Why won't they understand that this is the one hour of any day that must not be missed, as it is the one hour I couldn't imagine getting up for, though I can still get to it by staying up? It makes sense to me. There comes a time when the windows lighten and the twittering starts. I look up and know it's time to leave the papers in their mess. I could slip quietly into bed and avoid the family's headshakes, but this stroll-around first hour is too good to miss. Even my dog, still sniffing and circling, knows what hour this is.

Come on, boy. It's time to go in. The rabbit won't come back till tomorrow, and the birds have work to do. The dawn's over. It's time to call it a day.

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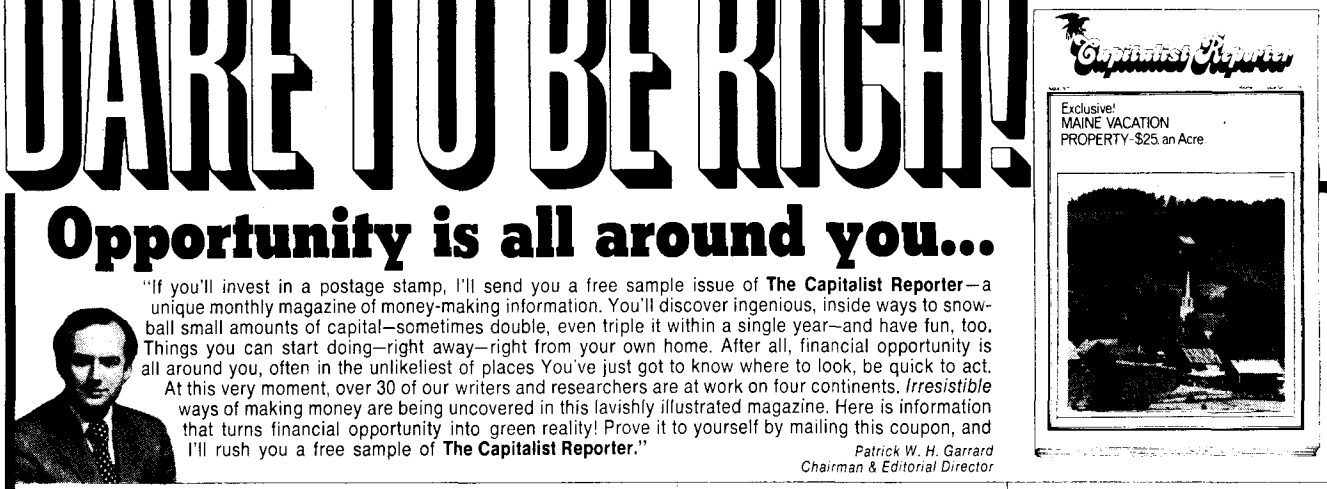

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Canadian farm land near U.S. border $15/acre...rural U.S. property $25/acre...$10/acre on Portugese Riviera...Australian ranch land $5/acre...Caribbean property $100/acre. Why so cheap? We know *where* to look, *how* to buy. (Avoid land developers. Buy direct from a government...pick up tax-sale bargains, abandoned farms, timber land. Buy overseas: Land is still dirt-cheap, but is rising as *air fares drop* and *more people travel farther afield.*) **The Capitalist Reporter** spotlights choice areas...tells you who to see...how much to pay...what to look for & avoid...etc. Handle the preliminaries from home. **C/R EXCLUSIVE:** British Colonial Office will soon unload choice acreage on exquisite, little-known Caribbean island. Your price? Peanuts!

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Five Major Blunders By the U.S. in Asia

"Unless we can abandon our present tough guy posture in world affairs, the American government and people will increasingly find themselves cut off from and at odds with a sizable majority of mankind."

by CHESTER BOWLES

At the end of World War II, American prestige and influence in Asia were at their peak. We had liberated nearly a billion people from Japanese rule and followed our military victories with a flood of economic assistance for relief, rehabilitation, and development. The massive amounts of capital and technology that we provided for our former enemy—Japan—helped it to become within a single generation the third most productive nation of the world.

After this brilliant beginning, however, we appeared to lose our way. Greatly underestimating the revolutionary new mood in Asia in which people and ideas provided a powerful motivating force, we clung doggedly to the assumption that our enormous military capacity would enable us to write our own political ticket.

Let us examine our five most costly blunders and then consider what lessons may be learned from them.

1. CHINA. Dr. Sun Yat-sen's emergence as President of China, following the collapse of the Manchus before World War I, provided us with a unique opportunity and challenge. But his pleas to the United States and the nations of Western Europe for economic and technological assistance were ignored, and in 1923 Dr. Sun reluctantly turned to the Soviet Union.

In the succeeding years China was torn by civil war between Nationalist forces under Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists led by Mao Tse-tung. During World War II, we helped train and equip twenty Nationalist divisions to oppose the Japanese and following the war helped train and equip forty more to oppose Mao Tse-tung. However, while Mao Tse-tung was offering each Red Army recruit five acres of land, we were supporting the old regime dominated by war lords, landlords, and monopolists who had been exploiting the Chinese people for centuries. At no time during those critical years did the U.S. government indicate a genuine understanding of the powerful political, economic, and social forces that were gradually creating a new China.

In the summer of 1951, General Albert Wedemeyer stated to a Senate committee, "China fell not for lack of military manpower or equipment, but for lack of spirit. The Nationalist armies could have defended the Yangtze with broomsticks if they had had the will to do so."

On December 7, 1949, just eight years after the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, Mao Tse-tung in Peking proclaimed the People's Republic of China. Our abortive effort to bolster a corrupt, reactionary, and ineffective government that had almost no following among the Chinese people thus came to a dismal end. With Senator Joe McCarthy leading the way, we then embarked on a bitter political witch hunt to determine who had "lost China," which further weakened our ability to deal effectively with new problems to come. Our traditionally close relationship with China makes our dismal record in dealing with modern China all the more tragic.

2. KOREA. In January 1950, Secretary of State Dean Acheson in a speech before the Press Club in Washington drew a line defining our "national interests" in East Asia. The Philippines, Taiwan, and Japan were placed within that line, but South Korea was placed outside of it.

Six months later, when the Soviet-trained North Korean Army moved across the 38th parallel boundary line to invade South Korea, the U. S. government, no doubt to the surprise of China, the U.S.S.R., and North Korea, asked for and received a U. S. mandate to organize a United Nations army to halt the invasion.

On September 15, General Douglas MacArthur landed U. N. forces at Inchon just below the 38th parallel borderline and cut off and largely destroyed the North Korean Army, which by that time had occupied most of South Korea.

But instead of halting the advance of the U.N. armies at the border from which the North Koreans had launched their attack, MacArthur, with no clear political guidance, proceeded rapidly to move his forces north. As the U.N. armies neared the Chinese border along the Yalu River, the Chinese launched a massive attack, precisely as they had threatened to do. The U.N. forces,

CHESTER BOWLES retired from governmental service in 1969 after a long and distinguished career during which he twice served as U. S. Ambassador to India: from 1951 to 1953 and from 1963 to 1969. His political memoirs, *Promises to Keep*, were published this spring by Harper & Row.

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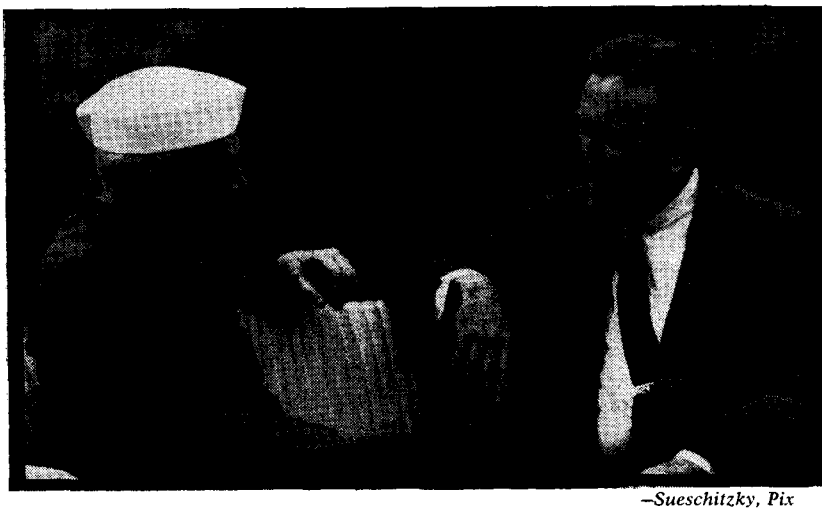

—Sueschitzky, Pix

The author with Prime Minister Nehru—"Can we understand the political, economic, and social forces that are now shaping the future of Asia?"

—Wide World

1. Students welcome Chinese Communist soldiers entering border town of Shataokok in 1949.

caught by surprise, were forced to retreat 250 miles to positions below the 38th parallel.

In July 1953, two years and ten months later, we agreed to a cease-fire on roughly the 38th parallel, where the U.N. forces could have stopped in September 1950, with its stated mission accomplished. In the interim, some 25,000 additional American soldiers had been killed, plus many other officers and men of the U.N. army, and no one knows how many Koreans and Chinese. The cost was an additional $45-billion.

3. TAIWAN. When Chiang Kai-shek with the remnants of his forces retreated to Taiwan following his crushing military defeat in 1949, we offered a security guarantee and generous economic assistance. Under the circumstances, this was a reasonable position. Unfortunately, our government then went much further and agreed to retrain and re-equip what was left of the Nationalist forces, not simply to protect Taiwan from invasion but to land on the mainland, "liberate" China from Communist rule, and re-establish Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist government in Peking.

This bizarre undertaking was vigorously supported by the White House, the Pentagon, the State Department, and many influential members of Congress as "essential to our security." The relatively few American leaders who understood the military absurdity of this exercise were quickly cowed by the China lobby, spearheaded by the Committee of One Million.

4. SOUTHEAST ASIA. During World War II, President Roosevelt often expressed his determination to keep the French from re-establishing their colonial position in Indochina. However, official papers in his library indicate that he was undercut by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who were encouraged by the British to take a totally different position.

As a consequence, in May 1950, we agreed to underwrite the French effort to maintain their colonial position in Indochina as a *quid pro quo* for a French agreement to contribute twelve divisions to the recently organized NATO defenses in Europe. The purpose of this military aid, according to Secretary of State Acheson, was to assist France "in restoring stability and in permitting the Associated States of [French] Indochina to pursue their peaceful and democratic development [*sic*]."

In August of 1952, on my first visit to Saigon, an average of one freighter loaded with U. S. miltary equipment was arriving daily. Although the equipment we provided under this agreement amounted to $2.3-billion before the collapse of the French stronghold at Dienbienphu, the promised French divisions for NATO never appeared.

On February 4, 1954, less than two months before this disaster brought an end to the French military effort, Admiral Arthur W. Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, told the House Foreign Affairs Committee that "the development of a broad strategic concept by the French and Vietnamese commanders in Indochina, supported by the United States' financial and military assistance, should ensure within a very few months a favorable turn in the course of the war. . . . Communist prospects of achieving any decisive immediate successes are nonexistent."

Following the French defeat, from which we appeared to learn nothing, we assumed a series of self-selected obligations that led to a new succession of errors. First, we helped sabotage the free elections in Vietnam that had been agreed to at the Geneva Peace Conference of 1954. We then poured in large amounts of military and economic assistance to prop up the new South Vietnamese government, with no serious effort to press that government to make essential reforms in land ownership and taxation, the lack of which had been a major factor in Chiang Kai-shek's failure in China. In 1961 we introduced U.S. Air Force and Army ground training units, followed in 1964 by a major commitment of American ground forces, plus air and naval support. In 1970 we invaded Cambodia and, in early 1971, Laos, in order, we explained, to "assure the peace."

The direct cost to the American people of the Vietnam debacle thus far is estimated by the Foreign Affairs Division of the Congressional Research Service at $120-billion in addition to the combat deaths (as currently reported) of more than 45,000 American soldiers and the destruction of the country and the people we had set out to "save."

5. SOUTH ASIA. This blunder is now being compounded by the same kind of military and political miscalculations that have cost us so dearly elsewhere in Asia.

The sequence of errors began in the fall of 1953, six months after I resigned as U.S. Ambassador to India, when Ayub Khan, then Chief of Staff of the Pakistani Army, came to Washington with a proposal of Pakistani military and political "support" for U.S. policies in Asia in return for a large grant of military assistance.

On December 23, 1953, I wrote Secretary of State John Foster Dulles describing what I believed to be the danger of a U.S. military pact with Pakistan. Such an arrangement, I wrote, would exacerbate relations between India and Pakistan, divert their resources from economic development to an arms race, increase the possibil-

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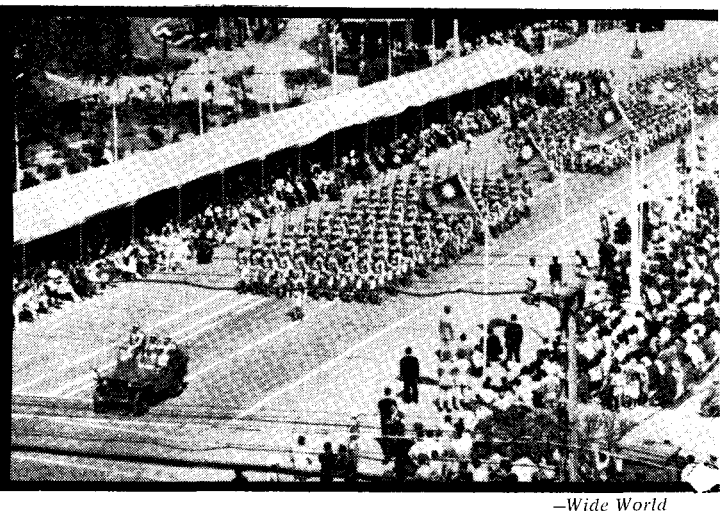
—Wide World

2. U.N. forces, under command of General Douglas MacArthur, establish beachhead at Inchon, Korea, in September 1950.



—Wide World

3. Chiang Kai-shek's Chinese Nationalist troops during a recent military parade through streets of Taipei.

ity of war, and ultimately lead to much closer relations between India and the U.S.S.R. It was no more sensible, I said, than an attempt by France or the Soviet Union to build up Mexico's military capacity vis-à-vis the U.S., or that of Denmark vis-à-vis Germany.

In a speech to the Indian Parliament in February 1954, Nehru described the proposed U.S.-Pakistani agreement as "a step that will bring the threat of war to our frontiers." He also pointed out that the military equipment that the Pakistanis had requested from us had no relevance to our stated objective, i.e., the creation of a Pakistani Army and Air Force capable of opposing a Soviet or Chinese military movement through the Himalayan or Hindu Kush passes. The tanks, fighter planes, and motorized artillery that the United States had agreed to give Pakistan were unsuitable for mountain warfare. They were designed for use on flat terrain; in other words, on the plains of northern India.

But this was only the first scene in a play that has continued for seventeen years. And, as each argument in support of U.S. military supplies for Pakistan has been challenged, its proponents have quickly and adroitly substituted a new explanation.

By the late 1950s, Mr. Dulles's assumption that West Pakistan (East Pakistan was 1,200 miles to the east and not a factor) could play a significant role in blocking a Soviet or Chinese military move into the Middle East and South Asia, began to be questioned by Congress, the press, and the public. The influential Pakistan lobby in the Pentagon and the State Department then quickly shifted its rationale. This aid, they said, was essential to ensure our continued access to the U.S. military base at Peshawar in Pakistan, from which the U-2 flights over the Soviet Union took off, thus providing the Pakistani government with one more lever with which to influence U.S. policy in South Asia.

In August 1965, some 5,000 Pakistani guerrillas infiltrated the Kashmir Valley and the brief but hard-fought Pakistani-Indian war began. Although President Eisenhower's pledge that we would never allow U.S. equipment to be used by Pakistan against India (later reaffirmed by Presidents Kennedy and Johnson) was broken, our government refused even to make a public protest. Since every Indian casualty in the subsequent conflict was caused by an American bullet, bombshell, or hand grenade, the Indian government, public, and press were predictably bitter. By then our military assistance to Pakistan totaled more than $1-billion.

Ironically, the political and military price that the Pakistanis exacted for our "indispensable" Peshawar base was spent in vain. In 1968, under pressure from the U.S.S.R., Pakistan refused to renew our agreement, and we were forced to leave the base the next year.

But the resourceful advocates of military assistance to Pakistan promptly pulled another rabbit out of the hat. American military equipment, it was now argued, must continue to go to Pakistan because "the Chinese will provide it if we don't," a rationalization that might be used with equal validity by a drug peddler selling heroin on a street corner.

In late March 1971, when the bloody upheaval occurred in East Pakistan, American military equipment was used by the Pakistani government to subdue its citizens in the eastern part of the nation whose crime was the overwhelming vote they had cast for greater autonomy within the Pakistan union in the December 1970 election—the first democratic election ever held in Pakistan.

Shortly after the fighting began in East Pakistan, the State Department and the Pentagon assured the Congress, the press, and the public that there would be no further deliveries of military equipment to West Pakistan until the political situation had settled down. But a few weeks later, an alert Congress and press disclosed that Pakistani ships loaded with military equipment for Pakistan were still quietly leaving American ports. By mid-July it was clear that this decision had been made in the White House, presumably as a *quid pro quo* for Pakistani assistance in setting up Mr. Kissinger's visit to Peking.

In September 1971, the Indian government, fearful of a combined attack by West Pakistan and China and convinced that now (unlike 1962) it could expect no help from the United States, signed a treaty of friendship and cooperation with the Soviet Union.

As this is written, the one man who might still make peace in South Asia is Mujibur Rahman, the charismatic president of the Awami League, which won 167 out of 169 seats in the East Pakistan constituent assembly in the elections of December 1970. But Mujibur is now languishing in a West Pakistan prison, having been charged with treason, the penalty for which, the Pakistani authorities emphasize, is death.

Without massive economic and military assistance from the United States, it is unlikely that West Pakistan can reassert its authority over East Pakistan. For better or for worse, the die has been cast; East Pakistan will eventually win its independence.

This series of blunders constitutes a shocking record of miscalculations, mismanagement, and a lack of understanding within our government of the tidal wave of political and economic

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—Wide World

4. **Civilians throng around Vietminh troops entering Hanoi in October 1954 following the French defeat.**

—Wide World

5. **Jubilant Pakistani guerrillas on and around their Patton tank near the Pakistani-Indian border after cease-fire in September 1965.**

change that is sweeping Asia. How can this be explained?

World War II left the United States in a position of substantial military and economic hegemony over a large portion of the globe, and this position of temporary predominance quickly became the basis for our expectations about how events in all parts of the world should proceed. Our policies were further distorted by our failure to recognize the new dimensions of power in the developing countries and by our conviction that a monolithic, worldwide Communist movement directed from Moscow was about to destroy the U.S. and take over the world.

As we felt threatened by military power, our response became more and more militarily oriented. In spite of our long anti-military tradition, military men on active duty began for the first time in our history to play key roles in formulating American foreign policy during what was generally considered a period of peace.

In arguing their case before the President, Congressional committees, or in day-to-day dialogue within our own government, the military has had important advantages.

Political, social, and economic forces, no matter how important, are often difficult to define and even more to evaluate, while the case for military action can be stated in much more precise terms, e.g., such and such number of ground troops, so many air strikes, so many tons of bombs, and so many "body counts" will provide such and such a result.

This tactical advantage of the military in the bureaucratic give-and-take is increased by its near control over 25 per cent of our vast national budget and by its power to allot contracts and to locate thousands of military installations in areas where members of Congress have a major political interest; a substantial Pentagon public relations budget has been thrown in for good measure.

This is not to imply that advocates of our disastrous military-oriented policies in Asia all wear military uniforms; a great many do not. Among the most articulate and dogged are civilians in the White House and the State Department as well as the Pentagon who are eager to prove to the President, to their associates, to the press, and to the world at large that they are "tough-minded realists" who are prepared to "face the hard facts." In fairness to the military, it may be pointed out that the White House and the State Department, by failing to provide clear political guidelines for our armed services to follow, have created the political vacuums that the military have attempted at such heavy costs to fill.

In Korea, as we have seen, General MacArthur was allowed to use his own judgment, which on most political questions turned out to be bad. The result was a needless prolongation of the war, a needless loss of life, and the transformation of a brilliant military victory into a costly military and political stalemate.

In China and later in Taiwan it was again the military-minded men, in the absence of clear *political* direction from the White House and the State Department, who led us to support Chiang Kai-shek and then to avoid putting him in a politically embarrassing position by exerting pressure for the economic and social reforms that alone could have saved him.

In Indochina the military pressed for more and more logistical support for the French forces even when the French were clearly doomed to defeat. Before and again just after the collapse at Dienbienphu, high officials in the State Department and the White House in addition to the Pentagon seriously advocated American intervention with nuclear weapons.

Many high-level civilians as well as military policy makers still can't understand how a motley army of undernourished Vietcong and North Vietnamese, armed only with the conviction that they were fighting for their freedom, could for eight years successfully cope with our best U.S. Army and Marine units supported by a large Air Force and nearly a million well-equipped South Vietnamese troops.

In South Asia it was the support of two Presidents and two Secretaries of State that for seventeen years enabled the strong Pakistan lobbies in the Pentagon and the State Department to keep large quantities of arms flowing to Pakistan, even after it had become evident that this was not only a bottomless pit but that it jeopardized our relations with democratic India, with its 500 million people, and may create new tensions in South Asia that could easily erupt into war.

Among the most critical foreign policy questions that the American people and their government are now called upon to answer are: 1) Can we understand, while there is still time, the political, economic, and social forces that are now shaping the future of Asia, Africa, and Latin America, where two-thirds of mankind live? 2) And if we do understand those forces, can we create a governmental structure capable of dealing effectively with them?

Unless we can answer those two questions affirmatively and abandon our present tough guy posture in world affairs (which frightens our remaining friends at least as much as it frightens our enemies), the American government and people will increasingly find themselves cut off from and at odds with a sizable majority of mankind.

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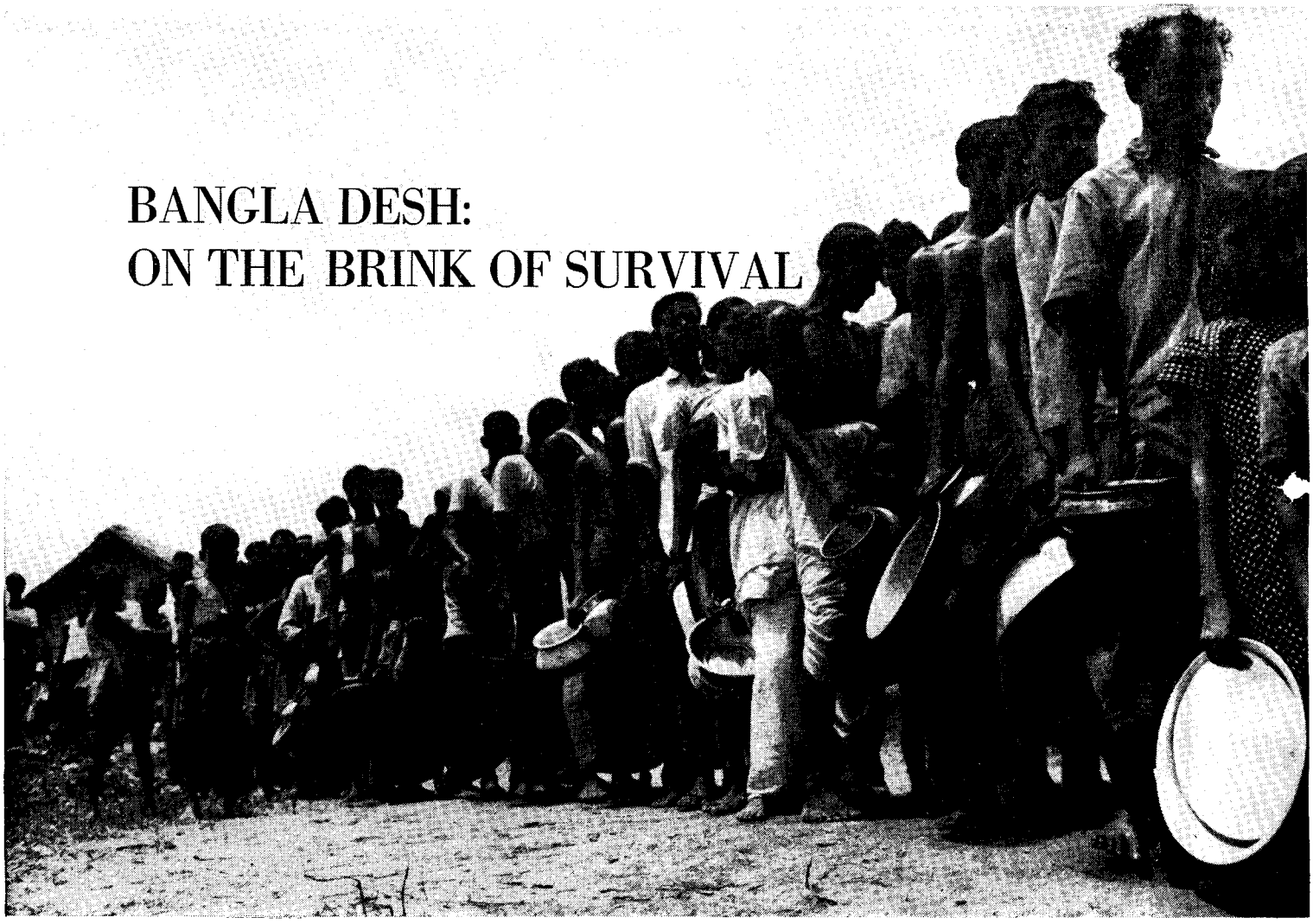
BANGLA DESH: ON THE BRINK OF SURVIVAL



—Marilyn Silverstone, Magnum

"Whatever the short-term outcome of the present political struggle, East Bengal is destined to occupy a prominent position on the world dole for a long time to come."

by C. STEPHEN BALDWIN

Tragedy seems unable to find its own natural level in East Bengal, as the latest in each annual disaster inevitably appears beyond duplication yet is always surpassed by still another. Facts about the devastation wreaked by the November 1970 cyclone have been chronicled with surprising accuracy and steadfastness by the world press for a global audience previously almost unaware of the existence of this tiny, harsh, overcrowded land. Equally or more, surface statistics arising out of West Pakistan's "final solution" to the Bengali problem have sufficed to alert a horrified world to the prospects of unrivaled calamity, barbarity, and human anguish.

Since it has rightly been observed that man is not equipped to understand (although he can on occasion cope with) tragedy on a grand scale, in one sense it seems futile to sketch in underpinnings that can only multiply current disaster indexes already well beyond comprehension. On the other hand, it seems important to advise the "have" world of the full extent of its future liability in East Pakistan, whatever the short-term outcome of the present political struggle, the refugee impasse, or the famine in East and West Bengal. Bangla Desh or East Pakistan or East Bengal (this last term perhaps most meaningful in a historical or geopolitical sense) is destined to occupy a prominent position on the world dole for a long time to come, and that thesis is unfortunately demonstrable from virtually every developmental aspect one chooses to examine.

The beginning and end of any discussion of Bengal's disability is population —a pre-March figure of some seventy-five million that doubles itself at current growth rates every twenty years or so. The Bengali population is for the most part illiterate, largely agrarian, and hovering dangerously near the survival mark at the best of times. Compression of this human mass nears 2,000 people to the square mile even during the non-flood dry season, while during the summer monsoon from June to October, when most of East Pakistan resembles a giant lake, this crowding doubles or trebles in many areas. Support for life, such as it is under these conditions, comes almost wholly in hand-to-mouth fashion from the land, from the *padi*, or rice, grown on Bengal's silt-rich fields during one or more of its three annual farming seasons. Rice yields are low, however, and are perilously erratic from season to season and year to year, as evidenced most dramatically during the famine of 1943. The growing cycle is inter-

C. STEPHEN BALDWIN served in East Pakistan as the assistant representative for the Ford Foundation from February 1970 through March 1971. He is now completing a book based on his experiences there.

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rupted on an almost predictable schedule by excessive flooding (a little flooding is good, but too much covers the rice stalk and drowns it), followed by a winter/spring of drought, and a succession of other natural catastrophes—cyclones (during the spring and fall), earthquakes, tidal bores, and nor'westers, the sudden high winds of which snap the long and fragile stalks of the local rice varieties.

The new "miracle" strains of rice, just beginning to emerge from East Pakistan's indigenous analogue to the Rice Research Institute in the Philippines, promise far greater yields, but they demand commensurately greater attention—insecticides, herbicides, regular irrigation, carefully timed planting and harvesting. In any event, the promise held by these new varieties has been dealt a numbing blow by the events of the past March and since, which have caused Bengalis to retreat to their customary level of battling for survival on any terms. The luxurious sophistication of research, extension work, and other agrarian-centered developmental niceties have all but vanished from the scene. At best, they are in stasis. Meanwhile, East Pakistan has a food deficit of at least two-and-a-half million tons, and most of this year's shipments have yet to arrive at their destinations.

The natural resources of East Bengal, until very recently, were generally considered to consist almost exclusively of people, rice, and jute. Long the principal export for the country as a whole, jute faces dangerous competition on the world market, from both synthetics and primary producers in other countries. A possible answer to this threat—a vigorous, indigenous research effort designed to discover and apply new uses for jute, along the lines of Malaysia's highly successful Rubber Research Institute in Kuala Lumpur—has never emerged. Again, the events of the past months seem hardly destined to produce such an effort or even, at least this year, the jute crop required for normal export earnings.

While recent surveys by the World Bank and other foreign advisory groups have helped discover respectable deposits of high-grade natural gas, slate, coal, and other minerals in East Pakistan, the amount of trained human resources and plain cold cash required to develop any of these even for simple extraction, much less as the basis for actual new industries, overwhelmed would-be developers long before such "business as usual" considerations became patently ridiculous as a result of the current volatile political situation. With a return to some form of normalcy, the effort would seem only slightly less impossible, for East Pakistan is a land virtually devoid of the economists' beloved "infrastructure." At partition, in 1947, there were seventy miles of metaled (paved) roads in the entire province. Now, some twenty-five years later, there are a few thousand one-lane affairs, constructed on levees that are often destroyed in the annual floods; even major thoroughfares are rutted, potholed, and inadequate. Rail transport is inefficient, overburdened, and haphazard, while river haulage is literally antediluvian in operation and wholly dependent on river-shaping seasonal vagaries. Telephone communications are very poor; calls fifty to sixty miles from Dacca can take days to book.

Resource is really a misnomer for Bengal's human base, for while Bengalis are durable and resourceful, they are also in pitiful health (cholera, smallpox, many forms of debilitating dysenteries and other tropical diseases are endemic and frequently epidemic), always near starvation, ill housed, ill clad, and without the capacity to save for the new agricultural inputs (or, usually, to buy their own land) or to undertake the risk of foreign developers' often-fatal promises. Bengalis breed to avert disaster and, perhaps, because children provide one of life's few pleasures. They breed, ironically enough, to avert disaster, and the theory seems to work—for individuals. Male children go off to the cities and find enough employment, even now (and even in such a place as Calcutta), to permit cash and kind returns to flow back to the nuclear family in the countryside, while working children of either sex, in a land with no Social Security and mounting labor costs, provide simultaneous protection from a destitute old age and the means for preparing, planting, and harvesting the land.

Education, the developer's panacea, may no longer exist at all in identifiable form within the province. The low status and low salaries of teachers have all but decimated the educational system at the primary and secondary levels, while those few lucky enough to survive to the university level find scant opportunity for a utilitarian education. Before March of this year, general universities at Dacca, Chittagong, and Rajshahi, in addition to the Agricultural University at Mymensingh and the Institute of Technology at Dacca, provided perhaps 5,000 graduates annually to lead this enormous society. Even so, student troubles, pathetically low standards of pedagogy, and a cynical student penchant for the easy, nonspecialist "arts" degree all but rendered this statistic meaningless in terms of developing the quantitative and qualitative leadership required. Government administration—like India's, a holdover from the laissez-faire days of the British raj—has suffered from its Babylonian captivity in and domination by a far-off West. When not outright corrupt to ensure their own hazardous survival, Bengali civil servants—even the elite and often foreign-educated Civil Service of Pakistan—are dispirited, unhopeful, buried in mindless routine, and crushed by the enormousness of their daily challenges and by the massive list of past failures.

Previous foreign assistance to the province has been characterized more often by thoughtless duplications of efforts in West Pakistan than by attention to the exploiting of indigenous resources and to the establishing of developmental guidelines for the East. Bengal is dotted with the skeletons of massive, capital-intensive projects that skipped "intermediate technology" in an attempt to solve the accumulation of past failures at a single blow. Efforts to understand the dynamics of population growth, for instance, rather than simply creating "family-planning programs" to answer questions not even properly formed, have been scant; and patient attempts to cultivate the institutional prerequisites for a Bengal that Bengalis could lead and attempt to shape have been few and far between.

As for East Pakistan's future, the chances for developmental success and, less coldly, the chances for survival of its peoples depend on concentrating vast amounts of human ability and financial reserves into a few discrete areas of enormous immediate need. Unfortunately, this is not a simple proposition, for isolating "priority areas" of need in an utterly destitute land normally becomes a matter of varying experts' background biases. For instance, an economist might argue cogently that good economic planning is the *sine qua non* of East Pakistan's future development; an educationist, that education lies at the base of all progress; an agronomist, that without immediate food for the people, all other discussions of development are purely academic. The best answer, as always in the development field, lies neither in between nor over all, but rather in the essential nature of the programs implemented. Simultaneous action in a variety of fields is neither impossible nor prohibitively expensive, in terms of manpower or capital.

An easy, yet inescapable, approach to an overview of East Pakistan's problems is to focus on population: its enormous size, its impossibly swift growth, its overcrowding on a limited and resource-scarce land area, its inability—both from lack of derived skills and the tools of modernity with which to apply those skills—to

(Continued on page 60)

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UNESCO: Record of Success

This month marks the first quarter century of UNESCO, that portion of the United Nations' iceberg which lies largely unseen beneath newsier peaks. Filled with achievement, employing 3,500 people from 125 member states, and in many ways the most successful venture of the United Nations, UNESCO functions under a constitution that starts this way: "Since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defenses of peace must be constructed."

UNESCO's real name is, of course, the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization, and in the past twenty-five years it has been in the field of education that UNESCO has achieved perhaps its most outstanding accomplishments. As of the beginning of this year, UNESCO had trained in forty developing countries more than 60,000 teachers and educational planners to serve in primary, secondary, and technical schools. Many of these young women and men have functioned as not only teachers but examples to their contemporaries and to traditionally trained local colleagues. Precisely ten years ago UNESCO trained the first African secondary schoolteachers south of the Sahara Desert. Now there is a stream of 2,000 graduate teachers a year in central and southern Africa.

As recently as fifteen years ago fewer than twenty-five million students were enrolled throughout Latin America. In the intervening decade and a half, largely through a UNESCO program, primary enrollment has increased by upwards of sixteen million children. In the sorry field of adult literacy, a UNESCO survey in 1957 revealed for the first time that 44 per cent of the world's population could neither read nor write. Vast expansion in education, partly through U.N. programs and money, has dropped the world illiteracy rate to 34 per cent, though, sadly, the total number of illiterates may be larger than it was fifteen years ago because of the population explosion.

Architects employed by UNESCO have designed prototypes of the hardiest and least expensive school buildings for developing countries. Other money and effort have gone into the creation of fifty engineering colleges and technical institutes, which now enroll more than 50,000 students and have graduated upwards of 16,000 men and women whose engineering-technical skills are absolutely essential to the development of the Third World.

In the field of science, second section in the organization's title, UNESCO's quarter-century achievements include seed money to launch the International Geophysical Year, which in 1957 and 1958 produced spectacular scientific results, including verification of the inner and outer Van Allen belts. Ocean research has resulted in rich new fishing grounds as well as extensive discoveries about the sea floor, not to mention worldwide weather and navigation aids. Extensive research in climatology, hydrology, the energy of sun and wind and their ecological relationships may one day restore the deserts of northern Africa to the status of the granaries of the world since these and other desolate tracts of parched earth account for one-third of the globe's land surface. Earthquake-measuring stations that chart the history and behavior of these natural catastrophes have, through UNESCO research, helped every country that lies over a fault line.

On a planet where nearly half the children cannot go to school, one-third of the adults are illiterate, and half the world goes to bed hungry every night, UNESCO's pragmatic achievements may outweigh the cultural. Just the same, the organization's highly successful symposiums of anthropologists, geneticists, ethnologists, and lawmakers on ways and means to refute the myths of racial superiority or inferiority may in the long run be the most important achievement in its twenty-five years. Other accomplishments in the general area of human science and culture include a universal copyright convention guaranteeing international protection of all literary, scientific, and artistic works; to date, this agreement has been ratified by sixty-one countries.

Considering the scope of its mandate, the UNESCO budget is modest indeed; although this income has risen from $7-million in 1947, when it had thirty-four members, to $45-million this year, when it has 125, there is pitifully little to work with in any given field of human benefit. As of this spring the United Nations Development Programme had entrusted UNESCO with 157 world projects involving an outlay of more than $650-million, not counting bankers' loans and credits of $365-million in thirty-eight developing countries. The figures are impressive testimony to the growth of this far-reaching U.N. arm now optimistically entering its second quarter century, since it has proved the past. —Richard L. Tobin.

Marion

Marion Urmy, assistant to the publisher of *SR*, died on September 24, 1971. Her duties were spread over a wide range. She served as personnel director and administrative aide to the publisher; she helped monitor publishing deadlines for the programs of Lincoln Center and of Kennedy Center, of which *SR* is publisher; she conducted *SR*'s annual photography contest. More than anything else, she ministered to the human needs of *SR*'s staffers and was much beloved by all who work here. It was characteristic perhaps of her modesty and restraint that she should have requested, in her will, that there be no memorial services. This request we have honored; yet we feel we owe it to ourselves to say, in the pages of the magazine that occupied such a large part of her life, how much her gift for friendship meant to us and how much we shall miss her.

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Letters to the Editor

The Artist as Fountainhead

RE: George Nelson's "Design, Technology, and the Pursuit of Ugliness" [*SR*, Oct. 2]. Mr. Nelson's last question on architecture: "And who will be the new designers to handle these new problems?" should not be answered with "practically everybody," as Nelson asserts. Buildings should be designed by the artists of our society who strive to understand the way men, as human beings, can live with the ambiguities of their age. In our democracy, artists are equalized anonymously with the rest of the population, and mediocrity dominates the "American scene." To quote Sir Herbert Read:

> The artist is what the Germans call *ein Rüttler*, an upsetter of the established order. The greatest enemy of art is the collective mind, in any of its manifestations. The collective mind, like water, always seeks the lowest level of gravity; the artist struggles out of this morass, to seek a higher level of individual sensibility and perception.

As this nation teeters between collapse and greatness, the artist is shoved into the background to let undisturbing blandness surround us. He is unable to put the edge of confident challenge into modern civilization.

The architecture of our time is superseded by twentieth-century structural possibilities. Industrial designers have used this technical prowess to engineer the giant skyscrapers, but it will be the artist who builds the skyscraper on an esthetic basis. It is the artist who deals with esthetics each day of his life. For our buildings to be anything but stark giants, the artist must have an opportunity to design these structures. As Nelson says, America is showing its true face with the ugly; but great buildings, like great paintings or sculpture, go far beyond concepts of ugly versus pretty. America can surpass European architectural masterpieces not only in the craft sense but in the far more important esthetic sense.

MRS. LINDA TOMBERG,
Sedalia, Colo.

All That Muscle?

TO THE UNINFORMED, Seymour Melman's article "All the Muscle at One-third the Cost" [*SR*, Oct. 9] gives the impression by its precise breakdown of defense force levels and composition that it is the result of an expert analysis that makes sense. In fact, it is not. If such a greatly reduced military security mission is to be adopted, i.e., nuclear deterrence, coastal defense, and international peacekeeping, it could be accomplished with far fewer forces than Professor Melman calls for. For example, why have the nuclear aircraft carriers and their escorting destroyers if coastal defense is their prime mission? Almost certainly the country would not support an investment in such terribly expensive ships just to have them to offer for international peacekeeping. Their coastal defense role could be assumed more effectively and more cheaply by land-based aircraft.

And why the mine-countermeasure ships? An enemy so bold as to mine our offshore approaches is not likely to hesitate to torpedo our shipping at sea. If anti-submarine protection of shipping is to be abandoned, of what use is it to worry about a few mines? The point is that if we are to do no more than defend the coast line, presumably against conventional bombardment and invasion, a naval force other than the deterrent Polaris fleet is not needed at all.

JOHN E. GREENBACKER,
Washington, D.C.

Card-carrying Tourist

RE: Lois Wheeler Snow's "All You Need to Know for a Trip to China" [*SR*, Oct. 23]. Non-Chinese-speaking visitors to China might make out all right by getting some English-speaking Chinese to print a placard saying: "Do you know anyone who speaks English?"

D. SAVERY,
New Orleans, La.

Poetic Prose

LOUIS J. HALLE in "The Language of Statesmen" [*SR*, Oct. 16] assures us that the Gettysburg Address is "empty of substance" but that it is, nevertheless, a poem because it has musical rhythm. Certainly it has an impressive, organic rhythm, but its longevity can hardly be explained by that reason alone. The speech has a magnificent, pervading metaphor as old as Osiris: rebirth in death. If the Gettysburg Address is "empty of substance," then so also are the legends of the phoenix and of Christ's crucifixion and resurrection.

HAROLD R. HOGSTROM,
Newtown, Pa.

LOUIS HALLE falsely assumes that any passage possessing rhythm is poetry. Many arguments to the contrary could be presented, such as quoting "Thirty days hath September," but perhaps directing Mr. Halle to George Saintsbury's *History of English Prose Rhythm* would be more effective. Furthermore, if the difference between noise and music is that between chaos and order, what of the regular whir of an oscillating fan or the regular pulsation of a racing car? Are these music?

RICHARD FULKERSON,
Assistant Professor of English,
East Texas State University,
Commerce, Tex.

Short Stroke

HERBERT R. MAYES in "Notes and Suggestions" [LONDON LETTER, Oct. 9] found out the symbol for the British pound is the initial letter of the Latin *libra*. One wonders why he did not go further and seek the reason for the horizontal line through the L. This line is a sign of abbreviation, just as it is in the symbol ¢, though here it is a diagonal.

JOHN F. GUMMERE,
Philadelphia, Pa.

"Like, what would it be worth for us not to go ringing doorbells for you?"

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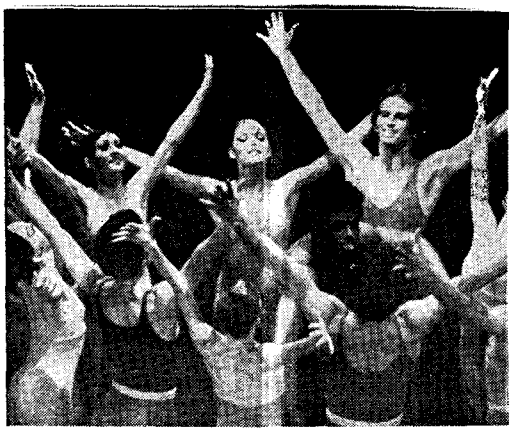
World of Dance

Walter Terry



—Ron Protas

Gerald Arpino's "Trinity"—"far and away the best of the rock ballets."

All Hail Ailey

COULD there be a fall dance season without Alvin Ailey? One wonders. The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C., was baptized by Leonard Bernstein's *Mass*, which was choreographed by Mr. Ailey and which included members of the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater. The Ailey contribution was highly praised. Barely a matter of days later, at Kennedy Center, the American Ballet Theatre made its debut appearance as the Center's official ballet company, and the audience cheered Mr. Ailey's *The River*, an Ailey-Duke Ellington ballet, and gave the choreographer a standing ovation [*SR*, Sept. 25].

With the current City Center Joffrey Ballet season at the City Center, it is Ailey time once again The first novelty of the season was a new production of *Feast of Ashes* (suggested by Federico García Lorca's *The House of Bernarda Alba* and with a score by Carlos Surinach), which had originally been commissioned (1962) by the Rebekah Harkness Foundation for the then Robert Joffrey Ballet, and later was danced by the Harkness Ballet, which is not the same Harkness Ballet that is in existence now. The second novelty was Ailey's *The Mingus Dances*, inspired by music of Charles Mingus.

There are some very good actors among the Joffrey dancers, but dramatic authority is not the strong point of most of these young and dewy dancers. Thus, *Feast of Ashes* in its newest presentation has less theatrical tension than it did with the Harkness dancers. Diana Cartier, a somewhat more senior performer than the others and highly experienced in a variety of dance styles, was brilliant as the demanding, towering, inexorable Matriarch. The dancers who played the daughters had little, if any, incisiveness, and Paul Sutherland as the hero did his very best despite a negative heroine. But it is a good dance drama, and some rehearsals for gesture would help.

The Mingus Dances is not an A-plus Ailey creation. It juxtaposes what the choreographer chooses to call "vaudeville" (and maybe he is suggesting that this is why vaudeville died) with abstract or "pure" movement dances, many of them of considerable beauty. Ailey loves massed arms reaching skyward, and he uses them often as a sort of Ailey leitmotiv, and he also gives dance form to that lovely word of the poet Herrick, "liquefaction," perhaps more ecstatically than any other choreographer. But *The Mingus Dances* doesn't really work as a ballet. It's a bits-and-pieces affair with passages of haunting beauty and with scenes (the vaudeville ones) that fail to make their sardonic points.

Mr. Ailey, incidentally, is creating two new works for his own company, which made a West Coast tour last summer, is currently playing in the South and Middle West, and will come into the City Center in December for a two-week season. So you see, Ailey is very much with us, and let's be profoundly grateful for that.

The Joffrey season has also brought along some other dance highlights. Balanchine's delicious combination of square-dance calls and patterns with ballet steps and music of Corelli and Vivaldi, *Square Dance*, remains a romp of high dance glee, and Pamela Johnson and Sutherland are winning as its leads. Jerome Robbins's *Moves*, done in silence, is a masterwork of unadorned dancing, and I would list it as a must for any student, choreographer, performer, or even casual theatergoer who wants to experience the core of movement form. Gerald Arpino's *Trinity* is far and away the best of the rock ballets. Physically, it is enormously exciting—energy is explosive here—yet there is a quiet dedication to peace, and there is love. It is a remarkable work.

Splendid also is much of the Joffrey-trained dancing. Among many deserving praise are Dermot Burke, Gary Chryst, Dennis Wayne, Christian Holder (who is beginning to be a trifle too mannered), Frank Bays, and Sutherland among the principal male dancers; and Miss Cartier, Miss Johnson, Rebecca Wright, and Lili Cockerille among the lovely ladies.

—Herbert Migdol

The Matriarch, Diana Cartier, and the daughters in Ailey's "Feast of Ashes."

The Brooklyn Academy of Music, one of America's major dance centers, launched its fall season not only with East Coast appearances by California's superb dancer-choreographer Bella Lewitsky and her company but also with an Afro-Asian Festival that included dancers and musicians from Cambodia, Senegal, Morocco, Iran, Sierra Leone, and India. The Classical Khmer Ballet of Cambodia (for more than a thousand years a royal ballet until a recent coup d'état in that Indochinese kingdom) opened the festival. Unfortunately, some costumes were delayed in transit, and only a handful of dancers performed. Since their movements are minimal, I would guess that a company of good size would be essential to attract Western eyes.

I talked to several world travelers who had seen the Royal Cambodian Ballet in its homeland. Fern Helscher, long associated with American dance as a manager, booker, and press agent, saw the Royal Dancers a year ago at the ancient temple of Angkor Wat and thrilled to twenty-four jeweled performers moving in the flower-scented moonlight with the temple as their background. In Brooklyn, a handful of tiny, attractive people moved in sumptuous costumes on a vast, empty stage. It was not fair to us and, certainly, it was not fair to them.

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Seeing Things Through for JFK

by JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

THE VANTAGE POINT: Perspectives of the Presidency 1963-1969

by Lyndon Baines Johnson

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 636 pp., $15

Around Iona Station, Ontario, in the early part of this century William Archibald Galbraith was a man of about the same public stature, I would say, as Samuel Ealy Johnson in the neighborhood of Johnson City, Texas. He was a farmer as well as part-time politician and, probably, a bit poorer than Johnson. The Ontario Agricultural College, which I attended in the same years that Lyndon Baines Johnson was at Southwest Texas State, was no better calculated to give a student a sense of academic superiority. I stirred some unjustified resentment a few years back by describing it as possibly the worst though certainly the cheapest center of academic excellence in the English-speaking world. In the ensuing years I have made it on the raffish fringe of the Harvard establishment but with only a fraction of the impact which L.B.J. had on the Washington (and Dallas, Houston, Fort Worth and Austin) power elites.

I make these comparisons because early in this book Lyndon Johnson says that he has always been disadvantaged and in degree persecuted by the Eastern aristocracy and meritocracy because of his unfortunate Southern background. The reviews of this book by various members of the Eastern literary establishment could easily intensify this feeling. This one, I would like to remind him, is by an at least equally authentic member of our particular counterculture.

Partly for this reason, no doubt, there is a great deal in the book I would commend or defend. One of the first reactions of critics to the proofs, I hear, is the feeling that very little is new. It is not so. New to all of us who have known, listened to and (more often than not) rejoiced in L.B.J.'s polemical skills over the years is the soft-spoken kindness of the volume. He is simply not sore at anyone; he treats everyone (almost everyone) with a kind of avuncular magnanimity which is almost without parallel in political memoirs and totally without precedent in his own past practice. Only the most careful reader will get a whiff of the vintage Johnson—as when Clark Clifford is heard urging consideration in 1968 for 500,000 to one million *more* men for Vietnam; or when L.B.J.'s relations with Robert Kennedy are described as usually "cordial though never overly warm"; or when Townsend Hoopes gets omitted entirely from the index (he rates a generic mention as one of several uninformed lower echelon Pentagon civilians); or when Fulbright is mentioned as more difficult to please with peaceful gestures than Ho Chi Minh.

New also is the picture of Johnson as Hamlet, a man tortured by the call of public duty on the one hand and, on the other, a rending aversion to anything smacking of ambition, or interfering with family, grandchildren, fireside or ranch. It is hard to believe how badly L.B.J. always wanted to escape from the distractions of politics and public office, and in point of fact no one will.

The most surprising manifestation of this unexpected trait was in 1964 (*sic*) when Johnson, by then President, had great difficulty deciding whether to run for a full term. He did not make up his mind until the Democrats had been

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH, Ambassador to India during the Kennedy administration, is Paul M. Warburg Professor of Economics at Harvard University. Mr. Galbraith has written many books, including *Who Needs the Democrats*.

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—photos from the book

Senator J. William Fulbright, Foreign Relations Committee chairman, and Lyndon Johnson—"more difficult to please with peaceful gestures than Ho Chi Minh."

"The Johnson competence was not confined to domestic matters. Where his own intelligence and experience were engaged, he was equally good on foreign policy."

Johnson and Nixon—"avuncular."

LBJ, Ellsworth Bunker (center) and senior advisers confer about talks with North Vietnam—"Of the intelligence of Hanoi, Lyndon Johnson is clearly persuaded."

in session for two days at Atlantic City. It was a state of the Presidential mind that none of us along the boardwalk in our innocence at all suspected. Had his decision gone the other way—had Ladybird, whom he credits with persuading him, been instead adverse—the effect when it reached that convention would have been less than that of a hundred-foot tidal wave. But not much.

When L.B.J. is concocting a whopper of this imaginative magnitude you can almost sense the glow of professional pride. Perhaps one should be less admiring than I am. It is art for art's sake and it doesn't always interfere with the truth. In this case, only a few pages on, he details the Byzantine or, more accurately, the Johnsonian (for one doubts that anyone in Byzantium was quite his equal) maneuvers by which in the weeks preceding his decision he had worked to win general approval for the Vice President he wanted and to ensure that it wasn't Robert Kennedy, whom he did not want. (In another imaginative passage he explains that personally Bobby was just fine and most welcome but he would have weakened the ticket down in the border states.) For anyone who wasn't running, this was a great deal of unnecessary work. I can testify that it took up a good bit of Presidential time because, for a brief moment in 1964, I was the broker between the President and Kennedy and discharged my duties with such inspired impartiality that I persuaded each principal that I was the hopeless dupe of the other.

Besides the news of L.B.J.'s rejection of worldly ambition, much more is new. He took almost no interest in what the Democrats were doing at Chicago in 1968. He had no thought of firing (or easing out) Bob McNamara. Similarly much more. One must understand L.B.J.'s rather special approach to history—his test is not so much what happened as what he believes he can persuade other people to believe and he is ever an optimist. But to say that this work is without originality is to reflect a very narrow view.

There is another and more substantial virtue to this history—one that reflects Lyndon Johnson at his best. He has organized his book not chronologically but by the major efforts of his administration—civil rights legislation, federal support for education, help to housing, the war on poverty, the model cities program, and defeat of the Communists (usually referred to as aggressors) in Panama, the Dominican Republic, and Vietnam.

His account of everything except the defeat of aggression is wonderfully stamped by the Johnson personality and shows why, on domestic issues, he was (or could have been) the most

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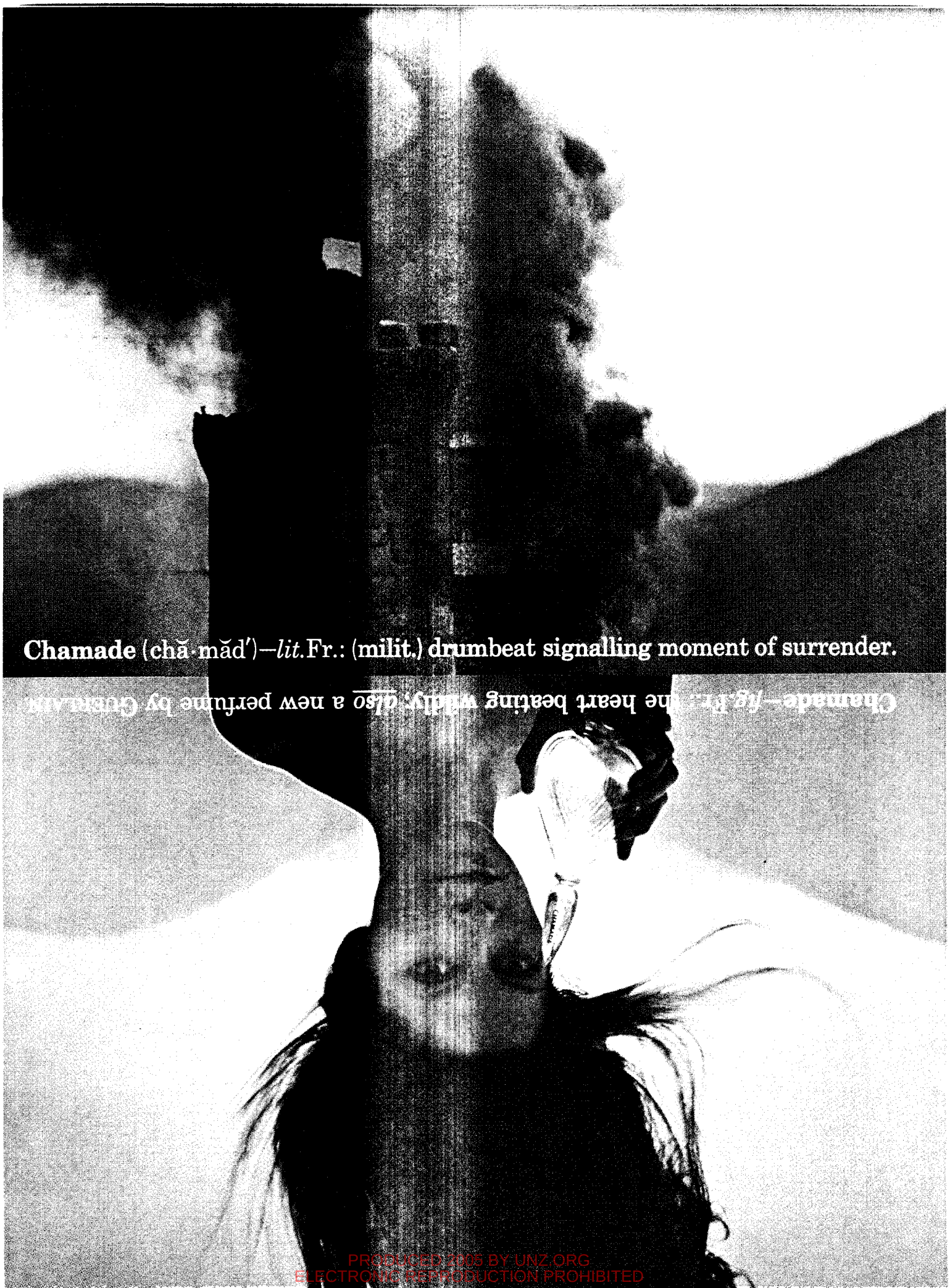
Chamade (chă·măd′)—lit.Fr.: (milit.) drumbeat signalling moment of surrender.
Chamade—fig.Fr.: the heart beating wildly. Also a new perfume by Guerlain.

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Victor Hugo was writing, Renoir was painting, and Mumm was the word.

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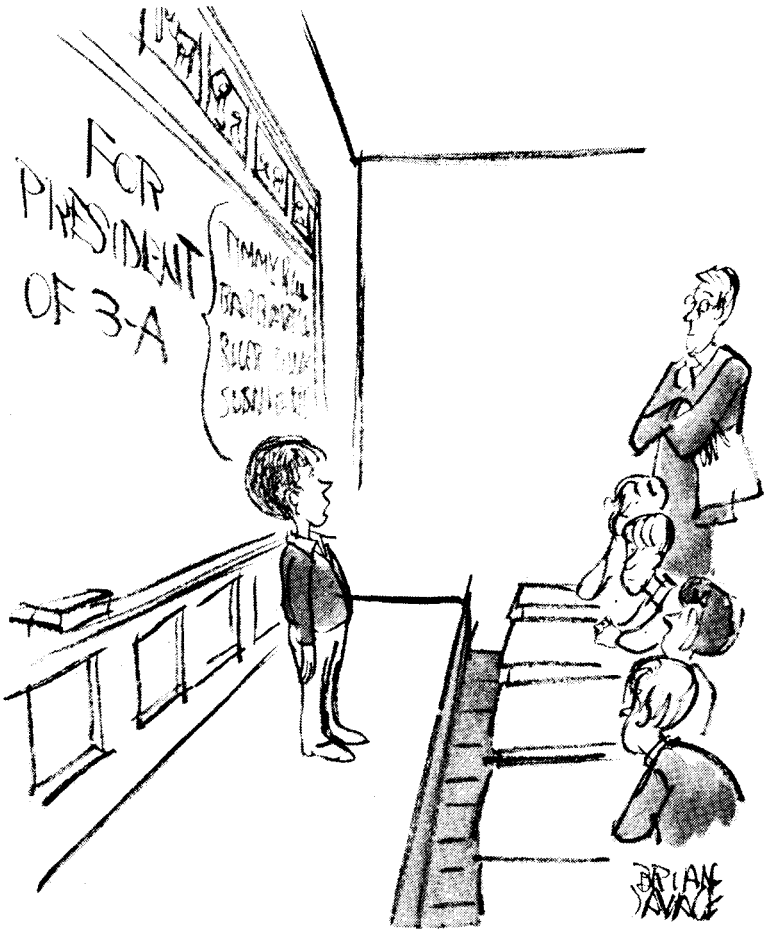
effective Chief Executive in this century. He had, as this book makes clear, a superb sense of priority—of the urgency of the problems of race, the cities, education, medical care, and the poor. He was far better than Kennedy (and I think than Roosevelt) in winning the requisite response from the Congress. Toward the end of this book, in one of its best passages, he outlines the Johnson techniques for wringing action from a reluctant congressman. No one can doubt that it is by a master of the craft. It was hard work, which he did not delegate. He got on the phone himself—or got the backsliders down to the White House for some intense education. He also made sure that the leaders were informed of legislation in advance and got proper credit when it passed. And, finally, when he got the legislation he put excellent men in charge. His appointments at H.U.D. and H.E.W.—Bob Weaver and especially Robert Wood, Charles Haar, John Gardner and Wilbur Cohen—were among the best ever. The book takes an earthy, energetic pride in these achievements. The pride is justified—which is saying something where Lyndon Johnson is concerned.

The Johnson competence was not confined to domestic matters. Where his own intelligence and experience were engaged, he was equally good on foreign policy. One example greatly impressed me. Back in the Eisenhower years the U.S. made a long-term agreement (Public Law 480) to supply India with grain against the deposit of rupees. The action combined compassion with alleviation of our own wheat surplus. It also always worried me for it appreciably reduced the feeling of urgency with which Indian politicians and officials approached the problem of the domestic food supply. I never got beyond speeches warning of the danger. In 1966, when the Indians had a bad year, they appealed to the President for help. Johnson sensed the danger. He supplied the food but under short-term arrangements of considerable uncertainty. The criticism both at home and from India (as he here tells) was bitter. His knowledge of agriculture and politicians was also unerring. He helped at least a little to increase the sense of urgency behind the green revolution.

Alas, on foreign policy this personal knowledge was not generally available. There will be many explanations of Lyndon Johnson. Since he is a complicated man, most will feel that the explanations must be complicated. My thought has long been that a simple one will survive: He was excellent on the problems of which he was personally in command and that included, in particular, anything having to do with the United States. He failed when he had to rely on advisers. Until he became



". . . and finally, may I remind you that I was one of the earliest outspoken critics of the war?"

Vice President he had not seriously bothered his mind with most problems of foreign policy. So here he relied not on himself but on the Cold War civilians and the military, and this was fatal. This book confirms the diagnosis and shows, regrettably, that he is still under their influence.

By 1963, when Lyndon Johnson became President, it had become evident, not to a few but to many, that the automatic anti-Communism of the old foreign policy establishment, including the old Dulles group in the State Department and their allies in the Pentagon, was a formula for disaster. These men saw Communism as an all-embracing conspiracy reaching out to every corner of the world. Believing this they attributed any violent reaction to grievance anywhere in the world to the Communists. They dismissed contrary evidence as erroneous and contrary opinion as naïve. Since they viewed any spread of Communism as inimical to the American interest and believed that all disorder was caused by Communists, there was a powerful case for American intervention whenever there was insurrection anywhere in the world. By 1964, the danger of this view was widely accepted. It was the principal reason President Kennedy did not intend to continue Dean Rusk as Secretary. It was the subject of the first conversation I had with Johnson as President—on the day after Kennedy's murder. That we were being victimized by this doctrine was taken for granted by Arthur Schlesinger, Richard Goodwin, Carl Kaysen, more cautiously by Averell Harriman, such Senators as Wayne Morse, Ernest Gruening and William Fulbright, and by numerous others. The problem was not the doctrine but how to deal with it in a bureaucracy and country that had been so dangerously oversold on the simplicities of the Cold War.

Lyndon Johnson bought both the advisers and the doctrine. He yields nothing in this book. In 1964 some American children in the Canal Zone raised the flag in front of the high school. Riots followed and the Panama government used the ensuing disorders for another try at revising the unequal treaty on the Canal. Rusk promptly identified the long arm of international Communism by way of Castro in the disorder. L.B.J. still does. ". . . irritation over the unfortunate flag incident was understandable. But the Panamanian students' reaction had served as a trigger to obviously well-planned anti-American demonstrations." Blame is on the Communists, not the ancient griev-

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ance. After the military descent on the Dominican Republic in 1965, there was an unparalleled effort to identify the Communists who had led the insurgency and thus occasioned the action. It failed. As Theodore Draper and others have sufficiently established, the disciplined Communist cadres imagined by Washington simply did not exist. But they are back and powerfully in command in this book. (However, L.B.J. has had second thoughts about that story of Tap Bennett, the beleaguered Ambassador, telephoning from under the table while the bullets whistled overhead. It's been dropped and it was good too.)

But regarding Vietnam the doctrine of the omnipotent, centrally inspired, all-embracing Communist conspiracy gets its full play. It is central to a larger strategy of justification to which L.B.J., one senses, has given a good deal of thought. He has also had expert assistance. To those of us experienced in the dialectic it is evident that, recurrently, the voice is Jacob's voice but the hands are the hands of Esau—Esau being a pseudonym for Walt Whitman Rostow.

The first element of the justification consists in putting the Vietnam war firmly under the authority of John F. Kennedy. The opening paragraph of the third chapter begins:

> As *Air Force One* carried us swiftly back to Washington after the tragedy in Dallas, I made a solemn private vow: I would devote every hour of every day during the remainder of John Kennedy's unfulfilled term to achieving the goals he had set. That meant seeing things through in Vietnam as well as coping with the many other international and domestic problems he had faced. I made this promise not out of blind loyalty but because I was convinced that the broad lines of his policy, in Southeast Asia and elsewhere, had been right. They were consistent with the goals the United States had been trying to accomplish in the world since 1945.

I had always thought that my Kennedy friends who have held that J.F.K. would never have done what Johnson did in Vietnam were being unfair: One cannot have the knowledge that allows one to compare what a dead man would have done with what a living one did. Johnson has now righted that wrong.

The next part of the justification consists in assuming the external inspiration for *everything* that has happened in Vietnam. It was all part of a larger Communist strategy. There is no civil war. The Viet Cong is scarcely mentioned. Nationalism is not a factor. The question that arises as to who guides the ultimate international strategy now that Moscow and Peking have fallen out is resolved, not too satisfactorily, by identifying international Communist aggression with Hanoi and not going back of that small capital. But the military ambition of international *cum* Hanoi Communism remains great. It extends to Malaysia, Thailand, and beyond—though no longer to the beaches of Hawaii. At the time of the Indonesian coup, General Suharto and his colleagues were encouraged to fight for their lives by the knowledge that we were in Saigon only a thousand miles or so away. So the defeat of Hanoi still has global implications. And were it not for outside intervention South Vietnam would always have been as peaceful as a church social—with now, in addition, the democratic government we have helped to create. There has been speculation as to whether this history had to be rewritten in light of the Pentagon Papers. On this I have no opinion. But the chapter on how successfully we promoted free elections could have done with some updating.

The third element of the justification, the initial error of intervention having been covered by the need to abort the international conspiracy, is the protection of American lives. Some boys being there, more were always needed to give them help; bombing was always needed for their protection. The decisions to reinforce were always unanimous, a not surprising result since dissenters were first excluded and then encouraged to depart. George Ball was an exception. He gets some dubious praise here as a devil's advocate and a man who, however reluctantly, went along.

The final element in the justification was the continuing intransigence of Hanoi. Repeated overtures were made to them; their response was invariably negative. They were, in fact, impossible. Of the intransigence of Hanoi, Mr. Johnson is clearly persuaded. And he is almost persuasive. I confess that I never fully shared the belief of some of my friends that they would seize any excuse to rush to the conference table. But we were bombing them, as L.B.J. makes clear, to make the war costly to them—to make them see the greater wisdom of negotiating. The refusal of a small country to respond to peace overtures under such circumstances could be intransigence. More impartially viewed, it could be a refusal to be intimidated—to yield to force. Intransigence we deplore; refusal to knuckle under to force we understand and applaud. We understand it even better when we view Vietnam as one country and not two, and when we suppose, also, that the opposition sees itself as the custodian of national interest in opposition to the forces that once upheld the French and are now being upheld by the Americans. No more than our original need to intervene do these possibilities get debated in this volume.

The truth is that, like the effort itself, L.B.J.'s defense of his Vietnam policy is a misfortune. Partly it is so because the writing was guided by some of the same hands which guided the policy. Where Lyndon Johnson's own knowledge and instincts were decisive he was a good President. And he is good enough, as memoirists go, in telling about it. He was bad when he got into the hands of the Cold War strategists and still is

"I know! How about a 'mother and child'?"

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Hirohito's Function

As a Japanese friendly to America I was greatly alarmed by *Japan's Imperial Conspiracy*, by David Bergamini [*SR*, Oct. 16]. Although Richard Halloran's review was impressively fair and correct, others made me fear that average Americans will be very easily deceived and poisoned by this book, unless they are familiar with the unique history of Japan.

Until the end of World War II, a Japanese emperor, with rare exceptions, possessed no freedom of speech in public, nor free will as a human being, for his function was like that of a god—not like that of any king or dictator the Western world can imagine. For instance, our internal political wars were fought in the emperor's name with every side claiming the emperor's support, but at the end only the winner, as the ruler, could represent the will and wish of the emperor. The fanatics of our modern imperial wars also followed this tradition. Moreover, they sincerely believed that whatever they wished was the wish of the emperor, just as some religious fanatics never doubt that whatever they believe is the will of their god. Emperor Hirohito, of course, had no power over what his fanatic worshipers chose to believe or say in his name. Thus, it is absolutely impossible to prove, as Bergamini claims he did, the will and wish of Hirohito (and, for that matter, his royal relatives) by the documents prepared and words expressed by those fanatics of various levels.

For these and numerous other reasons, I believe that Bergamini's book cannot survive any competent, fair, and thorough investigation. But in the meantime the harm done by it may become beyond redemption.

Mutual understanding might have prevented even the Pacific war, for in the prewar days there were a great many Japanese desperately against the war (some in power) who in order to prevail needed support and understanding from the other side.

Sachiko Tsuruta,
New Carrollton, Md.

Forster's Larger Message

It is unfortunate that A. Alvarez in his essay "E. M. Forster: From Snobbery to Love" [*SR*, Oct. 16] should imply that *Passage to India*, like Mrs. Moore (not to mention EMF's creativity), ended with a Marabar *boum* of nothingness and death. In my edition the cave incident occurs on p. 150; Mrs. Moore dies some fifty pages later and the book ends on p. 322. Considering the fact that Mrs. Moore influences the trial of Aziz *after* her death and seems indirectly (if not downright occultly) through her son to cause an attempted reconciliation between Aziz and Fielding at the end, *boum* might just as well be translated as *OM*, and Forster's fictional silence as satisfaction rather than as artistic menopause.

If critics persist in leaning over the backyard fence, certainly *Maurice* will give them gossip enough to last a while. Rather than suggesting a "mid-life crisis" at the Marabar, Mr. Alvarez might better have referred to the real ending of *Passage*, which provides a more probable biographical link. There Fielding, a minor government official (as Forster—whose name also happily begins with F!—was also a minor government official, albeit for "the other side" as a secretary to an Indian prince), fails in a complete reconciliation with his Indian friend Aziz, whom Forster has identified as his own friend, Syed Ross Masood. Certainly a *Maurice*-like attraction is suggested between these two: note that Fielding, like the Clive of *Maurice*, seems to become more spinsterish after marriage, and Aziz is conveniently a widower. At the end, when Aziz and Fielding ride, like the cavalry, out of sight, Aziz, dreaming of a time racial hatreds will have disappeared, "rode *against him* furiously—'and then,' he concluded, *half kissing him*, 'you and I shall be friends.' 'Why can't we be friends now?' said the other, *holding him affectionately*. 'It's what I want. It's what you want.'" But the horses, the rocks, the sky itself "didn't want it": ". . . they didn't want it, they said in their hundred voices, 'No not yet,' and the sky said, 'No, not there.'" (Italics mine.)

But critics should not, it seems to me, allow whatever fun they get from such biographical sleuthing to overshadow Forster's larger message here: that human beings are not yet ready to experience love which is not channeled into socially accepted categories, that we have not yet the spiritual ability to "connect" with the universe, as the worshipers do at the festival of Gokul Ashtami (importantly, in the light of *Maurice*, the birth of Krishna, God of Love)—and experience, indeed assimilate, total compassion, total pathos, piety, courage, and filth—*OM*. Our logic, like the Hindu Professor Godbole's, prevents us. Our culturally bred hesitations, like those of Fielding and Aziz, prevent us. Viewed in its totality, Forster's *oeuvre* is larger than homosexuality, biography, or the titillations of Bloomsbury; it embraces the need of this planet for a compassion which goes beyond tolerance—and critics who read past page 150.

Clara Rising,
Melrose, Fla.

New Warren Slighted

John Aldridge's four-page review of Robert Penn Warren's new novel [*SR*, Oct. 9] is fascinating. He analyzes in detail Mr. Warren's philosophy and his previous novels, including the well-known *All the King's Men*; discusses Faulkner's attitude towards writing and the South, and then devotes all of a column to the novel itself. Mr. Aldridge claims that *Meet Me in the Green Glen* will be considered one of Mr. Warren's most distinguished novels. It is hard to believe him since he refuses to discuss that novel in any kind of detail.

G. Jaffe,
Winter Park, Fla.

Paterfamiliarum

Fred Cook refers to Mafia "dons" as "paterfamilias" [*SR*, Oct. 9]. From what I remember of the Latin I once taught, paterfamilias is singular. It is a combination of "pater" and "familias" (an old form of the genitive singular), to be rendered "father of the family." To make it more than one, I should think you could choose between "paterfamiliarum," using the genitive plural of the Latin or you could leave it Englished and put an apostrophe after the final "s."

It's a small point but since you are so good, why not be better!

Bill Junkin,
Baton Rouge, La.

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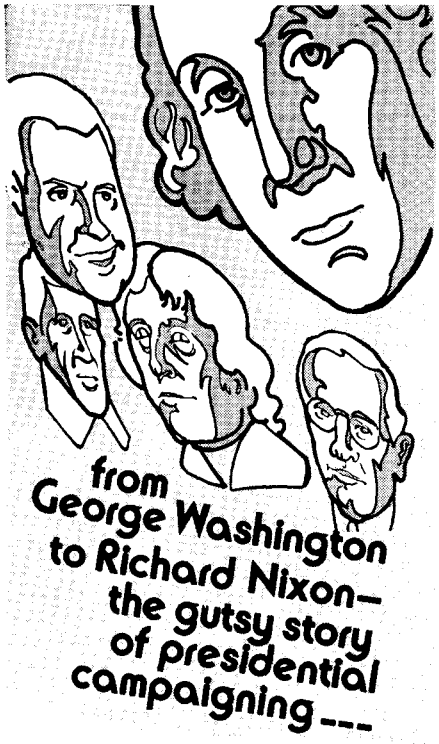

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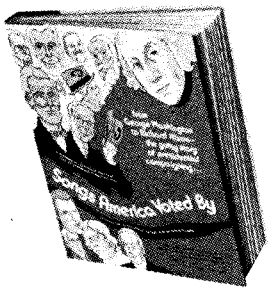

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JENNIE:
The Life of Lady Randolph Churchill
Vol. II: The Dramatic Years, 1895-1921

by Ralph G. Martin

Prentice-Hall, 498 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Alden Whitman

■ Wife to three men and mistress to many more, Jennie Jerome Churchill Cornwallis-West Porch could hardly be less than a biographer's dream. And when you add that she was the mother of Winston Churchill, the dream is truly beyond cavil.

Two years ago, in the first volume of this portrait, Ralph Martin began unfolding Jennie's life, bringing it from her early years as the daughter of Leonard Jerome, that eager beaver New Yorker, through her unhappy twenty-year marriage to the syphilitic snob, Lord Randolph Churchill. This second volume concludes Jennie's life, carrying it from the death of her initial husband to her own demise in 1921. During this time she had two more husbands, of course, and a multiplicity of lovers—American, French, and British. The final spouse, taken when Jennie was sixty-three, was Montagu Porch, a handsome buck younger than her son Winston.

Although much of Jennie's life was wrapped up in romps between the sheets with the titled and the untitled, Mr. Martin is too clever a biographer to have presented us with an aristocratic Fanny Hill. Indeed, such a picture would have done a grave injustice to his subject, for Jennie, in addition to enjoying lifelong beauty and allure, possessed an alert and lively mind and a disposition to participate in the affairs of the world.

Actually, she was one of the "New Women" so much recommended by Bernard Shaw, who had said, "Unless you do something in the world, you can have no real business to transact with men." Thus, in the Boer War, Jennie "did something" by going to South Africa to help care for the wounded, to write letters for them, and to be a compassionate presence. Again, in World War I, she organized buffets for thousands of soldiers at railway stations, started a convalescent home in the country for the wounded, and raised money for an American women's war hospital. In the context of her times, Jennie was a social activist.

Moreover, she was a devoted mother to Winston, and to Jack, her other son—perhaps too much so. Martin quotes generously from letters among them, which establish the closeness of family ties as well as the *sang-froid* of her sons with respect to their mother's "protectors."

—Bettmann Archive

Lady Randolph Churchill—one of the "New Women," Jennie "did something."

What emerges—and superbly—is a totally candid picture of upper-class British society over a quarter century. Interestingly, one sees how that society functioned through the Old School Tie Society. "You must get people to do things for me," Winston advised his mother early on in his military career. And for "my darling son" Jennie put the wheels to whizzing with letters and calls to the appropriate persons. In Edwardian times "saying a word for" was a perfectly acceptable way to be advanced, which accounts in part for the dissolution of empire that began even before the First World War. Edwardian England dug the grave into which British colonialism fell in 1945, and the story of that fateful shoveling is told by Mr. Martin.

Among his other virtues, the author is a scrupulous researcher and an excellent writer. He tells anecotes well, wastes no words, and bowls the reader along with him at a good clip. In short, he makes a heavy book light, no small feat in these days of ponderous, vacuum cleaner biographies.

Alden Whitman is the obituarian for The New York Times.

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CONFESSION FROM THE MALAGA MADHOUSE: A Christmas Diary

by Charlotte Painter

Dial, 212 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Felicia Lamport

■ The title of Charlotte Painter's curiously disjunctive account of her week in a Spanish mental hospital is rather more arresting than descriptive. Her book has neither the openness of a confession nor the orderliness of a diary; it is a loose, freeform assemblage of several dozen disparate bits and pieces, varying in length from a line to several pages, some with such headings as "God's Mistakes," "An Old-fashioned Ritual," "Education," some with none. Scenes in the mental hospital are interspersed with the author's dreams, fantasies, meditations, pronouncements, conversations with her small son, descriptions of her friends, and half a dozen of her doodles—each reproduced, described, discussed, and interpreted in detail.

Much of the material in *Confession from the Malaga Madhouse* is potentially fascinating, but Miss Painter never permits it to develop. Her constant quick shifts shatter the structure to splinters, which she leaves the reader to assemble as best he can, peppering him the while with a buckshot of characters—nuns and patients in the mental hospital, hippies in a nearby commune, decayed royalty, and American expatriates. She views each one with the cool and lofty detachment of a dragonfly poised above a crowded pond. Her eye is often sharp and her pen precise in describing them; she is ironic and amusing about her "Sub-Jet Set" and her hippy friends but, even when writing of her drab and pathetic fellow inmates, Miss Painter withholds the sympathy that might give these portraits the dimension of life. She seems determined to avoid probing below the skin of any character—especially her own.

Miss Painter is, in fact, maddeningly vague about her life, which emerges only in Strobe flashes, too elliptical to throw much light. We see her first in the mental hospital, her presence there unexplained. The answer seems to be imminent when a section ends with:

> *What am I doing here? How do I get out?*
>
> Two eternal questions. They have an enchanted ring. Is this a spell, or is the other the spell?

The next section reads in full:

In the other. Maybe. I am on a trip

THE SPOUSE GAP

Robert Lee and Marjorie Casebier. Middlescence—the new crisis years of marriage—is the subject of this unique book. The authors examine the problems and possibilities facing middle-aged married couples and propose some exciting plans for bridging the spouse gap. $4.95

Technology, Human Values and Leisure

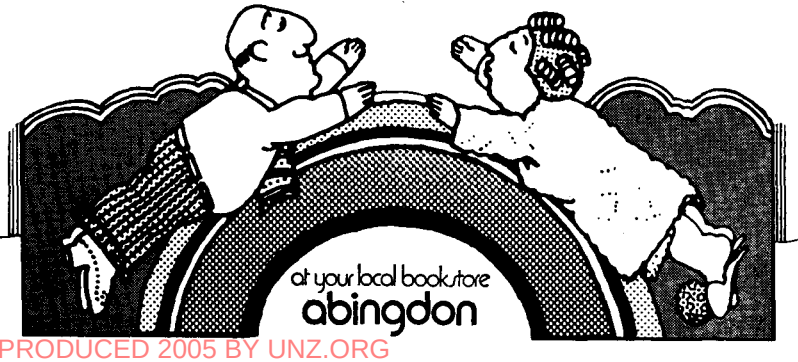
Edited by Max Kaplan and Phillip Bosserman. Experts in science, history, leisure research, public service, labor, music, economics, and sociology examine the relationships between leisure and technology. Cloth, $6.50; Paper, $3.50

THE BIBLE STORY

William Neil. The author offers this simplification of the Bible—from Genesis to Revelation—to show people that the Bible is in fact an exciting story about life and that it has a plot. Illustrated. $6.95

THEY DO IT IN CHURCH

Topsy Gregory. This is a delightful humorous story of a woman who marries because it is expected of her, and who spends the next thirty years trying to reconcile her expectations with the realities of life. ***They Do It in Church*** is prescribed for relief of tensions. $4.95



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with my little son, Tommy. We are looking for some way to live in a world gone mad. We have left America the beautiful. But not because we know a better place.

The book is nearly finished before we learn that the author has been committed to the hospital by timid friends, alarmed by the bad trip she was having on hashish. In the meantime we have discovered, piecemeal, little more than that she is a writer . . . about forty . . . widowed six years . . . hates war and freeways . . . loves her son (who seems too bright and normal a little fellow to be described as "My Radiant Boy"). In lieu of self-exploration, she indulges in ponderously playful dialogues between her "three selves," identified as: *"Escarlata Pimpernela,* wearing a flaming cloak in the folds of which a dagger is concealed. *Gypsy Queen,* in seven gauzy veils. *Juana Bunion,* in hair shirt." These three ladies natter on so often and so tediously they nearly blot out the far more real self we have glimpsed in the only moment when Miss Painter's dragonfly eye saw her own reflection in the Málaga pond:

> She is slim, smart, and rather tired-looking. People more often take her for a divorcee than a widow, and if a shadow of apology or commiseration comes forth, she is likely to fend it off with something like this: We all wind up in the same bag . . . For such is the kind of hip language with which she will often startle those who don't expect it from her. With hippies, though, she comes off as a trifle literary, a little straight, not up front.

This once, Miss Painter's pen has ruffled the surface, revealing a fiercely independent lady who wants no truck with sympathy. Her book, like herself, neither quite "literary" nor truly "with it," flounders on the uncertain ground between the two.

Felicia Lamport is the author of "Mink on Weekdays" and "Cultural Slag."

. . . STING LIKE A BEE: The Muhammad Ali Story

by José Torres

Abelard-Schuman, 223 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by William Kennedy

■ José Torres has written a jazzy book about Muhammad Ali (*né* Cassius Clay), one of the best sports books of the year; but the jazz comes out of Torres, not Ali.

Torres is an odd mixture: a Puerto Rican former light heavyweight champion of the world who has metamorphosed into a literate columnist for the New York *Post* and other publications. With this book, he leaps into a journalism edged with literature. The literary trappings of the ups, downs and re-ups of Ali's spectacular career center chiefly in Torres's self-revelation and perception of the intellectual content of a champion, and his packaging of it in a suspenseful, dramatic narrative about Ali's comeback fights —with Jerry Quarry and Oscar Bonavena, then Joe Frazier. In an epilogue, novelist Budd Schulberg argues that boxing is the most intellectual of all sports, and . . . *Sting Like a Bee,* in style and action, is brawny support of his point. For those who think they exhausted their capacity for absorbing the Ali-Frazier battle, Torres's climactic chapters show how little really came across from the radio and news stories, closed-circuit TV, and the conventional rehashes of the fight—how very much more was visible to an eye trained to see past the punishment and partisan emotions into the heads of Ali and Frazier.

For instance: "Everytime Ali changes his pattern, Frazier's confidence builds. It's simple to understand. Ali is giving Frazier credit for too much complexity. He thinks if he shifts his pattern, Frazier will be confused. But Frazier just thinks Ali is getting dumb under the pressure. Joe just gets faster and stronger while Ali provides the ingredients."

Torres divides his book into three sections: part one is his eyewitness accounts of the Quarry and Bonavena fights; part two, Ali's life story telescoped—origins, education (367th in a high school class of 391), learning style: "Give me the answer or I'll hit you"; then onto his Olympic success, followed by promotion of a public image after seeing hokum pay off for wrestler Gorgeous George; association with the Black Muslims; refusal to be drafted; loss of title; vindication by the Supreme Court. Part three depicts the hero's return and his fall before Frazier.

Torres is terrific in parts one and three, telling us what we never knew about a great boxer's mind. Our letdown in part two is cannily undercut in a preface by Torres's friend and mentor, Norman Mailer, who says frankly that the shortcomings of this section keep the book "down on the literary farm." True enough. This account is anecdotal and zippy, a good re-creation of the facade of Ali the braggart, Ali the religionist. Torres collaborated on part two with Bert Sugar, publisher of *Boxing Illustrated,* but the teamwork has produced only slickness. Ali the man behind the facade is missing; and so the book is really a modified hero sandwich: plenty of lettuce on each side but no meat in the middle.

Nevertheless, Torres debuts as a writer who can surprise. It is rare, as Mailer notes, for an ex-boxer whose first language is Spanish, to turn out a book of this quality. But then how many ex-boxers take writing instructions from men like Mailer and columnist Pete Hamill, and have Budd Schulberg on tap for epilogue duty?

Long before Torres became a boxing champion Hamill was giving him workouts in the literary gym: "That first year," Hamill wrote of Torres in 1966, "he read all of Hemingway, some of Conrad, *The Brothers Karamazov, The Great Gatsby.*" Torres was also helping Hamill on a series about Puerto Ricans for the New York *Post,* and finally began reporting for a Spanish language daily himself. I remember him finishing a piece on Bobby Kennedy one afternoon at Paul O'Dwyer's senatorial campaign headquarters. Hamill was busy with a speech for O'Dwyer, so Torres asked me for a reaction. I said it was good except that the ending was overstated. Torres changed it after Pete concurred. "Pete is my teacher," Joe said.

Mailer mentions functioning "as a sort of editor" for Torres last June during the writing of this book, "suggesting cuts, and giving Torres a fatherly hand with verb tenses from time to time." But the book is still

EDITH WHARTON

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Torres's—"I can swear to that," Mailer states. Here is some pungent Torres prose for a test:

> I could close my eyes in the locker room of a gymnasium and be able to tell if the man coming from the floor —after ending the workout—was black, white or Puerto Rican. . . . I remember discussing the smell of fighters with people who never had contact with gymnasiums and they used to laugh at me. And one day it occurred to me that maybe the social and economic standard of a people could have something to do with the way they smell. Different cultures have different diets; the worse the diet, the stronger the smell. Of course, sometimes you could smell a man's emotions, and if it was fear or treachery, it didn't make you too happy. Sometimes bad fighters smelled of stupidity.

Even with a quick look you can spot Mailer's olfactory concern and confessional style, Hamill's two-fisted irony, Hemingway's cadence and metaphor. But there is also the ex-fighter's use of his own experience—aware even of the vagaries of sweat. Finally, José Torres, like all developing writers, is working first with historical tongues and trying mightily to swallow them and speak with his own. To a creditable degree, after all those heady influences, he succeeds.

William Kennedy, a former sports columnist, is the author of a novel, "The Ink Truck."

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1477

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1477 will be found in the next issue.

Y'F IYACS KN DEE IZYV UKU-

VCUVC DMKJI MCDJIH MCYUT

KUEH VOYU-SCCL. IZDI'V SCCL

CUKJTZ. PZDI SK HKJ PDUI—

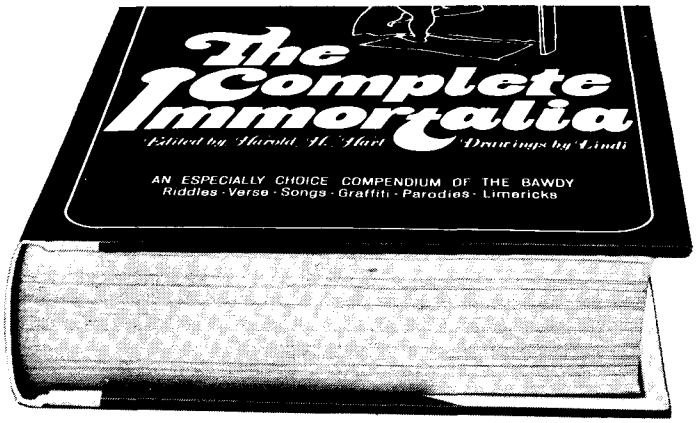
DU DSKADMEC LDURACDV?

—BCDU OCAA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1476

It is the plain women who know about love; the beautiful women are too busy being fascinating.

—KATHARINE HEPBURN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Edited by Harold H. Hart
Drawings by Lindi
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Much of the material in IMMORTALIA—previously considered unprintable—has been locked up till now in the sanctora of special libraries, available only to proctors for the prudish. Some of it has been ascribed, perhaps apocryphally, to Alfred Lord Tennyson, Eugene Fields, Don Marquis, Heywood Broun, and Woodrow Wilson, among others. It could well be part of the literature of tomorrow, just as Balzac's and Rabelais' works are part of today's.

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NATALIE NATALIA

by Nicholas Mosley

Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 316 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Robert Scholes

■ Nicholas Mosley is a brilliant novelist who has received nothing like the recognition he deserves—either at home in England or in this country. His fifth novel, *Accident*, attracted some attention as a film, but the credit went largely to Harold Pinter for his excellent screenplay. Few people realized how faithfully Pinter had followed the original work. After his sixth novel, *Impossible Object*, was published, I had occasion to correspond with a young American writer living in England who shared my admiration for that book. He told me that Englishmen he spoke to about Mosley simply muttered, "Oh, yes, Oswald Mosley's son" —and refused to take his work seriously.

Being the son of Britain's leading Fascist must indeed have been a handicap for Mosley—one which Eton, Oxford, and even military service against the Fascists in Italy have not served to overcome. But surely in this country we can ignore both Mosley's advantages and disadvantages and simply look at his work for the unique and powerful achievement it is. *Natalie Natalia*, his most ambitious novel, is a remarkable fusion of sex and politics seen through the eyes of a conservative Member of Parliament whose mental life is being drastically reoriented—not so much because he is losing his grip on the splitting fragments of the world as because he refuses to accept this world's false surface unity. One truth, one personality, one life—these are not enough. Thus Anthony Greville sees his mistress as two people: a ravenous angel, Natalie, and an angelic one, Natalia: "What Natalie said was often a code for what Natalia was meaning."

Both Anthony Greville and Natalia are married, though not to one another. For Greville this woman represents a necessary deranging of his orderly existence, which has become impossible:

> I seemed trying to get rid of some part of myself that was vital, like a cancer. There was some achievement during the first half of my life—success, stability, a job, family, money. This was killing me. Religions understand all this: in prosperity the heart grows fat: to cut it out, makes the heart stop also.

Mosley's view of passion as both destructive and necessary to life is familiar to us from *Accident* and *Impossible Object*. His elaboration of that view has never been more eloquent than in his new novel. But the triumph of *Natalie Natalia* is that Mosley has found accommodation for a strikingly mordant view of geopolitics within his intense and personal perspective:

> Politicians are active and predatory people who have little to prey on now except each other. They place themselves in circumstances in which dreams of conquests are still possible: these carpeted and stone-flagged corridors are clearings in the jungle: here the elders gather and rave against their enemies. . . . In the marble halls where the populace makes demands on them they can still feel martyred: not at the stake, but in listening to triviality when dreams are so grandiose. Politicians are like sleep-walkers: they do not want to wake or the shock might put them to bed. They are large-scale men forced into such proximity that they have no room for expansion: when they put a hand on your shoulder it is as if they are touching wood: you are a platform, or a bead in a rosary.

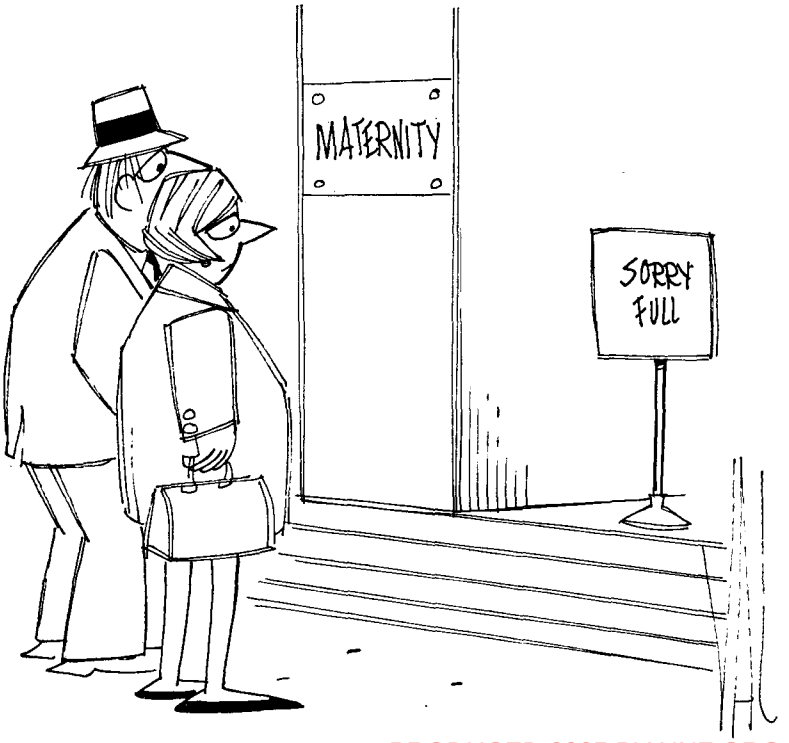
There is a temptation to go on quoting. The bizarre appropriateness of this prose to the actualities of political life is dazzling. You have only to think of, say, C. P. Snow's *Corridors of Power* to appreciate the difference between Mosley's visionary insight and the unexamined reporting of received opinions. Snow *believes* in the dreams of politicians. Mosley exposes them. His disillusionment is cosmic—and it is persuasive. Greville is a specialist in African affairs. His major task in the book is to interview an imprisoned African leader without upsetting a delicate political situation. He considers the possibilities for Central Africa—revolution or continuation of the status quo:

> In either event there would be injustice and cruelty: but each side had to claim that all justice was on its side and all cruelty on the other. I thought—Politicians are machines for justifying self-interest.
>
> This is not a book about politics. A particular set of politics goes out of date like plastic fittings. But there are patterns which recur of a universal predicament.

As Greville moves toward Africa and the interview with Ndoula, he moves closer and closer to something which is either a mental breakdown or a religious experience. From the outside it seems like a crack-up. From within it appears finally that his personality has become sufficiently fragmented to comprehend the fragmentation of the world. To love the world, which is Natalie Natalia, truly, it is necessary to grow a second nature.

Mosley's writing is a bit "difficult." His perspectives are far from ordinary. But he deserves his share of whatever audience there is for genuinely creative fiction at the present time. And he particularly merits that attention from academic audiences which is so important in preserving "unpopular" books until their readership establishes itself. One can only hope that Mosley's reputation will someday be commensurate with the quality of his fiction.

Robert Scholes, who teaches English at Brown University, is the author of "The Fabulators" and other studies of modern fiction.



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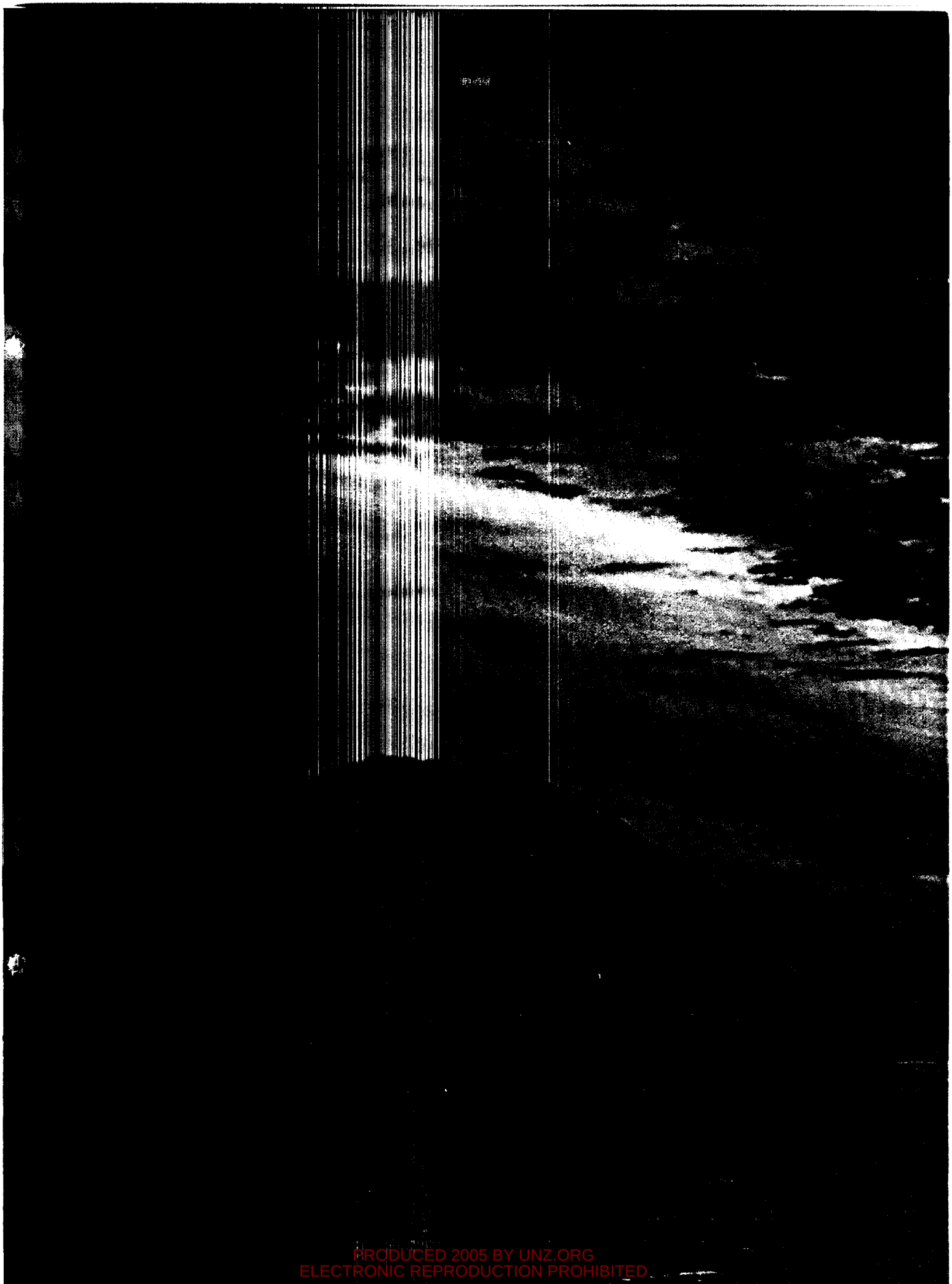

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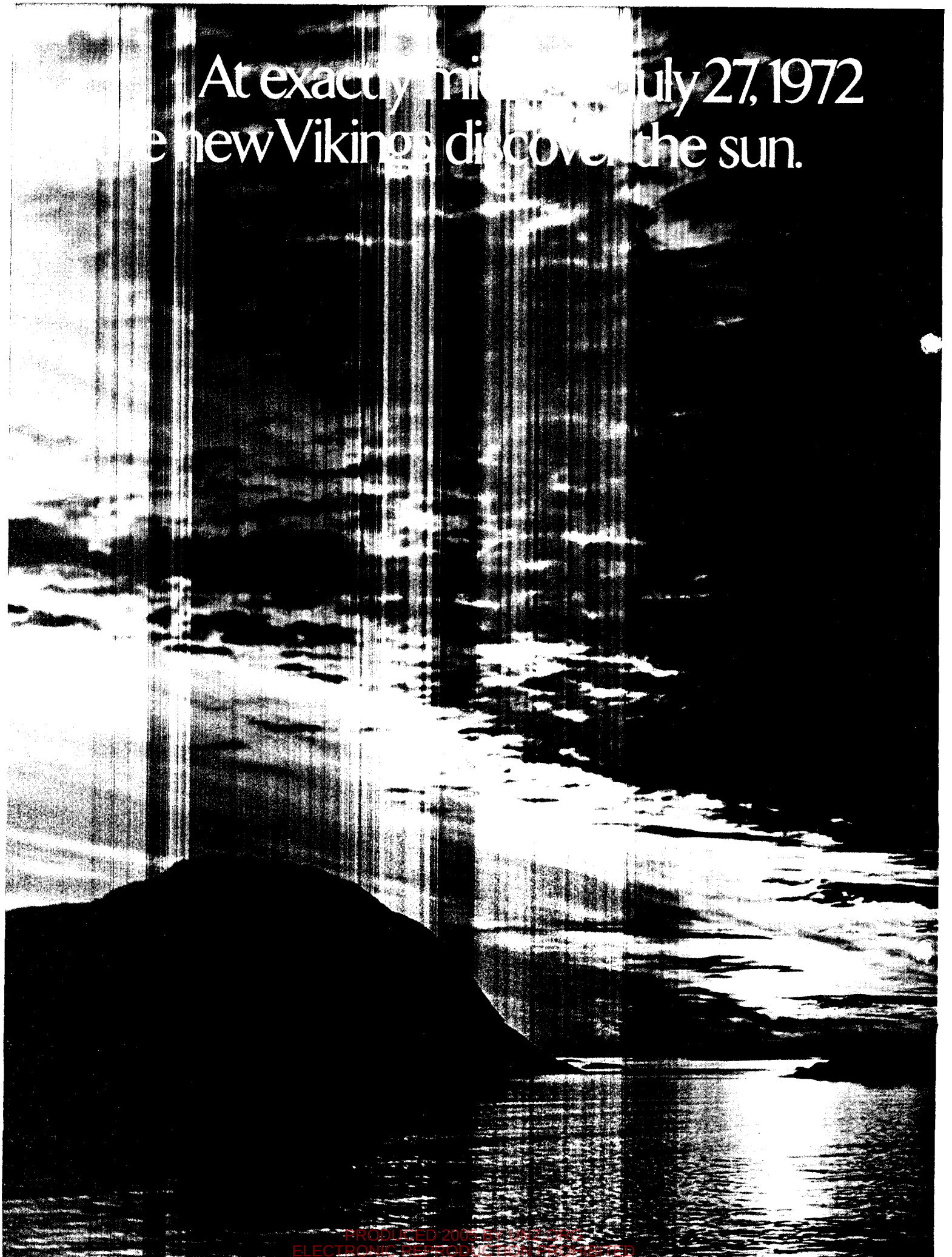

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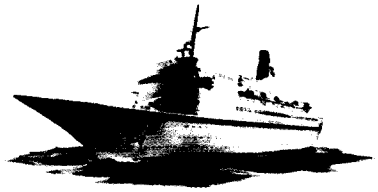

ROYAL VIKING LINE

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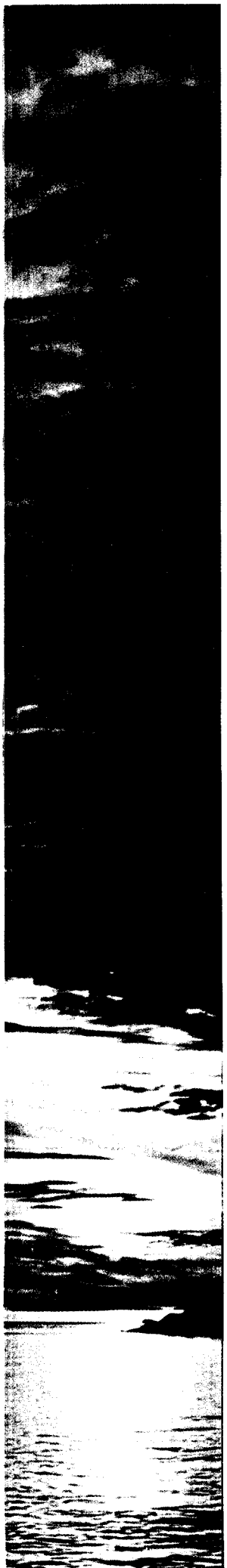

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3. Mediterranean...The Vikings search for the autumn sun! And discover it shining warmly on the Riviera...a hideaway called Málaga...the ageless isles of Greece. And up ahead is a hint of Africa in Casablanca...a tropical island called Madeira...and a restful journey home. Five shining weeks of sea and sun.

35 days, departing New York, September 15, 1972. Return New York.

4. Intercoastal/Caribbean...Add Mexico to the Caribbean and the Vikings come up with a fabulous cruise: the Dutch atmosphere of Curacao...the African undercurrent of Haiti...the Panama Canal! Then the other side: the incomparable Acapulco...the fishing off Mazatlan...really two sumptuous cruises in one!

21 days, departing New York, October 21, 1972, Ft. Lauderdale, October 24, 1972, on to Los Angeles and San Francisco.

5. West Coast/Caribbean...the Vikings take a longer look at the Caribbean and Mexico: Puerto Vallarta for peace ...Caracas for action...Montego Bay for the British touch...and everywhere, emerald islands and pleasure-loving people. Add in the Canal and Acapulco for good measure!

32 days, departing Los Angeles November 10, 1972 and San Francisco, November 12, 1972, and return.

6. California Coast...four fabulous, fleeting days from San Francisco to Baja California's Ensenada...a mini-cruise of sun and sea...and non-stop fun (or non-stop resting) all the way! Four days tasting "the grand life"!

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7. Holiday in Mexico...Ole! A seagoing fiesta as the Royal Vikings celebrate Christmas and New Year's south of the border! All the warmest ports on the West Coast: Mazatlan, Puerto Vallarta, Manzanillo, Acapulco—in a happy holiday mood!

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8. South Seas...lovely beaches, green and black valcanoes, luxuriant jungle, and shimmering waterfalls. All the most pacific islands in the whole wide Pacific...and the Vikings know where the beauty is! In places like Moorea, New Zealand, Pago Pago, the Great Barrier Reef. Throw in a stop in Sydney and you have yourself the South Pacific!

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9. Circle Pacific...another, longer look at the wide Pacific: The same lovely South Pacific ports, then on to Japan, Bali, Hong Kong, Singapore...the intrigue and strange beauty of the Far East. The Vikings take a full 66 days to discover with you every nook and cranny of our largest ocean...the cruise for those who think they've seen it all.

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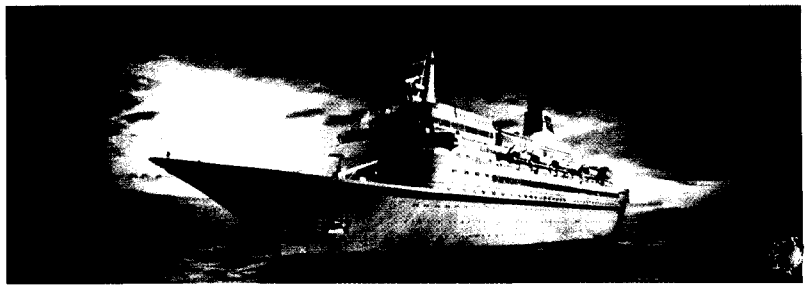

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OUR GANG

by Philip Roth

Random House, 200 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Arthur Cooper

■ Philip Roth is a skilled practitioner of literary acupuncture. Jewish mothers, Midwestern emasculators, the *nouveau riche*—he has pierced them all with his sharp-edged fiction. The target of Roth's latest shaft is no one less than President Richard Milhous Nixon himself and the curious coterie that surrounds him. As darkly imagined by Roth, Nixon emerges as Trick E. (Tricky) Dixon, and his supporting cast includes First Lady Pitter, Vice President What's-his-name, Attorney General Malicious, Defense Secretary Lard, Mr. Heehaw of the FBI, Mayor John Lancelot of New York City, former President Lyin' B. Johnson, the murdered brothers John F. and Robert F. Charisma, and Jacqueline Charisma Colossus.

Roth's complaint with Nixon is neatly defined in a prefatory quotation taken from George Orwell: "Political language . . . is designed to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable, and to give an appearance of solidity to pure wind." Emile de Antonio, who made the mildly satirical anti-Nixon documentary *Millhouse*, said much the same thing in a recent interview: "[Nixon] is like a Homeric figure in the Cave of the Winds—all he's dealing with is *air*." Roth's rage surges through the book like a Potomac of acid.

He begins his vitriolic assault by quoting from an actual speech in which Nixon deplored abortions and declared his belief in the sanctity of human life, "including the life of the yet unborn." A Rothian leap of imagination soon has Tricky Dixon in a nasty confrontation with the Boy Scouts, who regard his pronouncement on the unborn as a blanket endorsement for fornication. Dixon, not one to have sown his Quaker oats, is appalled. "Now it was one thing when those Vietnam soreheads came down here to the Capitol to turn their medals in," he splutters. "Everybody knew they were just a bunch of malcontents who had lost arms and legs and so on. . . . Of course they couldn't be objective about the war—half of them were in wheelchairs because of it. But what we have now isn't just a mob of ingrates—these are *the Boy Scouts*!"

Having already survived Six Hundred Crises, Tricky coolly handles this one by a) ordering the army to disperse the demonstrators—an operation in which three Boy Scouts are killed; b) accusing former baseball star Curt Flood of corrupting the Scouts and inciting the riot, and c) launching a nuclear attack against the "pro-pornography" government of Denmark for harboring Flood. But before the President can turn these bold actions into political gains he is damply assassinated—found naked "bent into the fetal position, inside a large transparent baggie filled with a clear fluid presumed to be water, and tied shut at the top." The end of Tricky Dixon? Hardly.

A writer with Roth's comic gifts can't but produce some outrageously hilarious moments. I particularly enjoyed the President's "skull session" with his aides in the "blastproof underground locker room." And there is a wonderful swipe at television pundit Erect Severehead ("Good evening. . . . A hushed hush pervades the corridors of power. Great men whisper whispers while a stunned capital awaits"). But Roth is only partly successful for, while his aim is true, his satire isn't Swift. Occasionally his anger gets the best of him and his humor sours. In fact, Nixon's rough treatment at Roth's hands may very well invite more sympathy for him than anything since the Checkers speech.

Arthur Cooper is an associate editor of Newsweek magazine.

CHILDREN, YOU ARE VERY LITTLE

by Betsy Drake Grant

Atheneum, 245 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Eileen Lottman

■ Betsy Drake Grant is a woman of deep compassion, and she has written a book that pleads for the cause of youngsters needing love. *Children, You Are Very Little* is a sincere book, overflowing with concern and anguish.

The difficult trick of living inside the mind of another person, and being able to put the reader inside that mind as well, is a facility possessed only by exceptionally skilled and talented writers. Mrs. Grant has compounded the problem by making her central character a nine-year-old girl. The reader will not believe for a moment that she ever was a real child. Abandoned by irresponsible parents, despised by her grandmother, taking everything literally, begging everyone for love, Lucia is being used to make a point. Her musings are too poetic, her responses are too pat, her life is too simplistic in its contrasts of good and evil. She is being manipulated by someone trying to tell us something from behind the scenery.

The author, once an actress, is the

(Continued on page 71)

"In every way, this is one of the New Journalism's most rewarding achievements. It is a marvelous piece of work..." —Newsweek

Honor Thy Father

by Gay Talese

Illustrated, $10.

The Literary Guild Selection For October

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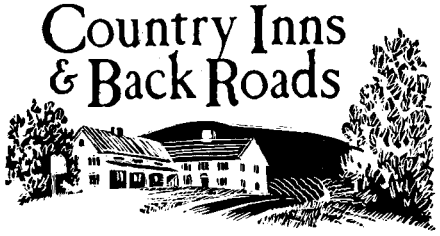

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THE DIALECTICS OF SOCIAL LIFE: Alarms and Excursions in Anthropological Theory

by Robert F. Murphy

Basic Books, 261 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Sidney W. Mintz

■ Robert Murphy's reputation as one of anthropology's numerous *enfants terribles* has been only carelessly cultivated. He is better known within the profession for his ethnographic care and acuity, and the ability to make even more sense out of the good field work of others than they themselves did. In *The Dialectics of Social Life,* however, he seeks to put some of social science's cherished platitudes to the torch and, partly because of his irreverent style, there will be those who will say he has produced more smoke than fire. What is odd about this jerky, funny and clever book is that Murphy apparently thinks it is for laymen, whom he warns at the outset to be prepared to hear rather more about some subjects than they may wish to know. His advice, as it turns out, flows not from modesty but optimism. *The Dialectics of Social Life* is an in-group book, if ever there was one; Professor Murphy's unawareness of that suggests that he may be more sensitive to his friends the North African Tuareg than to the inhabitants of, say, Morningside Heights.

The author's intention is to call into question the penchant of social scientists, anthropologists among them, for sophisticated circular reasoning. His initial chapters deal with anthropology as profession: the epistemological problems posed by the differences between idea and act, and the relationships of individuals to their culture. There is some good—and some very funny—intellectual history here. A number of figures are discussed, in particular Emile Durkheim, Sigmund Freud and Talcott Parsons (none of whom, of course, is an anthropologist), and Professor Murphy proves himself a man of supple wit and sharp tongue. He argues that the individual has been viewed far too much as a passive recipient of "the culture," a cipher who pays the price of social acceptance by behaving the way he has been taught. For Murphy, the contradictoriness and idiosyncrasy of man—of individual men—is hidden by those who impute socialized conformity to him. If man is as conformist as the functionalists say he is, Murphy points out, then it is easy to claim that what he does in responding to the system will keep the system telling him what to do.

In Part II of his book the author aligns himself squarely with those who discern no such simplicity in human affairs. For Murphy, the presumption that man's aggregate existence has order does not mean it is orderly, even less that it is uncomplicated or uncontradictory. Its apparent simplicity merely attests to the ideational content of consciousness: the world is not what man thinks it is, but he thinks it is this way in order to make it comprehensible. In the contrast between

". . . as he slowly crushed her to his bosom she looked up into his tender eyes and said: 'I want a cracker!' "

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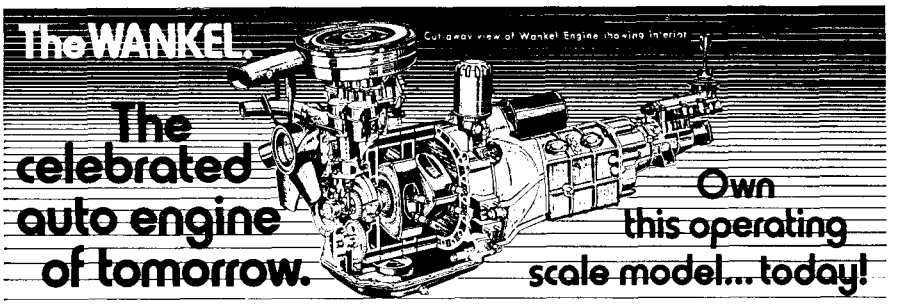
idea and act, individual and group, society and culture, the real and the ideal, opposition rather than concordance, Murphy argues, lies at the heart of what is human and social.

Finally, in Part III, he begins to construct a view of man and society based on the postulation of just such contradictoriness. Thesis and antithesis are not succeeded by synthesis in Murphy's model; the dialectic is an inherent characteristic of human condition. The mind necessarily produces its own order, not wholly congruent with perceived external reality. Such incongruencies are not resolved in social synthesis; instead they depict an intrinsic and universal alienation of man. Revolutions are not what Marx and Hegel thought they were; with Freud and Simmel, Murphy supposes, rather, that "[the] alienation of man defines his humanity and his social life." In taking this stand, the author returns to the view that man is not simply a social creature, but something more. His humanness presumably transcends his socio-cultural milieu, so that all men are in certain irrevocable ways the same. This perspective raises questions about theories of social evolution, as well as about dialectical materialism. "Neither mind nor culture," Professor Murphy tells us, "is even thinkable without each other, but this does not mean that one is reducible to the other. In the final analysis, culture is a product, the synthesis of mind and action." (There is a startling harking back to early Kroeber here, but the author may have forgotten about it.) Society possesses order, but not the order the functionalists have attributed to it so much as that implicit in the difference between what is so, and what people believe to be so. Thus: "The perpetuation of social life depends, then, upon the placement of a veneer between its flow and its perception. Culture is an illusion, but, like other illusions, it gives life."

This is an abstruse book, and probably few but professionals will read it. Nevertheless, the work is engaging and original, if sometimes precious (Why "immersement" and "aberrancies," instead of "immersion" and "aberrations"? Does "antiphony" really mean "antinomy"? And does Murphy end with the words "FUCK YOU" to win some kind of bet?). The author does not make comprehensible to laymen—or, at any rate, to any known to me—the exciting ideas that grip him, though they are accessible to those who talk his jargon. Only here and there does Murphy's refreshing lack of affectation find itself supplanted by the conventional pieties. "The yield of the agonizing process of ethnography," he confides in a moment of weakness, "is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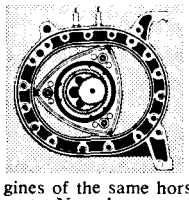

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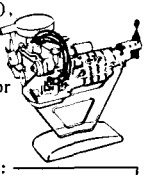

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always incomplete; we skim off the top and come away, if we have done our jobs properly, with a sense of loss and unfulfillment." Instead the yield is usually incomplete, because none of us is ever taught (or teaches) how much is enough. Even if we do our jobs properly, however, the process is by no means necessarily agonizing; the yield is often not only incomplete but dead wrong; and the sense of loss and unfulfillment Murphy claims will mark our proper pursuits may be quite absent. I suspect that a lot of anthropologists get more rewards from *having been* among the Cockamamies of Inner Pazazz than they ever get from *being* among them, and the author knows it. But the need to be reverent in the midst of irreverence may be but another of those contradictions that have prepossessed Robert Murphy.

Sidney W. Mintz is professor of anthropology at Yale University.

THE FARTHER REACHES OF HUMAN NATURE

by Abraham H. Maslow

Viking, 423 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Rudolph Muska

■ Thoughtful men of science seem to be incurable philosophers, whether they are astronomers like Sir James Hopwood Jeans, biologists like Sir Julian Huxley, chemists like James Bryant Conant, or . . . well, the list is endless. Psychologist Abraham Maslow is no exception.

In *The Farther Reaches of Human Nature* he plunges right into philosophical matters with as little hesitation as he would, presumably, smash a Skinner box. Neither does he lack any confidence in making judgments and conjectures in such diverse areas as politics and population, education and eupsychics, or biology and business management.

Of course, psychology itself is no longer a neatly delimited discipline, having metastasized into the broadest ranges of human experience. And yet, as a college student soon discovers, there are basically two kinds of psychology and two types of psychologists: there are the scientists and the artists—the behavorists and the psychotherapists, the theorists and the practitioners—and the twain seldom meet. But more important is the fact that psychology as a science has long been dominated by one of these schools of thought—paradoxically, the one that denies the significance of thought itself.

Originally, psychology was a study of the psyche, of states of consciousness, of mental processes and faculties. Then, in 1913, John Watson came along with his manifesto that psychology must abandon all reference to consciousness. He insisted that it be a science of observation rather than introspection, and that its sole purpose was the prediction and control of human behavior. Accordingly, all the ostensibly appropriate terms of a science of the mind—emotion, perception, purpose, thought—were to be regarded as useless concepts. This view of psychology is the one currently epitomized in the work of B. F. Skinner, whose latest volume, *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*, was reviewed in *SR* Oct. 9. Modern academic psychology, in short, is predominantly experimental, descriptive, physicalistic, barren of human values.

In contrast to Skinner, Maslow, who died last year, represents the "art" school of psychology. And although his detracters may dismiss him as a poet and a Gestaltist, he considered himself a proponent of a new holism and humanism—a psychology that does not reject behaviorism but encompasses it along with dynamic psychology, gestalt insights, and other extra-behaviorist principles. Maslow's is also a normative conception of psychology, one that does not shun values, purposes, or ideality. A value-free philosophy of science, he writes, is "unsuitable for human questions, where personal values, purposes and goals, intentions and plans are absolutely crucial for the understanding of any person, and even for the classical goals of science, prediction, and control."

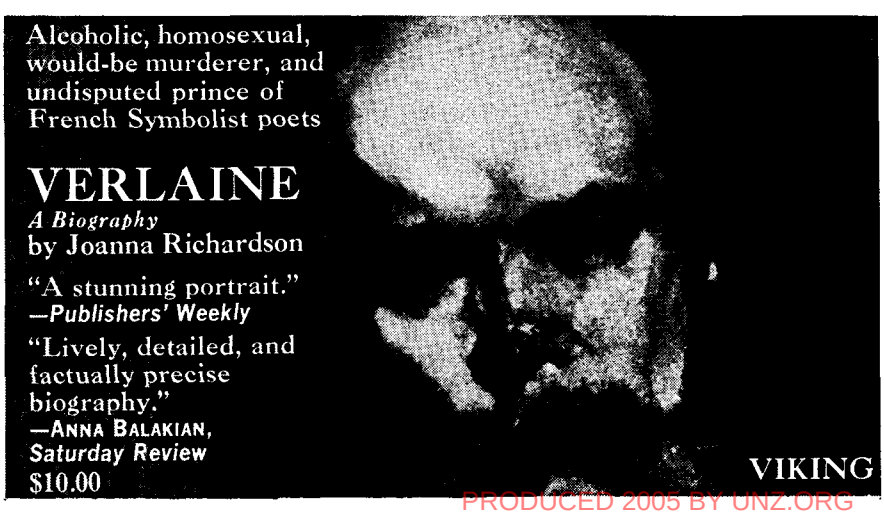
Maslow's first posthumous work is not easy to assess, partly because of his personalized and polarizing style of writing, but also because of a nagging suspicion that many of his speculations contain ideas we recognize as valid. Somehow, after decades of experiments with strutting pigeons, bar-pressing rats, and conditioned worms, it does seem time for "a psychology devoted to fully human beings—which is competent to speak of them, in some ways to measure them, appreciate them, tell something about the dynamics of their qualities. . . ." I think it is this pervasive humanistic philosophy of the author that commends the book to the reader. If nothing else, when you lay the book down, you feel a little more sure that human nature has depths and dimensions unreachable by analogies extended from pecking orders and mazes.

On the other hand, this study is more of a teaser than a satisfier. The pretentious title promises more than the pages provide. Granted that the work is a pioneering sort of venture, and allowing that the author himself might have improved the over-all arrangement of the contents, the book still has some shortcomings.

First there is Maslow's style. Words and sentences gush forth in profuse array and disarray—usually personal and repetitive, often anecdotal and polemic, sometimes cute, at times overbearing. Occasionally, statements are incomplete or sentences are run together and the text sounds more like the undisciplined outpouring of a fertile mind than a concise and structured argument. Nor is this helped any by a conceptual vocabulary that many readers will find tiresome and overused.

Second, and more important, is the way the author evades some major axiological and metaphysical problems. His desire to unify concepts leads him to oversimplified "fusions" of dichotomies philosophers have tangled with for millennia. Notice a few: "*Fact* becomes the same as *value*." "The world which *is* becomes the world which *ought* to be." "Being and Becoming are, so to speak, side by side, simultaneously existing, now." The Unitive Consciousness is the ability to perceive the fact "as here and now, and yet also as eternal . . ." And there are more.

Nevertheless it is clear that Maslow was a man of vision and courage, a



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thinker whose reflections virtually amount to a world view that is articulated by way of some pretty unique principles. He has laid a substantial groundwork for others to build upon. One of his central concepts was that of the "healthy" man, the self-actualized person—the paradigm for a generation of men who will someday fully express their human potential. Since Maslow believes it is one's inner impulses that provide the clues to human nature, it is perhaps not too much to say that his own inward life and thought were in some measure an expression of the "full humanness" he liked to describe.

Rudolph Muska is professor of philosophy at Heidelberg College in Ohio.

BUILDING THE CITY OF MAN: Outlines of a World Civilization

by W. Warren Wagar

Grossman, 180 pp., $7.95; paperback, $2.95

Reviewed by Richard J. Barnet

■ *Building the City of Man* offers an incisive and stimulating analysis of the human predicament and a blueprint for a global society to save the human family. It is the fate of all such books that its prophecies of doom are more plausible than those of the reverse. But in sketching out a picture of world integration W. Warren Wagar has performed an important service. He has let his mind roam free enough to give a graphic description of the elements of a world order to take the place of the present anarchic and destructive competition of nations.

Professor Wagar's diagnosis of the elements of impending catastrophe is convincing. He points out that it is futile to blame the current crisis on any of the stock "enemies" of civilization—capitalism, totalitarian government, militarism, or even the nation-state system itself. Although unhappy with all of these, he thinks that their disappearance will not be sufficient to move mankind. The real crisis of civilization has come about because of the steeply accelerating pace of change. The danger to the planet, he points out, is that any one of several unsolved global problems could doom civilization, and man shows no sign of being able to move fast enough to deal effectively with any of them.

The most obvious danger is nuclear war. "In a polycentric international system, where all effective power is lodged not in world organizations but in local governments, the odds against permanent peace are awesome. Sooner or later, the system must 'lose'. . . . One miscalculation, one accident, one paranoid decision by a demagogue, one crisis that puts in jeopardy the 'supreme interests' of one country, and the game is over."

If mankind manages to avoid the final "nuclear exchange," to use the Pentagon's term for Armageddon, it will still be involved, Wagar warns, in an "international class war" between rich and poor nations. Rich nations will continue to use advanced technology on the territory of poor ones in order to maintain their grip on the world's resources. The result will be, as in Indochina, ecocide—literally the destruction of man's house. "No matter how many revolutions and famines are scheduled for the rest of the century, no matter what the plight of the international poor," the author continues his gloomy but credible prediction, "the people of the developed countries will not voluntarily accept any diminution of their material standard of life, except to pay the costs of total war." He believes that the process of limitless irrational consumption in societies like the United States will make the problem of "affluence" obsolete, for by the twenty-first century there will be an economy of scarcity everywhere. Americans cannot continue to consume at present rates—one ton of iron and eighteen pounds of copper per day for every man, woman and child—without eventually exhausting the earth and destroying their own wealth.

Wagar also sees little hope of preserving personal freedom within present political structures and cultures. "Gene surgery, compulsory eugenics, chemical or electronic mind control, and the manufacture of human duplicates by 'cloning,'" are plausible realities for the not too distant future. American society has already perfected a variety of techniques for controlling and manipulating human behavior on a vast scale. We can anticipate that electronic dossiers, scientific intelligence services and data banks will soon be available for the certification, homogenization, surveillance, and control of vast populations. The author makes the telling point that the loss of freedom through the hierarchical control of technology threatens the survival of man just as seriously as does war, poverty, and ecocide. "At stake here is the survival not of *Homo sapiens*, the 'naked ape,' but of man's *humanitas*, his dignity as a spiritual being." Just at the moment in human history when the explosive idea of human dignity is transforming consciousness among the wretched of the earth, the "logic of technique seems to demand the extinction of *humanitas*."

Dr. Wagar completes his *tour d'horizon* of the human condition by analyzing the threat to civilization posed by man's loss of faith. It is not only that belief in traditional religions is substantially dead, he says, but belief in all transcendental meaning is rapidly weakening. We are fast approaching a "religionless social order" in which the new gods, whether they be science, rationalism, the nation-state, the consumer society or Maoism, leave most people as cold as the ancient faiths which have lost their hold on the modern world. This loss of transcendental meaning is a disaster for civilization because people without hope succumb to nihilism and fatalism. Without a sense of human purpose beyond mere existence man is unlikely to rouse himself to the extraordinary efforts needed to save civilization.

The author ends his prophecy of

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Conducted by David M. Glixon

NOT LONG FOR THIS WORLD

All these gifted writers died too young. E. R. Cole of Euclid, Ohio, merely wants you to connect each with his age at death, the place, and the cause or circumstances. Verify your guesses on page 60.

1. Emily Brontë ( )	a. 29 (Deptford; in a tavern brawl)
2. Rupert Brooke ( )	b. 25 (Rome; tuberculosis)
3. Thomas Chatterton ( )	c. 32 (San Francisco; peritonitis)
4. Hart Crane ( )	d. 31 (nr. Seringes, France; at battlefront)
5. Stephen Crane ( )	e. 25 (Ors, France; in war)
6. John Keats ( )	f. 17 (London; suicide by arsenic)
7. Joyce Kilmer ( )	g. 29 (nr. Leghorn; drowned)
8. Christopher Marlowe ( )	h. 31 (Netherlands; wounded in battle at Zutphen)
9. Frank Norris ( )	i. 28 (Germany; tuberculosis)
10. Wilfred Owen ( )	j. 30 (Haworth; galloping consumption)
11. P. B. Shelley ( )	k. 27 (Skyros, Greece; blood poisoning)
12. Sir Philip Sidney ( )	l. 32 (Caribbean; suicide by drowning)

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doom with a warning that, inasmuch as the threat to civilization is total, "half-measures" will not do. A pacifist peace movement will never have the political power to control militarism and war since "there are situations in human conflict where violence is necessary." Collective security by means of organizations like the United Nations is no way to create a world order because such assemblies are merely "councils of ambassadors." Nations do not and will not voluntarily surrender their sovereignty. The world federalist solution, under which some powers are delegated to a world authority and all others are reserved to the still sovereign nation-states, is, in Wagar's terms, a "myth." "The last power the nation-states will surrender is their power to make war, and the last way to persuade them to surrender it is to send politically impotent humanitarians to beg respectfully at their doors."

He believes civil disobedience to be a "shrewd" strategy for attacking national war machines but recognizes that Gandhian tactics alone have not prevented wars and are unlikely to do so. Wagar understands the absurdity of the claims of some scientists that, by producing "peace-keeping mechanisms with stabilization feedback-designs," technology offers the key to peace. Regrettably, the peace machine is beyond our reach. Finally, he attacks the radicals of the New Left for not being radical enough. Sound as their instincts have been concerning the evils and dangers of nationalism and war and the need for revolutionary change, their analysis, he argues, is too superficial and romantic to provide the basis for a practical strategy of revolutionary change.

After this broad-brush critique Wagar is ready to offer his own proposals, including such imaginative ideas as the development of a world revolutionary elite and a world party that will grow out of universities spread across the planet. But his solutions are necessarily vague, and they are vulnerable to the very sort of dispute Wagar levels at the ideas of others. The more concretely he presents his vision of a world revolutionary elite "infiltrating" and "converting" the nation-state, the less plausible it appears. Yet that hardly matters. No book can give a convincing blueprint of the exact process by which the ultimate in revolutionary change will occur. The value of such utopian thinking is that it helps dramatize important truths. The most important truth to emerge from Mr. Wagar's book is that any global political community which succeeds the obsolete nation-state system must be sustained by a world culture, a system of values and outlooks which transcend geographical limits and historical traditions. Wagar sees this world civilization evolving from certain discernible global patterns: the breakdown of the patriarchal family, liberated attitudes towards sexual relations and the role of the sexes, new ideas in education, insistence that work lead to personal fulfillment and growth, and a downgrading of the importance of political and economic power.

Nowhere does Wagar adequately confront the dilemmas posed by his frequently brilliant critique. Only a world political community, he claims, can deal with the multiple threats to civilization. Yet there is nothing to suggest that his "world commonwealth" can escape a supercentral bureaucracy which would stifle the very freedom Wagar rightly thinks is essential for human survival. He believes that there must be a unified "world culture" to create that "universal identity" which will "minimize the possibility of violent group struggle," and argues strongly against cultural plurality. Unity, he assures us, is not the same thing as uniformity. Perhaps. But the earth is now dominated by many different cultures. Group and national consciousness play quite different roles in different societies depending upon their particular stage of development. It is one thing to tell the citizens of an expansionist superpower that they must transcend their nationalism and quite another to tell the same thing to a recently colonized people who have just tasted national independence. The unity Mr. Wagar looks for will, one hopes, grow organically over a period of time. It is much more likely to develop in an atmosphere in which cultural diversity is encouraged and fears of cultural domination of the weak by the strong subside.

Building the City of Man shares the problem of all utopian books in that its vision of a new human society is more developed and more plausible than its analysis of the process by which we move from a dangerous present to a benign future. Essential analyses of the problems of world order remain to be made. They concern matters of process—specifically, which trends in the contemporary world are taking mankind in the direction of world community and what can be done to encourage and accelerate them. This bold, opinionated, and exciting book opens up hundreds of important questions and will be of indispensable help to anyone interested in thinking about man's fate.

Richard J. Barnet is co-director of the Institute for Policy Studies.

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WIT TWISTER #242

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

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Two — — — — —, mute witnesses
of savage death,
Stand on the — — — — —, just
where the ski-tracks end.
The wolk pack — — — — — away
with fetid breath,
As winter's shrouds of snow and
ice descend.

—A. S.

(Answer on page 71)

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Bangla Desh

Continued from page 33

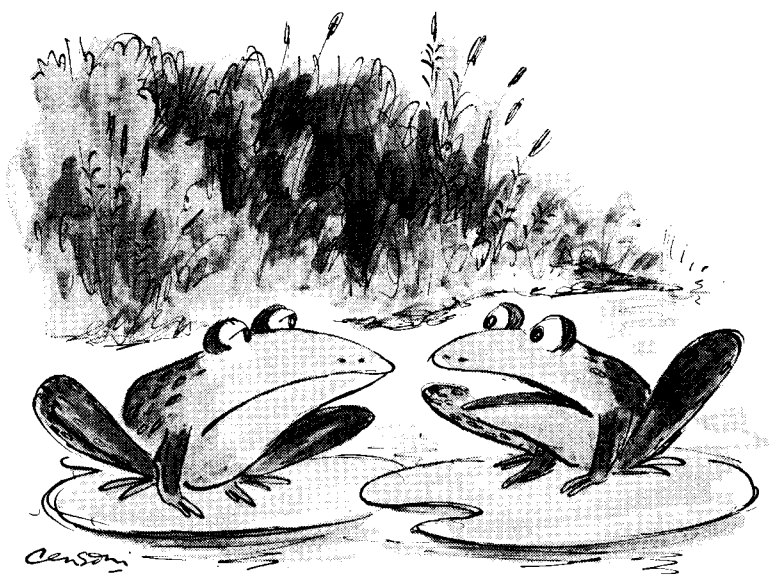
exercise effective control over a rabidly hostile environment. The causes of this classic population problem are not difficult to isolate; however, to limit population, other than to increase even the present high rate of death, it is not enough to insist that birth control methods *must* be found, therefore they shall be. The pre-crisis National Family Planning Program, in many respects, was established and functioned (as in other developing countries) in response to a critically felt need. A priority developmental task, therefore, is to determine whether birth rates in East Pakistan *can* be dramatically reduced, under optimum conditions of present sociological and technical knowledge, without resort to Draconian methods of enforced sterility, mandatory family size limitation, or other morally unacceptable measures. Incredibly enough, that question's answer is unknown in East Pakistan, but it is assumed to be positive. Massive, accelerated tests of the best combinations of presently available technology from the various fields contributing to birth control would, in a relatively short time, produce an answer or answers, and a sound program could be implemented on the basis of any positive results. Whatever the financial cost of such a program to the world community or to the hierarchy of East Pakistan's development patrons, it would be small beside a continued population growth that will yield 150 million Bengalis well before the year 2000. Alternatively, if a massive test program revealed the impossibility of effecting a drastic reduction in current fertility levels, at least planners would *know* the unavoidable parameters for emergency planning. A vast, expensive, national program could no longer, merely by existing, serve to protect planners from reality.

For sheer survival, the immediate need of East Pakistan's massive population is indeed adequate food. Like the awful simplicity of the birth rate/death rate balance, this is an unarguable priority. Without food, there will be starvation. It has occurred before; it is occurring now. Much pre-crisis effort was channeled toward conquering a hostile physical environment in order to take advantage of each of the three major rice-growing seasons. An alternative priority approach would be to concentrate on varietal breeding that would greatly increase present rice yields under existing conditions by producing hardy and prolific *padi* that could double or treble production even without supplementary, and necessarily long-range, efforts to better meteorological, hydraulic, and soil conditions. Such an effort, at the East Pakistan Rice Research Institute, was mounted and yielded considerable success with new, indigenously developed strains. The effort must be renewed, accelerated, and the product spread to Bengali farmers with a maximum of efficiency and minimum of time and implementative complexity.

In almost all respects, education is the panacea (and the Holy Grail) of development. The "right" kind of education—one that ensures the optimum training and application of the human resource at lowest cost—creates a machine that requires only simple infusions of capital to function with effect. Such a machine can subsequently satisfy the needs or solve the problems of an impoverished society: health, management, the lack of an efficient infrastructure (dams, electronic communications, power relays, roads, bridges, fisheries, all kinds of industry, etc.), the poor private and public administration of all programs, developmental or recurring. As already noted, the educational system in East Pakistan is notoriously deficient in all respects and at every level. The developers' uncoordinated past response to this depressing fact has been more depressing still, varying from costly and unrealistic disaggregated models ("model" polytechnics, "model" secondary schools, "model" teacher training institutes, and even "model" university departments), to equally unrealistic, if less costly, predominantly Western approaches to educational planning for the province—even the nation—as a whole. Meanwhile, teachers do a poorer job and are paid less, while students learn less and drop out in increasing numbers at lower levels in the system. Higher education, the final critical stage in the assembly of the area's human resource, has become a lifeless effigy in every realm except on-the-job practice of active politics.

There may be no escape from such a downward spiral. If so, East Pakistan is doomed. The very nature of the crisis that permeates this entire vital system suggests the need for imaginative and dedicated—not simply faddist—approaches. There is much in the potential of instructional television, for instance, that could provide short cuts in the existing educational system. Past deficiencies in the medium need not necessarily be repeated in the future. There are no logical barriers to capitalizing, with enormous potential benefits, on the inherent receptivity of captive, monotony-bound rural audiences to the magic of the TV screen. There is no good reason, conceptual or technological, why the very latest in educational techniques, at a minimum of initial investment and recurring cost, could not be successfully applied with effect (after quick and intensive local pretesting) to remedying Bengal's educational ills.

Clearly, these suggestions are not a blueprint for East Pakistan's post-crisis survival; however, they are intended to suggest the need for the very best in original, creative, unselfish, coordinated attacks on those societal prerequisites for Bangla Desh's continued existence. Any alternative approach, as the past has demonstrated, can only produce unforgivable costs, unrealized results, and the continued misery of millions.



"I know this wart bit is a myth, but we still have the stigma."

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1j, 2k, 3f, 4l, 5i, 6b, 7d, 8a, 9c, 10e, 11g, 12h.

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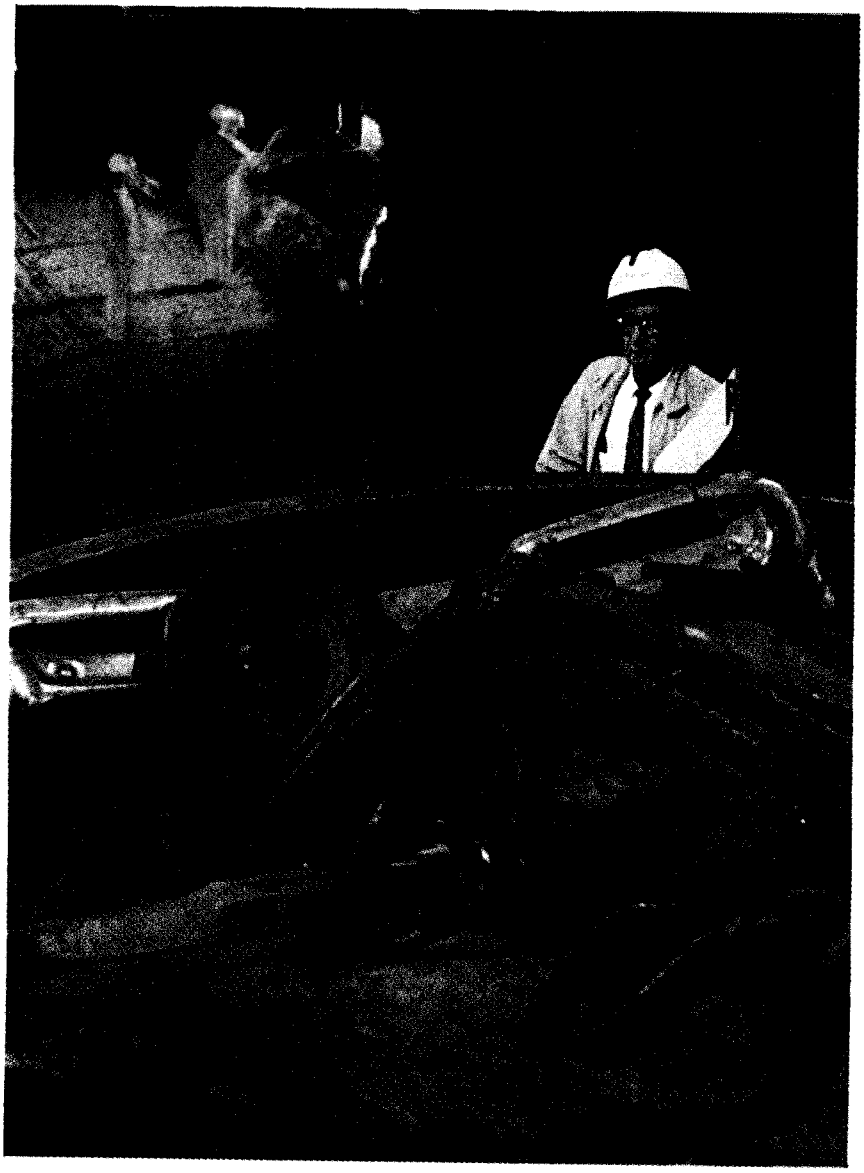
Connie Forrest recycles 200,000 used cars a year



Connie Forrest is superintendent of the steelmaking department at our Los Angeles plant, where we produce about 600,000 tons of steel a year. To make this steel, Connie's electric furnaces consume a lot of scrap metal: about one ton for every ton of steel produced.

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and you'll appreciate them for the rest of your life.

Flor—the remarkable cause of Sherry

Around the 1st Century B.C., a unique yeast started to materialize from the Spanish air quite suddenly, at vintage time. A snowy, whipped-cream-like surface bloomed over some, but not all wines. It looked like an enormous, white lily. So the Spanish called it *Flor* for flower. Gradually, all the lighter, finer wines thus began to flower...their bouquet changed, and their character deepened...they became dryer, crisper, and acquired more nose...the first Sherry was happening.

And now, 2000 years later at Almadén, this miracle is happening beautifully in California. Here's how it developed.

The Sherry grape

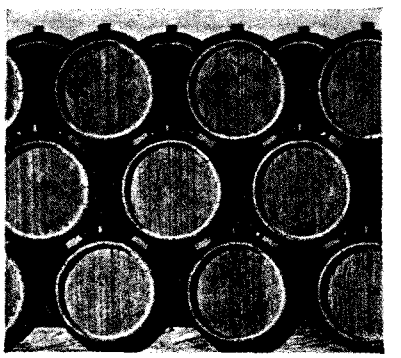
The golden Palomino grape—the essential start of the best Sherry, was brought over from Jerez, Spain and planted in the rich soil of California. It was a perfect fit. At this point, two essential ingredients for fine Sherry had been brought to Almadén: *Flor* yeast and the Palomino grape. Next we swung our attention to method, and realized that the Solera system—that process used originally in Spain—was the only way to produce highest quality Sherry. And that required special barrels.

White oak from Tennessee

The best wood for aging Sherry is white oak from Tennessee; even the Spaniards haven't found another oak as good. So we arranged to have white oak cut down and shipped regularly to Spain; there, with skilled hands, Spanish coopers shape it into butts or casks. These are returned to Almadén where they hold the wine in two important stages. The first is in what the Spaniards call a *Criadera* (literally, a nursery) where the dry, young Palomino wine takes on the *Flor* flavor. Next is the *Solera*.

The Solera System —2000 years old.

A vast, dim room holds tier over tier of small oak barrels—some 20,000 in all. The young wine is poured into the topmost tier. What is drawn off for Sherry comes from the bottom tier—and never more than a third of a barrel at a time; this is replenished from the barrel above, and that barrel from a still higher barrel. This is the Solera System: through the years, the young Palomino wine blends with the older wines, moving slowly, from barrel to barrel, until it takes on the richness and quality of its ancestors. It's easily the most expensive but definitely the best way to make Sherry. There are three Almadén Sherries, all made in this painstaking way, for you to try: *Cocktail Sherry*—as a dry aperitif to be served before dinner chilled or over the rocks; *Golden Sherry*—not quite so dry, to be served chilled on the rocks with walnuts; and *Cream Sherry*—for those who prefer a sweeter Sherry as a before or after dinner drink (or anytime for that matter).



The Port grape

The best Port grape of Portugal, the Tinta Madeira, is used for Almadén Port. Notice it on the label...you will find it on few, very few, American Port labels...it is always an indication of superior quality, of a true, varietal Port wine. Matured in oak, in the same Solera process as the Sherries, Almadén Ports achieve their maximum softness and flavor. They are made just as Port is made in Portugal. Try them: *Tinta Ruby Port* and *Tinta Tawny Port*.

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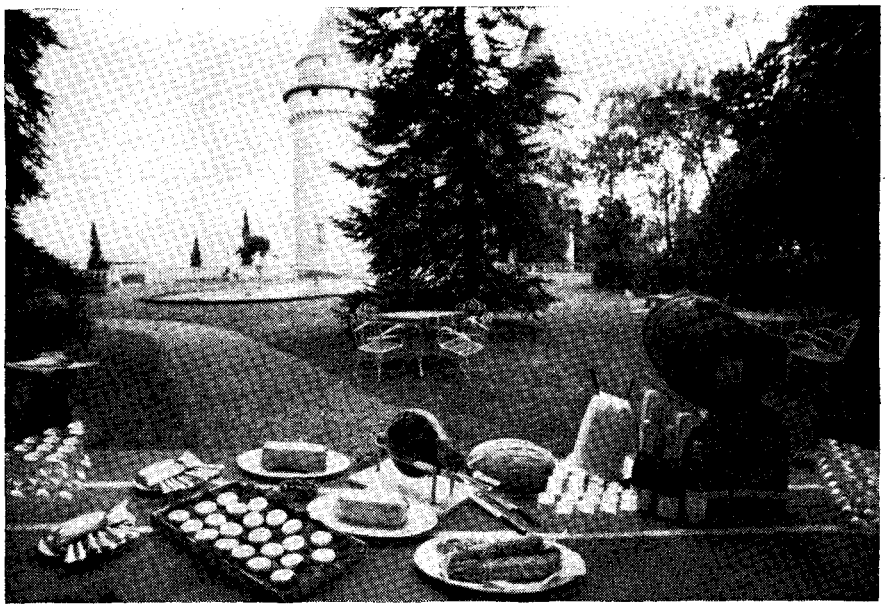
Horace Sutton



The Castle at Mercuès—gastronomic heaven on the site of a Roman temple.

Over in Dulgence

TO THE BEST of my recollection I was a member of the survey party that set out from Paris the other week, made eight stops in five countries, and was back in Paris four days later. That leisurely sojourn was a test of a tour called simply "Renaissance," which is scheduled to embark next spring on a series of excursions especially designed for the overprivileged. One travels by Falcon jet, a ten-place executive airplane that departs from its own glassy terminal in a corner of Le Bourget, makes leaps in Europe that rarely require more than an hour or so in the air, and floats over the lesser world at 40,000 feet, emitting scarcely more than a satisfied purr. On the ground the travelers will be conveyed by Rolls Royce or Mercedes-Benz, and, rental charges being what they are, the Renaissance people, when last heard from, were dickering for a fleet of two Rolls and thirty Mercedes. After all, they have to keep them parked in such assorted corners as Granada, Tangier, Dubrovnik, Crete, Izmir, Aberdeen, and Dublin, to mention a few of the tour's proposed ports of call.

The Renaissance planners have designed four circuits, one of eleven days —doubtless for people of limited means—two of fourteen days, and one of seventeen days that, financially anyway, could easily be swung by princes of Middle Eastern oil kingdoms, maharanis, begums, Paul Getty, and charge account customers of Neiman-Marcus. Nobody was able to give me a hard, fast figure on the cost, but the estimated extraction will be about $160 to $180 per person per day. For that stipend the traveler will be picked up at Paris, where three circuits begin, or Rome, where a two-week trip starts.

In the case of Paris, to take it as a pertinent example, one will be conveyed from the airport in a Rolls and installed in the Bristol Hotel on the Faubourg St. Honoré for one night, the Falcon flying tour beginning the next day. The circuits could take in a mix of Austria, southern France, southern Spain, and North Africa, or Italy, Greece, Turkey, and France. The lodgings selected in each place are either a hotel of unusual comfort and cuisine, a villa—ordinarily one of dazzling décor and situs of the type advertised in *Town and Country*—or a castle, preferably one that has just dispossessed the ghost of a third cousin of King Arthur. In places where no pad of sufficient posh quotient could be engaged, Renaissance has fallen back on yachts. The circuits take to the water at Dubrovnik, Nice, and Izmir. A flying den mother will accompany the pack as it flies from place to place, as will another *conférencière* (frankly I am hard put to know what to call them, for Renaissance people take on epileptic fits at the suggestion of the word "hostess"). Both ladies will drive the cars and stay with the flying sybarites during their ground excursions, which will last about three days in each place.

On the trial run that, in a lapse of judgment, I consented to join, many stops were sandwiched into the shortest possible time span so that after a while, a little bit giddy with being at 40,000 feet over Mont Blanc at one moment and in a gondola the next, one began to consult watch and schedule in order to get a fix on where one was. This produced such tentative conclusions as that, if indeed it proved to be 11:45, then we were perforce in Corfu.

After a night at the Bristol in Paris, in a room that I gather would ordinarily be assigned to chauffeurs, we drove to Le Bourget in a matched pair of Rolls and buzzed off to Dublin to lunch with Lord and Lady Dunsany. A morning so spent might not be everyone's idea of heaven, but it is a great line to drop at a PTA meeting.

Lord Dunsany, whose name turns out to be Randal Plunkett, inhabits Dunsany Castle, a pile just outside Dublin that was built in 1180. I won't bore you with the details of who built it and why, but the Plunkett strain became entangled with it when Sir Christopher Plunkett, the Sheriff of Meath, married Joan Cusack in 1401. Sir Christopher's son became the first Lord Dunsany, which makes Randal Plunkett the nineteenth Lord Dunsany. The castle has been in his family for almost eight centuries, and it has been successfully defended against everything except the high cost of upkeep, which is attacking it now. Lord Dunsany and Lady Sheila Dunsany, his second wife, hope to survive on the battlements with the help of Renaissance travelers fetched thither by Falcon.

Travelers who nest in its halls between forays into Dublin must share the abode with portraits of Blessed Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh, a fifteenth-century battle-axe bearing the Plunkett coat of arms, the gold staffs carried by Lord Dunsany at the coronations of George VI and Elizabeth II, and a silver and enamel mug given to the sixth Lord Dunsany by Queen Elizabeth I. There is also a war map of the Alamein Line in North Africa in 1942 where Lord Dunsany, then Major Plunkett, performed nobly, though, in the tradition of war people, he is loath to discuss it now.

Sybil Connolly, the celebrated Irish *couturière*, who is called Billy by Lady Dunsany, was at lunch, too. She made a lively table companion, and if her presence is an indication of Lady Dunsany's future plans, then the Renaissance Irish interludes will be lively and elegant, and the mealtimes a whir of silver service, butlery, and maids in black uniforms and white lace.

The mood was heavier, about as

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thick as overcooked porridge, when we dropped in at the next castle, the enormous bastion of Invercauld in the north of Scotland. The Falcon flew to Dyce, a lonely airport equipped with an antiquated brown shack that seemed left over from a Rattigan play about the RAF. We transferred to cars, skimmed the edge of Aberdeen, still bright with roses, and, after two hours of heather and stone, rose into the forested Highlands, reaching Invercauld in the gloaming. Who could have doubted, seeing the castle with its crenellated fortifications floating there in the mist, that inside those thick stone walls Launcelot was just getting off his horse in the courtyard, while Guinevere waited behind a lead-glass window, peeking through the double damask draperies?

I found, instead, a huddle of shivering Americans and Britons tended by Captain Alwyne Farquharson, the laird of the castle, and his wife, Frances, a Seattle girl displaced to the Highlands. Both were wrapped to the withers in tweeds and woolens, the laird in a heavy tweed jacket with epaulets, a sweater underneath, and the rest of him in the kilt and high wool socks. The visitors were shunted to the fire and plied with Scotch, which, as it all became suddenly so clear, was invented by Scots long ago, as a necessary anti-freeze.

Invercauld, for all its lore—it has been the seat of the chiefs of the clan Farquharson since the sixteenth century; for all its high-born neighbors—the royal castle of Balmoral is just down the road; for all the coal in Scotland—it produces 12½ million tons a year—is about as comfortable inside as Michigan Boulevard on January 15 when the wind is off the lake. Doors that shut rooms off from hallways are constantly being closed, and electric heaters are supplied to the rooms and may be used unless too much current is being siphoned off by the kitchen when dinner is in progress.

No sort of weather would keep the Farquharsons from dressing every night for dinner, and the night I was in residence, in a thin black dinner jacket that seemed downright diaphanous as the evening wore on, the laird appeared in a red velour jacket with lace jabot, the kilt, sporran, and skein dhu—one of eight formal Scottish combinations he maintains in his wardrobe. The dining salon was *soignée*, candlelit and filled with flowers, and at dinner's end there came a distant skirling of pipes and ultimately a piper himself blowing up a storm of cat wailing until the paneled walls, if not indeed one's tympanum, seemed ready to crumble in a Jerichoan heap. The laird poured the piper a tumbler of Scotch, which seemed to give the Highlander new strength. He went chantering off out of the room followed by Captain Farquharson, who sat on a step and listened intently as the piper played another—shall I say melody?—on the landing below.

Breakfast the next morning, once one got one's fingers unstiffened, was staged in the enormous old kitchen of the castle. The laird sat spooning his porridge with relish, telling stories of the castle and of the deerstalking and bird shoots that he arranges each year. "Have ye seen the stags?" said a well-burred, tartan-clad lady next to me who turned out to be the housekeeper and an advocate of Scottish separatism. "They come a hundred at a time. Oh, they roar so ye can can hear them challenging each other over the glen."

The Renaissance excursionists who come up to Invercauld will have nothing to do with the hunting, which begins with the grouse season in mid-August and stretches to mid-September. By then the grouse, which have been feeding on heather and have the same flavor as the heather honey, weigh about a pound-and-a-half. The ptarmigan, a white cousin of the grouse, lives above the heather, eating crowberries, an alpine blueberry, but one needs time and effort for ptarmigan, for shooters must climb above the rocks and scree where they live.

It takes a staff of fifty to run Invercauld and its 120,000 acres, a tract considerably larger than that of the queenly Balmoral next door. Nine gamekeepers are employed the year round, but twenty beaters are brought in during the bird season and so is a driver for a half-track snow cat that is employed to carry the hunters—shooters, they say here—up to the buttes. Eight guns, which is to say, eight hunters, are in action at a time, and the cost, which Captain Farquharson doesn't like to discuss, comes to about £550 per gun per week.

As Scottish, by that time, as a road company of *Brigadoon* that hasn't been home in a year, we rolled back through the heather and hopped into the Falcon for the cross-Channel flight to Cahors in southern France. Now the land was warm and bountiful, patterned with fruit trees and fields still green. The Valentré bridge at Cahors stood nobly over the Lot, a remnant of the fourteenth century and a reminder that Cahors in that same period had three bridges when Paris had none.

We drove to the castle at Mercuès. It has no laird and no deer, and if there were any ptarmigan, they would likely be served under glass. But it has other glories, namely a superb management by M. Robert Fabre, who spent long years fashioning the Bristol in Paris and a four-year stretch trying to bring an infusion of France to the Pontchartrain Hotel in Detroit. Here in the heart of the truffle country of Quercy, he maintains a fourteenth-century castle built on the site of a Roman temple that was dedicated to Mercury. It has fifty-three rooms, some in bungalows, but all with terraces that sweep over the fruited valley floor. The swimming pool—should any castle be without one?—is heated and girt with gardens created by Mme. Fabre, a bright, witty, and stylish decorator.

In the heart of gastronomic heaven, an *endroit* that in Roman times sent geese clear to the banks of the Tiber, the castle at Mercuès can produce such truffled fantasies as *truffes en coffret*, truffles with ham baked in pastry and served with sauce Périgord; *poussin Vincent Delpuech*, a squab with a whole truffle and foie gras inside; and *truffes sous la cendre*, truffles wrapped with bacon and then sealed in waxed paper and cooked on a pie plate over hot ashes. Truffles baked in a pie are also called *truffes sous la cendre*, not to be confused with the real thing.

The ordinary eleven-day Renaissance circuit, the shortest of its planned trips, would take in Dublin, Aberdeen, and Cahors, returning to Paris. In our test run, however, we buzzed over to Nîmes, spending a night in L'Oustaù de Baumanière, one of the twelve restaurants in France canonized by Michelin with three stars. We breezed into the Cala di Volpe on the Aga Khan's Costa Smeralda for lunch and came to rest for the night at Corfu, landing at the enormous airport, which seems almost too well prepared for what has to be a frightening expectation of tourists in the seasons ahead.

Paleokastritsa, that lovely bay that seemed like a personal discovery when I chanced to see it not so very many years ago, is sprinkled now with assorted tourist shelters, none of them exactly an architectural leaf from Le Corbusier or Saarinen or even the box builder who puts up Holiday Inns. Achilleion Palace, built by the Empress of Austria, and now turned into a casino, is, on the other hand, a fashionable place to drop one's drachmas. And one has to say that the friendliness of the Corfu people, to say nothing of their insular ways, peasanty dress, and open heartedness that has withstood everyone from the Vandals to the Turks, is enduring this recent incursion, by tourists, with equal grace. They still wave to oversized tourist buses that jam their roads, ride dizzy summits on donkeys, and carry bread—a woman's job—uphill in enormous wicker baskets.

Renaissance travelers will do Corfu from Rome before gliding off to Izmir and Venice. On the trial run we buzzed into Venice for a late afternoon lunch (ninety minutes) before buzzing out

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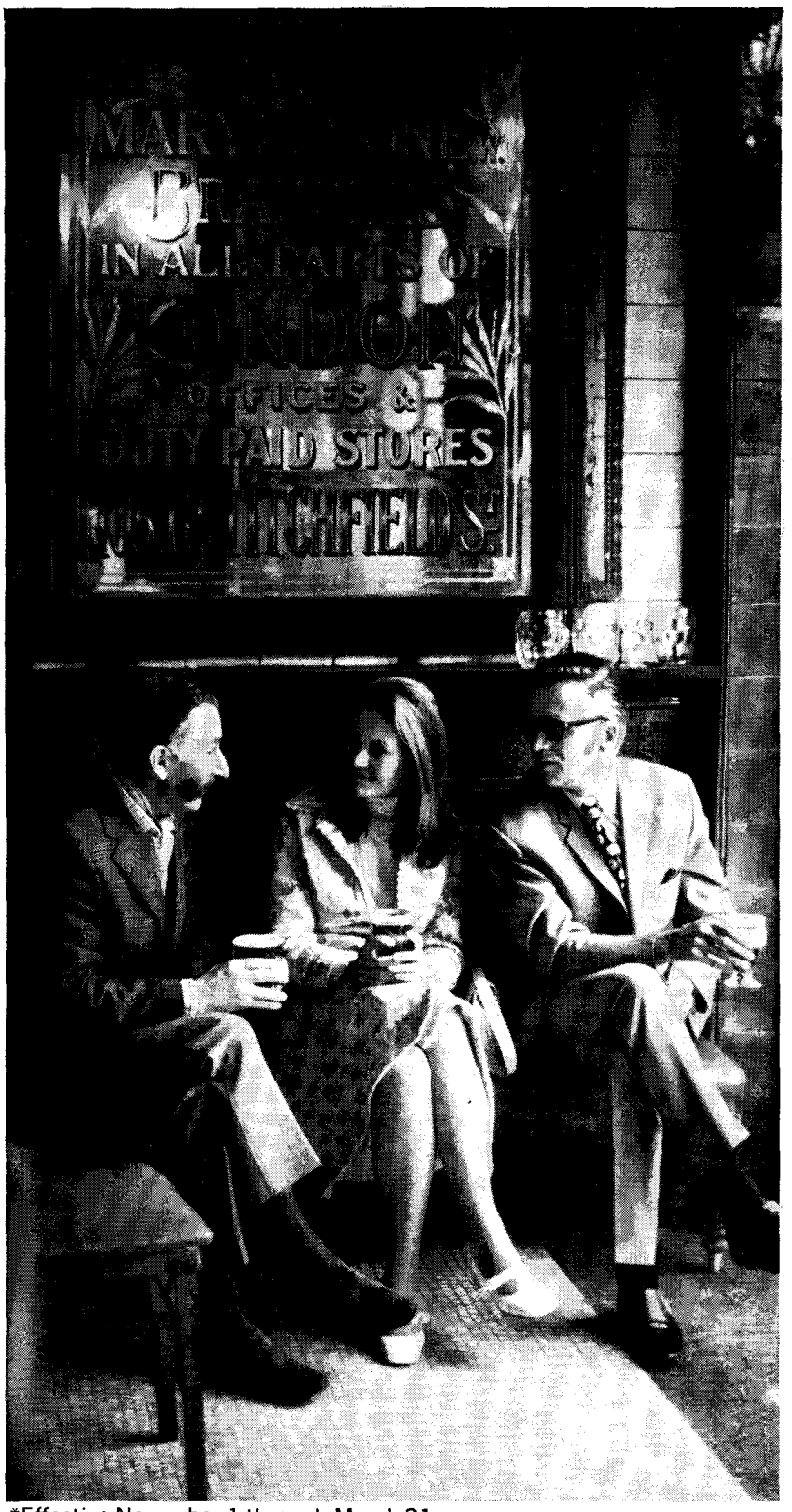

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again (ninety minutes) to hit Paris in time for the evening traffic crunch. Now the Rolls were waiting at Le Bourget, and the Bristol was ready, unlocking its elaborate suites with terraces that looked over the chimney pots of Paris to the tower lights of the Eiffel Tower gleaming there like an approaching plane that never gets nearer. In the other direction, on the butte of Montmartre, the Sacré-Coeur perched gleaming and white on its acropolis like an onion-domed temple elongated in a funny mirror.

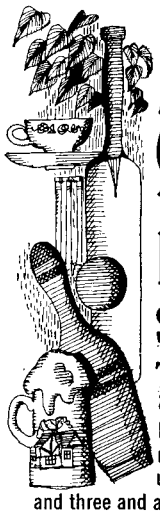
In the Bristol's pale paneled dining salon several floors below, the waiters were preparing to serve the chef's best effort for which not only a menu but a scorecard had been printed. The *chapon de la Méditerranée aux avocats* was not merely the opening effort, it had also (as noted) won the Coupe Carmel for 1971. The *selle d'agneau de Sisteron farcie aux herbes de Provence*, which followed, won the Trophée Auguste Escoffier in 1971. It arrived pink as a bride, wrapped *en croûte* and quivering in a cloud of rosemary.

All this instant nirvana, which will be available next spring, is the conception of David Giles, a thirty-five-year-old submariner, once personal assistant to James Hanson, a multi-millionnaire who kept two Falcons in his stable. The planes were frequently rented, and it was aboard one of them that Moise Tshombe, en route to Portugal, was kidnapped by Algerians.

Giles, after considerable dickering, got the plane back, if not the passenger. He also got the idea for Renaissance. Stitching together a band that includes two other young Englishmen, Mark Tippetts, who is twenty-six and speaks everything but Kurdish, and Fred Pearson, who had started a travel enterprise called Take-a-Guide, and one bilingual Englishwoman, Jane de Lisle Bush, a private pilot and a law graduate of Edinburgh, Giles bagged a steamship company and a British bank to underwrite the scheme. They have the backing of Pan Am, which gave them a research grant to develop this type of service using Falcons, and they have the encouragement of Air France, which supports Marcel Dassault, who built the plane.

Although the villas, castles, yachts, great country inns, and fine hotels are, for the most part, excellent choices, it is the pure luxury of having a private jet waiting on the tarmac that gives Renaissance its uniqueness. The Falcon is fast, smooth, comfortable, and facile. Landing at off-beat hours, often at off-beat airports, it erases, for its passengers, the maddening delays, the tiresome waits, and the wearying queues that always take the starch out of travelers.

As devastating as it may be on the liver, the bank balance, and the equilibrium of the psyche, one gets used to the Renaissance style of life as quickly, I suspect, as the new rich get used to money. After four days of barnstorming in a private Falcon, one must make an adjustment when returning home on the commercial airlines. Air France handled the transition as tenderly as possible, if you consider that they were caring for 300 passengers aboard a 747 instead of ten on the Falcon. If there was not the intimacy of a private living room, there was the refinement of an elegant salon. The luncheon was superb, and one could drift away the afternoon hours as the plane churned between the Irish coast and Newfoundland sipping wine and letting those half-sad French ballads come tumbling through the earphones in a cascade of accordion accompaniment. Ultimately, there was Kennedy, and one was caught in a crush of incoming travelers worming their way inch by inch toward the immigration inspectors. There was no Rolls Royce waiting at the curb outside, only a yellow cab, a four-wheeled pumpkin, the mouse at the wheel smoking a cheap cigar.



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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Chamber Music Society; Mozart's "Davidde penitente"

ONE OF THE UNEXPECTED by-products of the season's first concert by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center in Alice Tully Hall was the discovery that, despite all advances in acoustical science, a composer of the eighteenth century knew better how to write for Julian Bream's lute than a composer of the current century does for Julian Bream and his guitar. In a D-major concerto for lute, strings, and continuo (no number offered), Antonio Vivaldi created a sonorous field in which the tripping, twinkling, invigorating tinkle of the lute intruded a constant pattern of delight. In Richard Rodney Bennett's recent concerto, the composer has surrounded the guitar with eleven of the densest-sounding instruments he could find (trumpet, horn, bass clarinet, oboe-English horn, flute-piccolo) plus an extensive battery (two players), and challenged the instrumentalist to pick his way through the resultant hubbub.

Why then, it might be inquired, was there no amplification? Ah, yes. There were sizable speakers on either wing of the stage, fed by a microphone situated Breamside. Through them, the guitar could be heard every so often, as Bennett granted it a cadenza or a soliloquy. The problem was, rather, with the total output when the ensemble of eleven was fully engaged. Unlike the Spanish Joaquín Rodrigo, who has a sense of proportion in writing for guitar and orchestra, the English Bennett was bent more on showing off his ingenuity than creating a homogeneous texture. Conscientious artist that he is, Bream took it all in stride. But he was better served by his long-gone benefactor than by his contemporary colleague.

It was, in all, an auspicious beginning for the Society's third season, with a full Tully Hall of auditors and sufficient status in the musical community to absorb two unexpected deletions of talent and maintain quality nevertheless. The double debit resulted from the inability of the ailing Michael Tilson Thomas to participate. But, as director Charles Wadsworth explained in an engaging apologia to the audience, there was Christopher Keene willing to learn and conduct the Bennett between Thursday and Sunday, and Richard Goode to join Wadsworth in Debussy's *En Blanc et Noir*, vice Thomas as first pianist. The performances thus improvised might not have had ultimate subtlety, but each had a degree of spontaneity that added zest to the outcome. Debussy's seldom performed two-piano duet of World War I days is not of his first quality, but its several sections—the first dedicated to Serge Koussevitzky, the last to Igor Stravinsky—show his mind reaching out in new directions, even against debilities of mood and health. The program ended with the Spohr *Nonetto* (Opus 31).

The high season of pianism began, for some, with the reappearance of Alicia de Larrocha in the Assembly Hall of Hunter College. The "some" would certainly have included those of her constituency who ignored a heavy downpour to buy out most of the seats remaining in the 2,200-capacity auditorium. The lure, moreover, was not esoterica of the Spanish literature, but such familiar matter as Bach's Concerto in the Italian style, a Mendelssohn group, and Schumann's *Carnaval*. Miss de Larrocha was in rare mood and excelling pianistic form, applying her refinement, insight, and artistry to works where she found no problems, only opportunities. The scale was not heroic, but where power was required, as in the climax of Mendelssohn's *Variations sérieuses*, she had, in abundance, the necessary reserve.

As every Savoyard knows, Ko-Ko in *The Mikado* had "a little list." Before too long, the New York Philharmonic's patrons may be compiling their own category of things that "never would be missed," beginning with the more than a little Liszt they are being served this year. Most recently, it was the "Dante" Symphony for which Michael Gielen was intermediary between the performers (soprano Margaret Price, the Schola Cantorum, as well as the orchestra) and the audience, not to mention Hell and Purgatory.

In common with almost every major work of Liszt—and the "Dante" Symphony is one of the most major—this score is a compound of the flaming and the flamboyant, of brilliance and tinsel, of eloquence and bombast. More than anything else it is interminably hortatory, presenting one grandiose statement after another, but rarely offering the listener a connective tissue of substantive matter. Liszt was, of course, one of the most fluent musicians in history, whether composing or performing, and he amassed an infinite ability to raise Hell with the orchestra (suitably enough, in the Inferno). But it might be well to remember that, in the beginning, there was Berlioz, not nearly so versatile a musician or so successful a self-promoter as Liszt. He pointed almost every way, orchestrally, that both Liszt and Wagner followed, and was writing orchestral works in response to Goethe, Shakespeare, and Byron before Liszt discovered there was more to music than the piano.

It should be said for Gielen, however, and his aptly chosen associates, that the case for Dante was argued with vigor and conviction. The conductor clearly enjoys the attention of the players (no foregone conclusion where the Philharmonic and a guest conductor are concerned), and they responded with precision, finesse, and fine coloristic flavor. Similarly, the English Miss Price and the women's voices of the chorus gave their parts a gloss of sound that complemented the high spots of Liszt's conception.

Thankfully, Gielen had the musical insight and artistic taste to balance the "Dante" Symphony with Mozart's infrequently performed, rarely recorded *Davidde penitente*. Nevertheless, more than a little of it is familiar, for, in large part, it is an adaptation, for concert purposes, of the great C-minor Mass Mozart wrote to consummate, artistically, his marriage to Constanze Weber (1782-3). The adaptation deprives those acquainted with the Mass of its musical crown, "Et incarnatus est," but atones with two new sections relating to the Psalms of David. The first is a tenor solo of considerable beauty, to which George Shirley gave artistic expression despite shortness of vocal range; the second a treacherously complicated soprano aria, "Fra l'oscure ombre funeste," for which Miss Price's strong, clear sound was admirably appropriate. When she was joined by Sheila Armstrong in a duet derived from "Domine Deus, Rex coelestis" of the Mass, the technical security (including trills) and musicality of the two sopranos were decidedly complementary to the background of English training they share.

Considering the matter in his three Philharmonic programs to date (Mozart, Schoenberg, Liszt, Berg, Nono, and Strauss), Gielen may be described as a musician capable of bridging a wide span of the musical mainstream, plus some side channels and eddies. As the nature of music, like any other physical phenomenon, abhors a vacuum, Gielen may be destined to fill a place long occupied by the late Hans Rosbaud.

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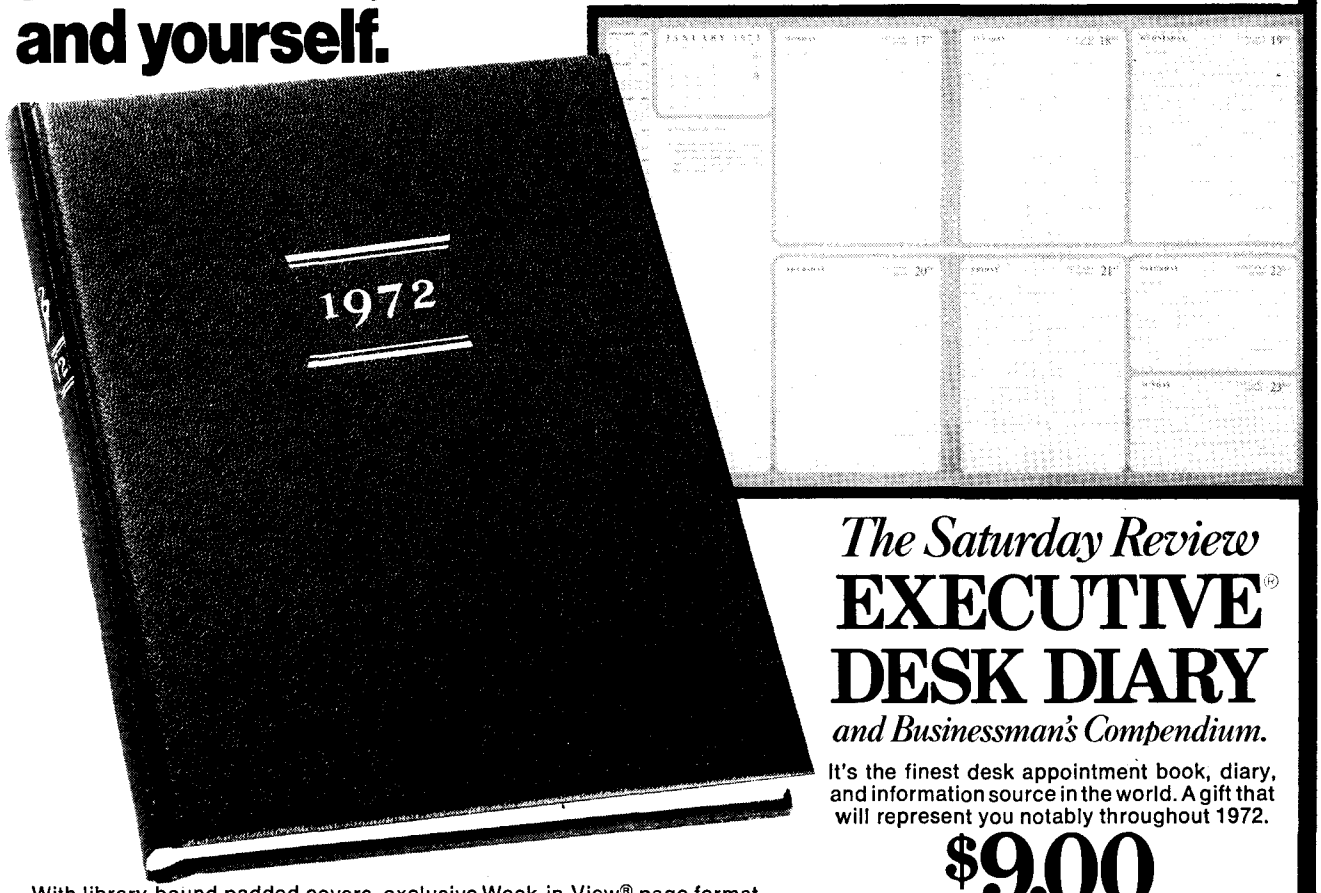

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Crime in the Cities

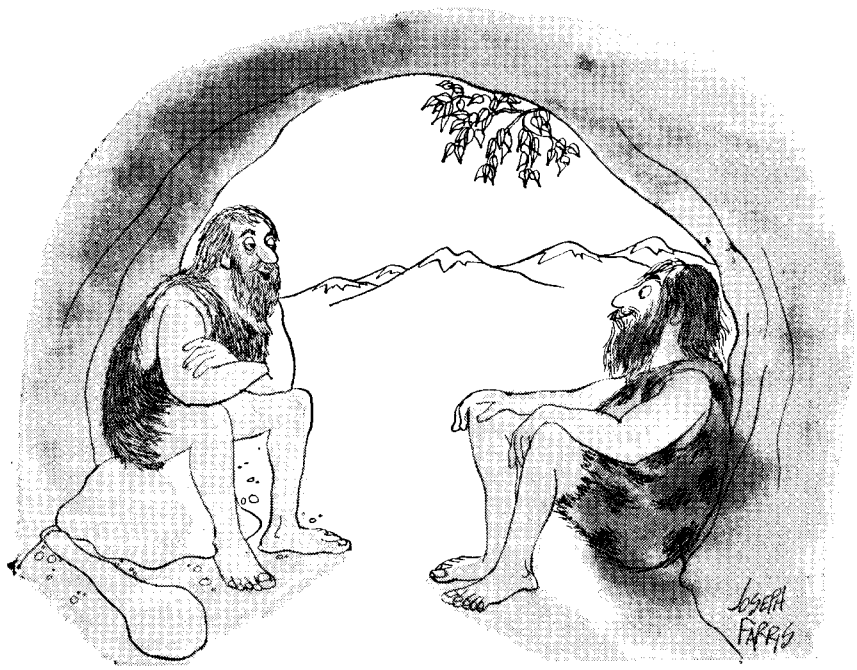
ALTHOUGH our cities are rapidly becoming impossible to live in, they are, as our movies keep reminding us, great places for dying. The sheer impersonality of their clatter and bustle, the dwarfing effect of their skyscrapers, the sense of entrapment created by their traffic-logged streets—or worse, one's chilling awareness of his own vulnerability once those streets have emptied in the dark hours before dawn—produce a latent feeling of menace that can flare into panic with the slightest touch of the imagination. Two new pictures, *The Organization* and *The French Connection*, skillfully augment the melodramatics of modern crime detection with these terrors inherent in our metropolises, and both wind up as superior thrillers.

It is perhaps significant that in both films—one based loosely on fact, the other wholly fictional—the criminals are international narcotics dealers, with wealth and resources far beyond those of the local enforcement agencies. Indeed, there is the implication that their influence extends into the upper echelons of police officialdom, leaving the hapless line detectives uncertain whether their real enemies are behind or in front of them. Clearly, theirs is a dedication above and beyond the call of duty—pathological in the case of Gene Hackman in *The French Connection*, totally committed in that of Sidney Poitier, continuing in *The Organization* his Mr. Tibbs role. The fact that both detectives succeed in hitting their immediate targets while the top men escape scot-free may be interpreted as either the new realism or the new cynicism. Neither interpretation is apt to make the average city-dweller feel terribly secure.

In *The French Connection*, freely adapted from Robin Moore's best seller, the city is New York, and not since *Bullitt* has a city been so effectively mobilized to enhance a fundamentally routine cops and robbers script. The parallel is most evident in the spine-tingling chase of a hijacked elevated train by a police car snaking through the traffic below. (One wonders if the innocent bystanders whose cars are sideswiped in such a chase ever receive compensation from the P.D.) But no less to the point are the shady bars and shadowy alleys that present an open invitation to mayhem, or crowded Fifth Avenue and the even more crowded subways where a man under police surveillance can readily elude his pursuers. If *The French Connection* features New York at its most impersonal worst, it also offers Gene Hackman at his thespian best. As the overwrought, overworked, overzealous narco squad detective, he packs a drive and intensity that make one at once grateful and troubled that he is on our side of the law.

No such doubts assail us as we watch Sidney Poitier pursue the pushers in *The Organization*. James R. Webb's original screenplay, a combination of Mr. Tibbs and *Mod Squad*, ingeniously aligns Poitier with a sextet of former users and dealers who have their own reasons for fighting the drug syndicate. As in earlier Tibbs episodes, this connection places him outside the law, even to the extent of turning in his badge; but his instincts, it transpires, are sound, leading him to ever-higher echelons of organized crime. There is a nice sense about this film—due in part to the writing, and in no small part to the casting—of never quite knowing in whom to believe: the sweating vice president of a furniture factory whose boss has been murdered; the cool, drunken wife of the murdered man; the Negro head of the local narco bureau. What you do believe, always, is that San Francisco is every bit as hospitable to would-be criminals as New York. The inevitable auto chases never approach the tension of the one in *Bullitt*, but this deficiency is more than compensated for by a three-way manhunt through the diggings for the still uncompleted Bay Area Rapid Transit in downtown Frisco. And the dead-of-night details of the multi-million-dollar drug theft that introduces the film are as suspenseful as any movie heist since *Rififi*.

There is, however, another kind of crime that can be chalked up to the cities, and this is developed by exquisite, poignant, and often terribly funny flashbacks in a movie called, unfortunately, *T. R. Baskin*. T. R. Baskin is a girl from Ohio who takes up residence in Chicago to partake of the sophisticated pleasures of an urban center. Those pleasures, it soon develops, consist of high rents for inadequate apartments, a particularly unrewarding nine-to-five job with a depressingly computerized firm, and a round of dreary seductions that climaxes in a hotel room encounter with an auto tire salesman from Utica, New York. The coldness of the big cities is perhaps best summed up by the salesman (Peter Boyle) who, after an unsuccessful attempt to make love to T. R., plaintively observes, "Utica doesn't frighten people." Chicago does, and Candice Bergen, topping her performance in *Carnal Knowledge*, touchingly depicts the vulnerability of a would-be sophisticate fresh from the sticks. The script, by Peter Hyams, while consistently witty and fresh, suffers from dialogue that—in his own phrase—"talks like a typewriter," but director Herbert Ross has done a masterful job of making his people act like humans. Unlike the melodramatists, Hyams and Ross seem to feel that humanity and decency can, at least for a while, hold the city at bay.



"I just invented a new concept. It's called media."

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Children

Continued from page 53

former wife of Cary Grant. For eight years she has been director of psychodrama therapy at the UCLA Neuropsychiatric Institute, a subject that she teaches at several other schools. Her book is a form of acting out—through the marionette that is Lucia—the pain of a rejected child. If one understands it in those terms, one may be willing to suspend disbelief.

In this light, the exaggerated movements and reactions of the characters may become less obtrusive and consequently more meaningful. The overpoetic passages of description and emotion, seen as painted flats and translucent scrims made brighter than nature in order to look real from the balcony, are acceptable in a drama whereas they are irritating in a novel. The one-sided characterizations—mad mother, immature father, mean old grandmother, selfish aunt, loving but oppressed black servants, cruel twelve-year-old boys, totally misunderstood Lucia—are figures moving across a lit stage to dramatize a message. The slice-of-life ending, without resolution, without growth or development, might have its place on a makeshift stage where people are acting out their problems; it is contrary to everything a novel should do.

Calling this a novel is perhaps the publisher's mistake; the work is clearly more akin to drama. Perhaps it is actually psychodrama in print and should be judged as such.

Eileen Lottman is a contributing editor of Publishers' Weekly.

THE DREAM MUSEUM

by Seymour Epstein

Doubleday, 297 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Joseph Catinella

■ "Why do these kids go for drugs the way they do? I offer my own life as evidence that the ordinary chances provide more than enough rare sensation." These are the thoughts of David Lang, who, when he learns of Dodie's affair with another man, leaves his wife after almost twenty-three years of marriage. Sexual infidelity is a theme familiar to great art as well as pulp fiction, but for Seymour Epstein it's only the point of departure in this fresh, profound novel that examines the forces that can disrupt the lives of apparently stable men.

The Dream Museum deals with birth and marriage, and a procession of visits, meetings, and quarrels. But Epstein is such a gifted writer that he transforms these commonplace events into occasions that reveal the beauty and terror of life. He explores David's separation from Dodie within the scope of our general divisions: subtle misunderstandings and withdrawals, our inability to connect with people we love best yet know very little about. Using the minutiae of everyday life, Epstein has written a book that dramatizes the intense significance of most men's "ordinary chances."

David is living in a friend's New York apartment, where he tries to understand what went wrong with his marriage. His first major "sensation" occurred when he dreamed of his wife having sexual intercourse with a stranger. After this dream, he longed to express "contrition" to Dodie and somehow atone for their dreary life together. But, when she returned from a visit to the Museum of Modern Art, David was seized by a terrible vision of her and their friend, Arthur Gerson, meeting as lovers in the museum's book shop.

Dodie admitted she had been unfaithful, and David now reviews "the prophetic element in dreams," though he doesn't believe in extrasensory powers. Forty-seven-year-old David is a rational man whose perceptions are always human, rooted in the objective world he knew when he was an executive for an educational film company. After he left Dodie and sold his share of the business, his private education began—a search for self-knowledge that may also help him understand Dodie and their son, Lenny.

As he recalls his past, David tells the story of his friendless youth. Growing into an equally lonely manhood, he had hoped that "Dodie and I would move out of our separate histories into the one we would create together." Because Epstein is a novelist who seeks important truths, he probes David's life with uncommon delicacy and precision although, as David soon realizes, truth is often intangible: "I guess truth lives in its own element, like deep-water fish. Beautiful colors, fantastic forms, but when you bring it to the surface, the colors dim, the movement ceases, it dies."

But the author captures some truths as they pass quickly from one medium to another—from revelation to memory. David visits Lenny at his college in Vermont and meets Kathy, the twenty-two-year-old girl who returns home with him and who stays on as his bedmate. These young people help David see just how much he's ignored and abused life's "ordinary chances."

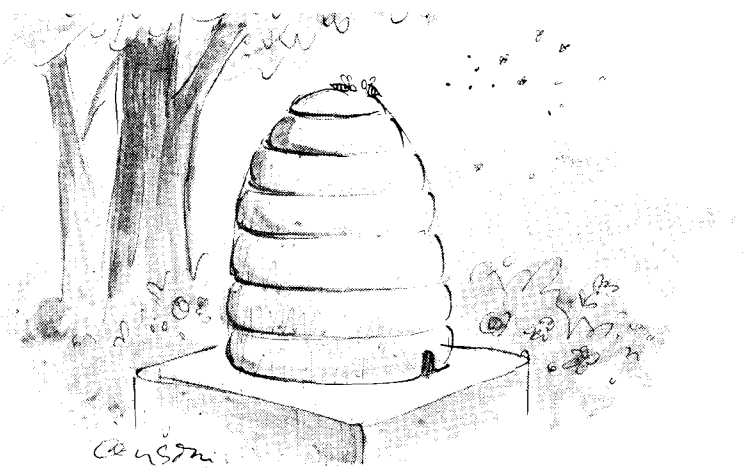
Every major character in this book endures his own sensations: Dodie, who dreads the boredom of a marriage that has dissolved into mere gestures of concern; Lenny, who escapes the "tranced" world of his parents to realize his own selfhood ("He had learned how to protect himself from love"); Kathy, whose vague amorality never conceals her desire to locate some meaning.

And, of course, David Lang, who "failed of the inspiration that would have made an ordinary life into a miracle." Like most of us, David is startled to find that he possesses the vanities and fears that can destroy marriages and maim children. But he learns that shock is basic to life—revealed in our dreams and in the explosive energy of our waking thoughts.

All men, Epstein seems to be saying, must experience some "rare sensation": the terror of aging and death, or of never loving anyone.

Joseph Catinella is a book editor for a major publishing company.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 58: poles, slope, lopes.



"How can we break it to the Queen that we're changing from a monarchy to a republic?"

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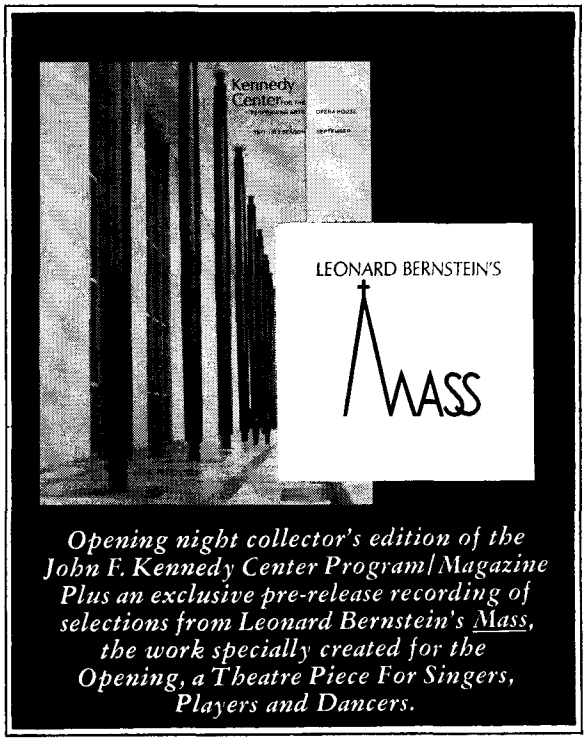

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ENVIRONMENT
and the Quality of Life

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The Ecologic of Nursery Rhymes

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
For water, so they mooted,
Because low down
Around the town
It's usually polluted.

Those lines might be expected to come from a book of modern nursery rhymes, published perhaps by the Sierra Club. Actually they appear in Australian Academy of Science Report Number 13, a half-inch-thick paperback issued routinely at Academy headquarters in Canberra, where I picked up a copy while attending meetings of the International Council of Scientific Unions' Scientific Committee on Problems of the Environment and of the first International Conference on Weather Modification. Report Number 13 contains five parodies altogether. One of them warns the well-known character Margery Daw of the destructive activities of a female named Jenny:

See-saw, Margery Daw,
Jenny's employed as a blaster;
She's destroyed a park and a bay
And a mountain of pure alabaster.

Now, what are ditties like the two quoted here doing in a sedate publication imprinted with the Australian Academy of Science coat-of-arms? They are serving as models of possible vehicles capable of carrying into the minds of infants vital information about the environment and how the human individual should behave toward it in order to survive as a person and to continue the species to which he belongs.

The manipulator of the rhymes is Dr. Earle Hackett, a physician associated with the Institute of Medical and Veterinary Science at Adelaide in the state of South Australia. He wrote one of the essays on environmental education that make up Report Number 13, beginning his argument with the following paragraphs:

> The recent history of man has seen rapid changes in his applied technologies. His numbers, living standards, and short-term apparent biological security have increased. Nevertheless, biological knowledge applied and extrapolated suggests that he is rapidly approaching a limit situation, and that a fundamental change in his cultural outlook is now needed if his gains in quality of living and survival potential are to be maintained. . . .
>
> Cognitive psychologists have come to realize that the infant period from birth to about five years old is . . . the time when basic social attitudes, patterns of thinking, and behavior habits related to community health seem to be received into the personality. . . . But from the point of view of influencing later adult behavior, psychobiological techniques applied to the very young are looked at askance. What? Condition our children as in *Brave New World*?
>
> No, the infant must be free to develop an inner life of private individuality. One must try merely to increase his/her facility for learning and expression so that *later* a wide choice of options becomes possible for him/her.
>
> This permissiveness has become an important component of our present culture. I agree with it *as a component* because it ensures that new ideas will continually operate within any contemporary idea-system. . . . But I must point out that, at the very same infant period, parents and community educators are already training (i.e., conditioning) the infant in eating habits, in the disposal of excreta, in body cleaning techniques, and in attitudes to others.

As an example of the kind of conditioning he meant, Hackett offered eight variations of one dinner table remark:

"Pass the sauce, John."

"Pass the sauce, John, please."

"Pass the sauce, John, damn you."

"Pass the sauce, John, like Mummy's good little boy."

"Pass the sauce, John, if you're sure you've quite finished helping yourself."

"Pass the sauce, John, Granny loves it."

"Pass the sauce, John, because food-sharing habits that avoid waste and needless aggressive fighting are vital to the survival of our community with its limited resources."

"Pass the sauce, John, because without it I can summon no gastric juice to this hundred grams of tasteless mock meat supplied monthly to each of the twenty million people who now live where your great-grandfather and his wife and three children once kept their herds."

The eighth variation brought Hackett close to the satirical realm of the nursery rhyme. But he did not then draw attention to the proximity, proceeding first to an elaboration of his opinion that experience does not support the claim that didactic teaching by nature stunts or straitjackets the child's pri-

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vate individuality. He reiterated that hidden curriculums exist in language and in almost everything a family does within itself.

"Hell," he wrote, "how do we transmit the presumptions of our general culture? We bring up *humans*, don't we, not *random intellects*? Who conditions them to the belief that fires burn, knives cut, and motorcars knock down?"

Having thus disposed (to his own satisfaction, at least) of doubts about the wisdom of dictating to babies, he went to the question of what ought to be dictated. His answer was unequivocal: biological information — "the kind of biological knowledge developed by men like Harvey and Darwin and Pasteur and Mendel and Freud" . . . "the rational basis for self-conscious human behavior" . . . "what you learn before you learn anything else" . . . "a set of insights into a set of constraints on life."

Hackett's proposition was that if man can make his culture aware of the constraints on human life, he may adapt to them with less distress and more promptly than if he uses older methods of adapting to the environment. One of those methods he identified as "taking up arbitrary models of the human biological situation, intuitively produced by seers and mystics without logical examination or experimental verification, and living them out at random until the most suitable is selected by the environment." The time required for such an adaptation to come about was 100 to 1,000 years. The second method of adaptation used in the past entailed "waiting for the nonconscious genetic process to select a set of automatic mid-brain and brain-stem responses as in the non-human vertebrates." The time required for each new stage of this adaptation in an animal with as long a generation-time as man was 10,000 to one million years. Hackett commented:

> Both of these [alternatives] are too slow-acting to modify the accelerating and irreversible effects of our having entered the recent technological psycho-social phase of our evolution. Therefore the solution will itself have to be psycho-social and perhaps technological. But having "discovered" how to "discover," now we have discovered that some problems are soluble only by changes in human behavior patterns, which are not exactly technological solutions. . . . [The only hope of arriving at new patterns in the time available is an] acceptance of the scientific view of the biological nature of man and the merging of it rapidly into our total culture by teaching it to our infants.

To holders of the traditional view that biology cannot be taught to children until after they have acquired a rudimentary grasp of mathematics, chemistry, and physics, Hackett made this rebuttal:

> Only the relevant principles . . . of the new biology should be taught to infants. Not all the detail. Not necessarily the Krebs Cycle, or the mouth parts of the cockroach, or the order of the cranial nerves of the vertebrate. Perhaps not even the cell. . . . [But] if your community does not take it [the framework of evolutionary biology] as the foundation of their world view and act on it [that is, teach it to infants], your group won't survive at a level at which it can learn sets and vectors and radioastronomy and Mandarin Chinese, not to mention gourmet cooking and interior decoration of the cages of what Desmond Morris calls the Human Zoo.

Hackett reminded his readers that success in teaching biology to babies will not depend on logic but on the teachers' ability to link ecological and behavioral concepts to notions the child already has. And how are those anchor notions to be put in place? By rote learning. With that in mind, Hackett turned to the restyling of nursery rhymes. Thinking early of the need to establish clearly in the child's mind both the importance of clean air and water and the role that congregated people play in polluting them, he revised the original lines concerning Jack and Jill. To establish the value of grass and trees, he juggled the Margery Daw rhyme to introduce Jenny the blaster. To establish the distinction between the living and the non-living, he wrote this pair of couplets:

> Fossils are dead,
> Bid them adieu.
> Living is sweet,
> And so are you.

To establish a concept of genetics, he added a Bo-Peep parody:

> Little Bo-Peep
> Has found a heap
> Of genes and can't unwind them.
> Lay them aside
> And they'll divide,
> Wagging their tails behind them.

Carried away by the rhythm of the exercise, he finally tackled Humpty Dumpty:

> Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.
> Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
> It's the same for an egg
> As for eggshell ceramics—
> You can't beat the Second Law
> Of Thermodynamics.

After his five examples were done, Hackett reread them and realized that he had fallen short of his mark. He had forgotten that so-called nursery rhymes are really relics of religions, long-dead political issues, and misrepresentations of forgotten dialects. He discarded all five of his parodies as "completely unsuitable for teaching infants. They have too many complex words . . . which the infant wouldn't relate to anything real." Nevertheless, he left the parodies in his essay in Australian Academy of Science Report Number 13 because, even if children could not learn from them, mothers would enjoy them and might thereby be encouraged to devise their own variations, so simply worded as to effectively instill biological fundamentals in the infant mind. If teachers were paid as much for doing the job as teachers are now paid to preside over kindergarten, primary, and secondary school classes, Hackett thought they would be capable of substituting for mothers by dealing with small groups of infants for about an hour a day. He concluded:

> I may be absolutely wrong about the techniques of positively teaching infants the important biological generalizations and the life-styles that derive from them. But I feel I am absolutely right about the necessity to teach them at an early age. Maybe such teaching cannot override the genetically determined behavior patterns which, for all I know, have been programed into most of us by the evolutionary experience of our species. Perhaps overpopulation and despoliation and pollution of our environment are written by DNA into so many brain-stems that the cortices above them can only be carried kicking and screaming to disaster. It may be so. But it is also part of the human presumption that it may *not* be so. . . .
>
> The answer . . . to the final question [of whether] . . . injection of modern biological knowledge into the culture . . . [is] likely to be achieved in time to alter (*if it can*) the life habits and attitudes of the whole human species and therefore to save it from the disasters of overpopulation, pollution, nuclear war, and the rest . . . is a sad one: probably not. Though you never know. But . . . even if our species takes a bit of a thrashing it is unlikely to die out finally for hundreds of thousands of years. Other times, other chances. Some of the new human lifestyles of the past were not completely successful in world terms, but some of their teaching has come down to us over gaps of one, two, three thousand years. . . . If we record what we're thinking and doing, even too late to save our contemporary selves, someday another lot will have another go.

I read Australian Academy of Science Report Number 13 in Sydney, on my way home to New York from Canberra, while packing my notes for the Pan American 747 flight to Honolulu. The depth of the report, its awareness of the need for revolutionizing the

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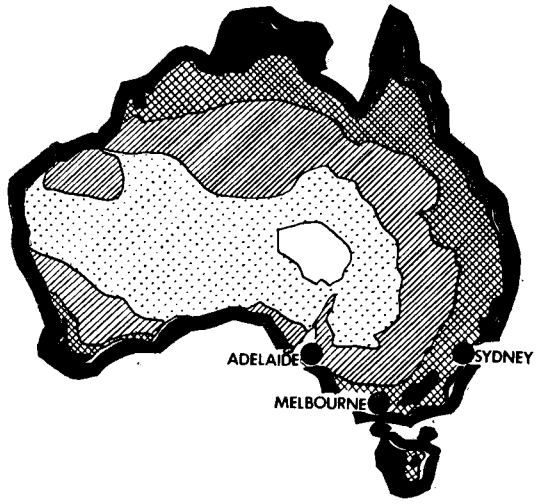
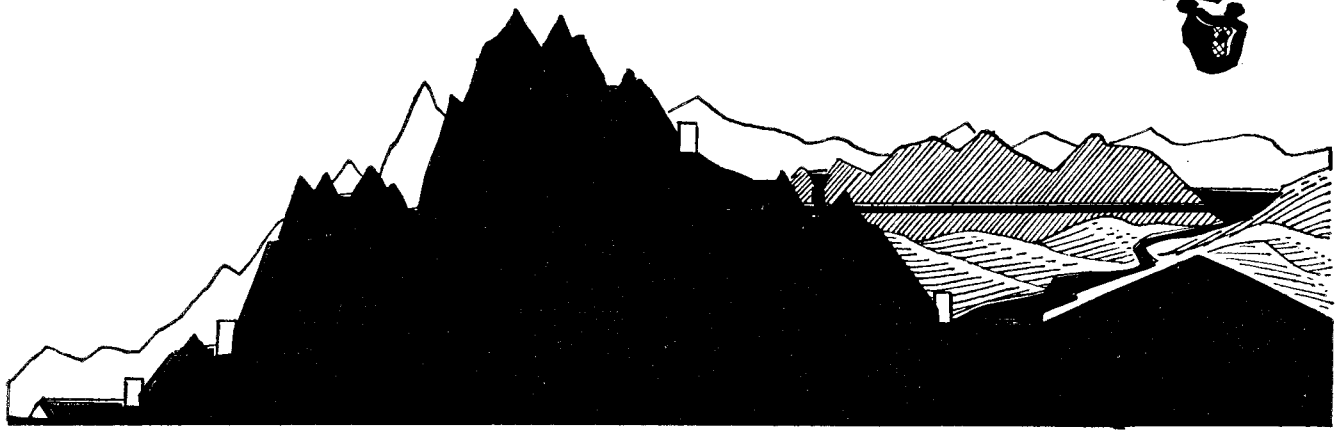
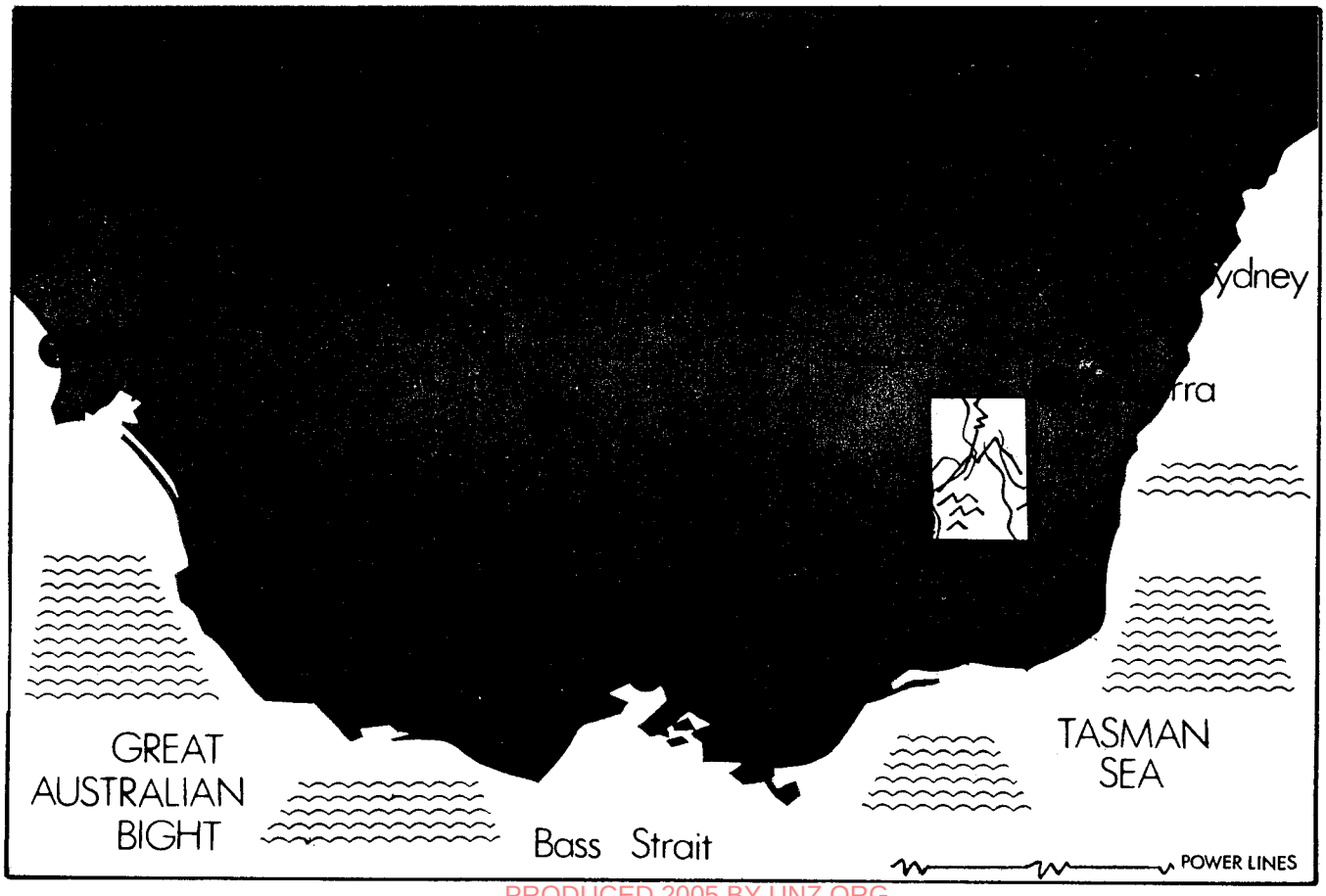
AUSTRALIA'S SNOWY LEGACY

Accepting the long view of man's relationship to nature, the Australian people in 1949 assigned the next quarter century to meeting the challenge of earth's driest continent (rainfall map, right). Wastage of Snowy River water in the Tasman Sea was ended by capturing the river behind dams in east-facing mountains, reversing its flow through long tunnels (cross-sectional sketch, immediately below), and dropping water half a mile down mountains' western slopes to generate electricity and irrigate arid but fertile farms in two states: New South Wales and Victoria (map, bottom of page). Now nearing completion several years early, Snowy Mountains Scheme is source of expert Australian advice on environment control projects elsewhere on the planet.







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teaching of ecological principles to very young children, exceeded anything I had read in the United States. The document took me by surprise, for two weeks in Australia had left me with the strong impression that that slowly wakening continent was too preoccupied with substantiating its qualifications for world power (expansion of mining and manufacturing enterprises derived from rich deposits of coal, iron, bauxite, uranium, and natural gas) to have much time or energy to devote to preservation of the environment. Australians were even beginning to talk about the necessity for relaxing predominantly white (some say all white) immigration quotas in order to provide the nation with enough population to shoulder the responsibilities of political leadership in the South Pacific.

The daily press was mentioning the desirability of preventing the extinction of the kangaroo and the crocodile. A few conservationists were protesting clear-cutting of woodlands with a new German technique that chops entire trees into small chips. Government research grants had been proposed to encourage the gathering of more detailed knowledge about the metabolism of the Great Barrier Reef. The Academy of Science had urged an inventory of Australian flora and fauna and had catalogued areas available for parks and wildlife sanctuaries, but the Academy initiatives had not been followed up by the Commonwealth government, and the future implications of the only truly grand environmental control project—the Snowy Mountains Scheme—were not getting any popular recognition.

What seemed to be a generally negative attitude toward the environment had almost discouraged me into discounting my own high estimation of that exceptional project, which I had surveyed in a three-cornered aerial reconnaissance of the 2,000-square-mile region it encompassed and by motoring through the upper reaches of the two river valleys transformed by it. Because the scheme, like Report Number 13, expresses an eagerness to accept the long view of man's relationship to nature, I feel that a brief accounting of its achievements and a statement of its hopes would be an appropriate companion piece to my foregoing comments on Report Number 13.

First, some background. Australia is the driest continent on earth. Its average annual rainfall is 16.5 inches, compared to the global average of twenty-six inches. Drought is a constant threat. There are many rivers, but few have steady or even reliable flow and some are dry throughout most of the year. More than three-fourths of all the irrigated land in Australia is watered by the River Murray with its principal tributaries, the Murrumbidgee and the Darling. The Murray empties into the Southern Indian Ocean at Goolwa, fifty miles from Adelaide, after crossing thousands of miles of dry but fertile plains in southern Australia west of the river system's source in the Snowy Mountains.

The Snowy Mountains include the highest peaks on the continent (Mount Kosciusko, 7,316 feet up, is the tallest of all) and for five to six months of the year wear a deep white blanket dropped by clouds riding winds from the west. The cloud vapor condenses as the air currents rise to pass over the Great Dividing Range, which parallels the entire eastern coast of Australia. Whereas all other rivers flow westward from these hills, one—the Snowy River—originates on the eastern slope of Kosciusko and originally flowed south through already rain-soaked coastal land to waste itself in the Tasman Sea.

Australia's early settlers had to contend with unpredictable, disastrous drought from the days of discovery. They suffered enormous losses in livestock. Some grazing properties were abandoned in despair. Before the end of the nineteenth century, farmers were asking whether there might not be some way to turn the rushing waters of the Snowy River inland to augment the flow of the Murray.

Specific dam-building projects were proposed in 1918 and again during the 1920s. In 1937, the state of New South Wales hired overseas consultants to plan a tunnel through the mountains to divert the Snowy. The scheme was revised and discussed further in 1944. But not until World War II was over and the immense requirements of post-war reconstruction and national development were faced did the states of New South Wales and Victoria consider relinquishing enough of their authority to allow them to join the constitutionally weak Commonwealth government in a joint undertaking. After three years of debate, the Australian Parliament passed the Snowy Mountains Hydro-electric Power Act in 1949 and enabled the creation that year of the Snowy Mountains Hydro-electric Authority. Under the act, the authority was empowered to spend the next quarter century in completing the biggest electric power generation and water conservation project ever attempted in Australia.

The first two of a total of sixteen big dams captured the waters of the Snowy River twice on their way down from Kosciusko. Tunnels totaling almost 100 miles in length were drilled through the mountains to carry some of the water to storage in artificially augmented lakes and to send the remainder of the flow to the western side of the hills, there to be dropped 3,000 feet to generate electricity at a series of seven power stations and then irrigate a million acres of dry land farther downstream.

Several of the twenty-five years originally set aside for completion of the Snowy Mountains Scheme still remain, but the scheme is virtually complete today. I watched the final stages of construction of the last dam—530 feet high and 2,300 feet across the crest—at a place called Talbingo on the Tumut River, a tributary of the Murray. The Snowy Mountains Hydro-electric Authority head, Commissioner H. E. Dann, told me the incredible news that, in spite of the inflation that has occurred during the period of construction, the job will be finished at a cost only slightly greater than the budget fixed in 1949.

In anticipation of the time when the Snowy Mountains Hydro-electric Authority will have nothing to do but maintain the tunnels and dams and power stations, Commissioner Dann and his associates have taken the initiative to hold together the remarkable pool of talents now at the authority's disposal. A Snowy Mountains Engineering Corporation has been formed to design works similar to those of the Snowy Mountains Scheme in other countries. The corporation is now serving as consultant on highway building projects in Thailand, Malaysia, and Nepal and on hydro-electric power projects in Malaysia and Cambodia. Similar opportunities are being sought throughout the underdeveloped world —in Africa and South America as well as in the great Asian environment where Australia will certainly assert a growing capacity for statesmanship.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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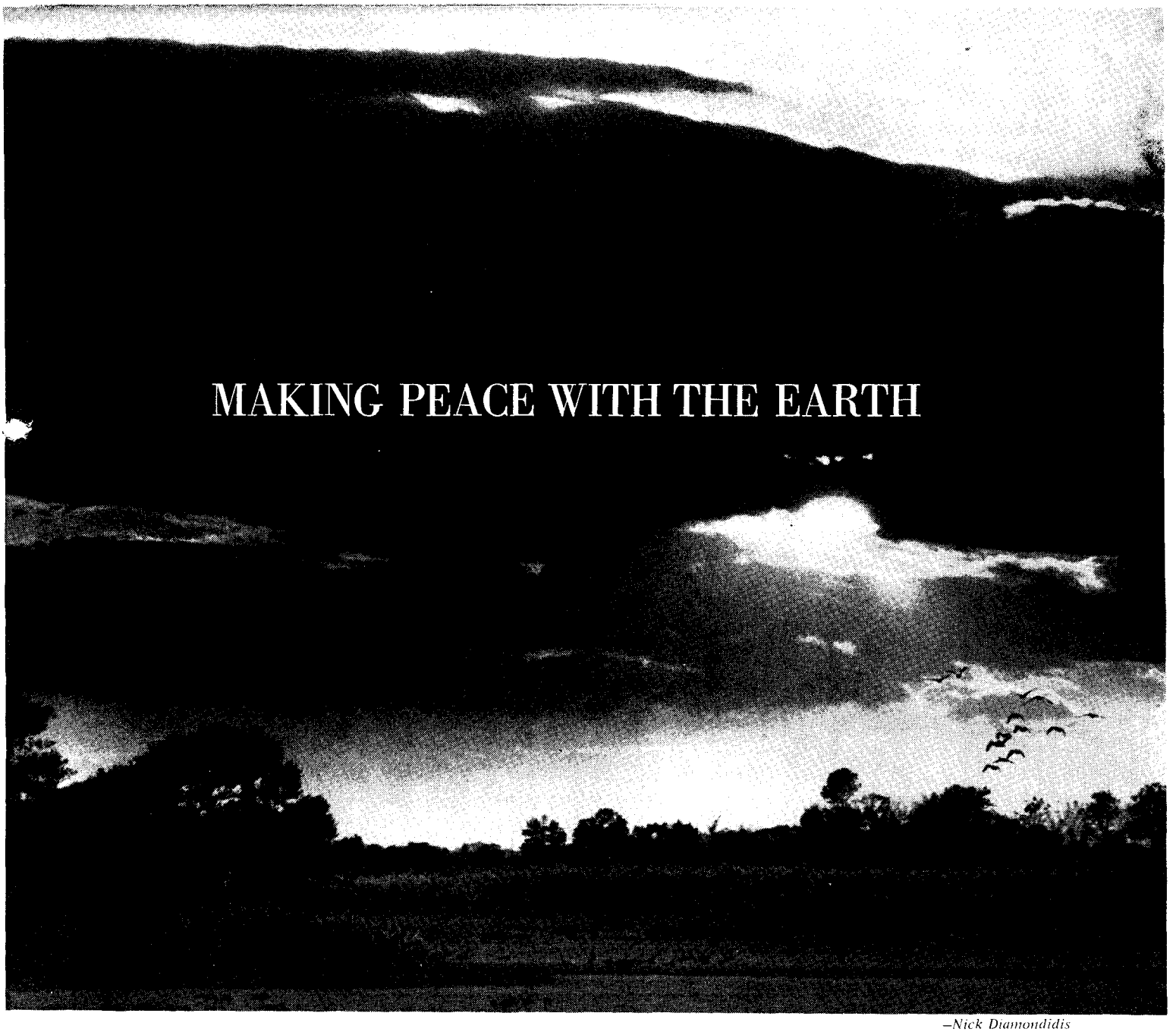
MAKING PEACE WITH THE EARTH



—Nick Diamondidis

by GORDON HARRISON

If the ecological awakening was ever touched with the spirit of revolution, that has been plucked from it in this age of instant communication and universal salesmanship by the enemy or the old guard—the polluters themselves. Worried about clean air? Burn only Sir Galahad gas in your car. Want to keep the rivers sparkling pure? Wash your dishes with St. George's detergent. It is hard to shout from the barricades slogans that appear daily on television commercials. It is hard even to remember what they mean.

But the problems we have just begun to address will not go away; they are points of friction among highly complex systems bound to heat up more and more unless basic changes are made. In fact, the systems themselves have to be changed. They might be changed by revolution—a literal and violent overthrow, for instance, of capitalism (and communism too, since as concerns man and nature it accepts the same values), or a moral and ethical revolt that subverts the production-consumption economy by refusing to play by its rules. Or they could be better and more surely changed by actions well short of revolutionary but different in kind from and more radical than the measures of repair and minor adjustment that government has endorsed in principle.

Effective action must be radical in the sense of challenging the conventional wisdom. But it is a mistake to think that it must, therefore, be grand in scale to count. On the contrary, the entire record of man's relations with nature reveals that the significant changes have been set in motion by almost imperceptible shifts in direction. That is the method of evolution. It can also be a deliberate tactic of change. It is the tactic of current citizen action; what is important is to recognize how effective such action can be and not give up before the immensity of the task.

In 1965 some citizens of the mid-Hudson River Valley decided to contest the plans of the Consolidated Edison Company to build a pump-storage power plant at the base of Storm King Mountain. They joined forces in the Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference. The

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GORDON HARRISON heads the Resources and Environment Program of the Ford Foundation. The text reproduced here is from his new book, *Earthkeeping*, published by Houghton, Mifflin Company. Copyright © Gordon Harrison.

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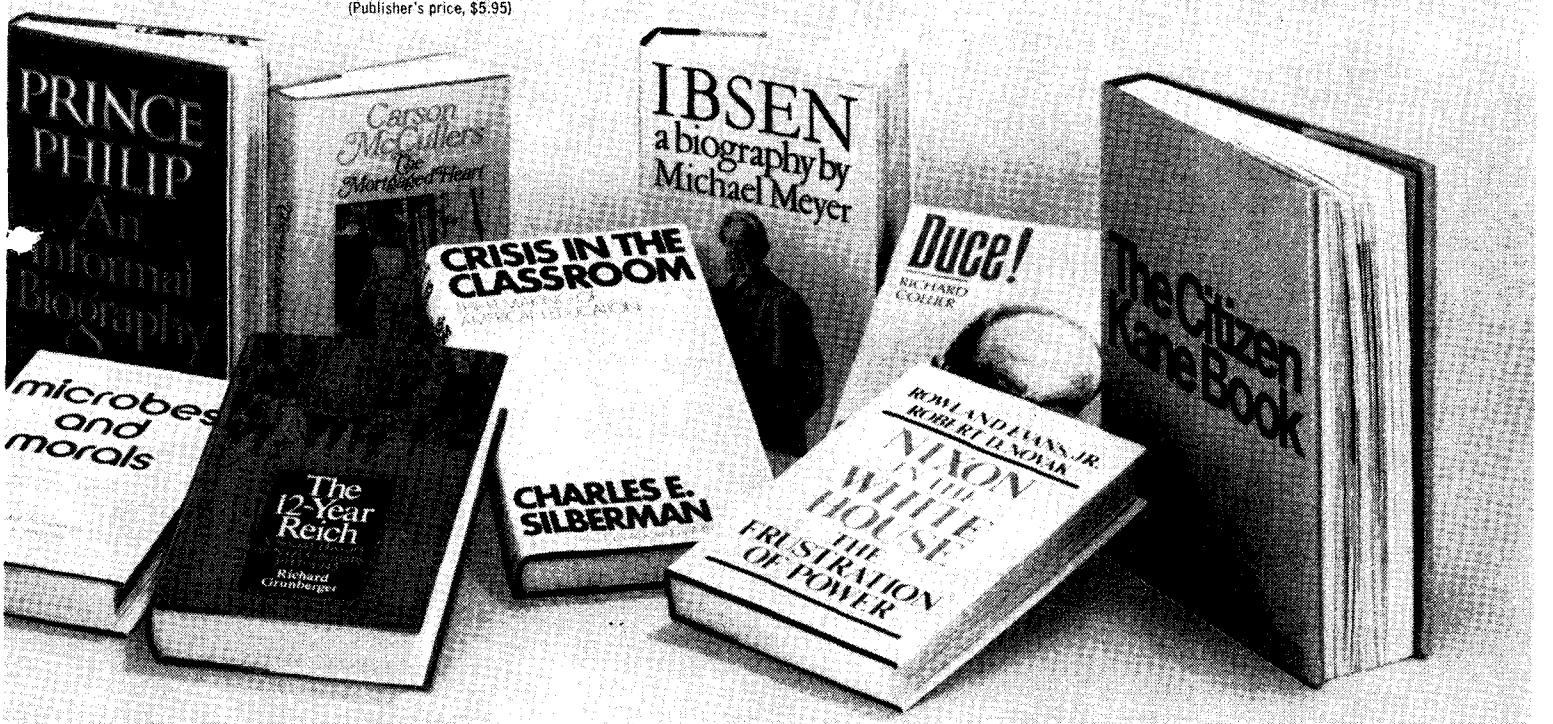

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plant they opposed was designed to take care of peak demands for electricity in New York City. During periods of slack demand it would pump river water into a holding reservoir on top of the mountain; when needed, the water would flow down again to turn generators at the river's edge. The Federal Power Commission, finding the power was needed, granted a license; Scenic Hudson, joined by the Sierra Club, sued, and the Court of Appeals in a classic ruling reversed the grant on grounds that the FPC, in failing to consider the environmental impact of the plant, had not done its job. The commission, the court said, was not created to act "as an umpire blandly calling balls and strikes for adversaries appearing before it; the right of the public must receive active and affirmative protection. . . ." Moreover, the court continued, "in our affluent society, the cost of a project is only one of several factors to be considered." The court required the FPC to reconsider. The FPC did so and four years later again recommended the license be granted. Scenic Hudson and its friends promptly asked the court to set aside the new ruling. At this writing the impasse continues. The New York State Commissioner of Environmental Conservation, Henry L. Diamond, has certified that the project would not violate water quality standards. This decision has been challenged by Scenic Hudson, which says it will carry its fight against the FPC license to the U.S. Supreme Court if necessary. Equally adamant, Con Edison declares a similar intention if circumstances require that extremity of it.

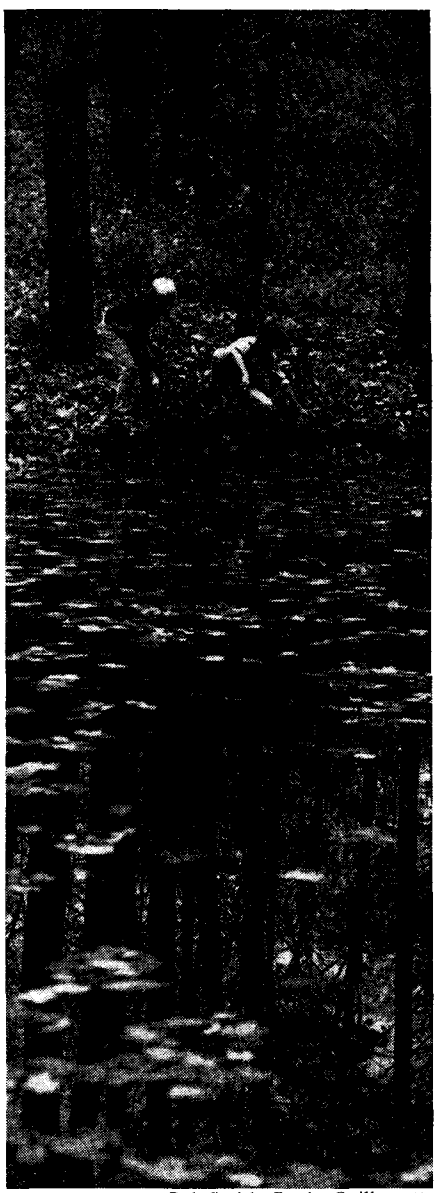
The interest of the Storm King case lies less in its outcome than in its myriad ambiguities and apparent inconclusiveness, which are just what one should expect where age-old processes and still older assumptions are suddenly called to question. First, opposition to the plant attacked the transmission lines that were to span the beautiful river gorge at Storm King, then the plant itself, typically square and ugly, on the bank of the river. From that beginning opponents discovered scores of other objections: Fish might die in the heated effluent; polluted, brackish water might seep from the reservoir through fissures in the underlying rock to contaminate water supplies; the plant's presence would attract industry, set precedent for further deterioration of the river. By redesign Con Edison met many of the objections: The plant was to be dug back into the mountain and merged with the landscape; the power lines would cross under the river; the reservoir would be made practically invisible from almost any point on the river at any season; and so on. The remaining objections, such as possible damage to fish life, could have been considered relatively trivial compared to the advantages the power might bring to the people of New York. But that was not the point.

Objectors to Storm King, some moved at first to protect their property, many possessed only of a hardly defined love of the countryside together with hostility to a highhanded power company, came stumblingly to a position that pitted one clear set of values against another. The worth of the Hudson Highlands was that they were natural, that they spoke to the human spirit from the world that was not man-made. Once man moved in his power plant, no matter how he decorated or concealed it, the "integrity of the mountain" was lost forever, and this was what counted.

Although the court was willing only to return the case to the Federal Power Commission for review, and not to find more broadly that there are public rights in the preservation of the environment that public agencies may not rule away, the judicial lecture at least set the FPC (and by political carom all other regulatory agencies) on notice that the old ways of figuring costs and benefits no longer suffice. Even though the FPC resisted the invitation to take a broader look both at the real costs of power and at its own regulatory role, its narrower views have been put on the defensive. That is the first step toward their abandonment. And the nudging continues.

Late in 1970 the Governor of New Jersey signed a bill that gave the state authority to restrict or prevent the development of New Jersey's remaining marshlands. The Governor had been under very heavy pressure, from developers and their political allies, not to sign. In South Jersey the marshes along the Atlantic are very valuable real estate. Since the bill was carelessly drawn, there were reasonable grounds for a veto that would not have directly challenged the conservationists. Many of them therefore felt the bill had little chance to become law. In these circumstances the Governor's signing not only did him credit but flagged new directions that thousands of fighters in scores of small fights here and there have established over the past decade. It is now well-known by politicians and people generally that salt marshes are indispensable in the food chain that yields fish for the table, that freshwater marshes support wildfowl and store water to check floods. Such knowledge has been drilled into the public consciousness by repeated pitched battles: the fight to save the Great Swamp in New Jersey; the long campaign that eventuated in a wetlands protection law in Massachusetts; the continuing missionary work of conservation organizations, such as the Izaak Walton League, Ducks Unlimited, the Nature Conservancy, the Audubon societies. Transcending the recognition of particular practical values in the marshes is the growing sense that man needs the wild world even if, like an expanse of tidal flats covered with spartina grass and infested with mosquitoes, it does not seem like one of nature's handsomer gifts.

In the sixty years or so since San Francisco flooded the priceless Hetch-Hetchy Valley to get a water supply it might have gained elsewhere, careless dam builders have been stung and buffeted hundreds of times by the earthkeepers. More often than not, disputed dams have been built anyway, but after every battle the Philistines have been more on the defensive. It took heavy



—Bob Smith, Rapho-Guillumette

"They spoke to the human spirit from the world that is not man-made."

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guns, chiefly the Sierra Club's, beginning in 1966, to kill proposed dams that would have flooded part of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. In March of 1969 the Army Corps of Engineers, under hardly more pressure than public reminders of the beauty threatened, agreed to relocate an already authorized dam in order to spare the Red River Gorge of Kentucky. The engineers, incidentally, have their own ecological advisers now and complain with some justice that today it is they who are cooperative and conciliatory, their opponents who have become obstinate and unreasonable.

Over the whole range of environmental concerns, people possessed of the new consciousness and the courage to assert it have already begun changing the system in ways that would have been inconceivable twenty—even ten—years ago. Many individual battles have been lost; none in itself can surely be called decisive; most have achieved only tentative victories. (This year the airport was not built, the bay was not filled, the marsh was not dredged; but bulldozers are in the shed with motors idling.)

Changes in the system are of course not permanent, nor necessarily pervasive. (Signs that highway builders have got the environmental message, even the fragmentary ones acknowledged by the dam builders, are scant and unconvincing.) The search for new values and new ways entails battle and surrounds itself with the rhetoric of battle. But change when won is not in any military or moral sense a victory; it is only a fresh opportunity. Saving the swamp holds open options for the community to make rational use of its land and natural resources; such options, however, lapse quickly unless they are exercised. If the game is not war but evolution, then one has to think not of battles but of directions. Freedom from smog is not something that is going to be achieved by one heroic effort, after which we can forget about *that* problem. Much less can even major readjustments in the way we live ensure forever a harmonious relationship between men and the land and its other life. That is why the cry should not be for revolution but for pointing the snout of civilization upwind to sense out better, safer paths to human fulfillment.

In what quarter do those better paths lie? Some seem clear and relatively easy, such as the good earth-keeping paths leading to clean, nontoxic air and to efficiently managed water supplies ensuring us enough for all the manifold purposes of an industrial nation. In one sense these are simple tasks. Provided people maintain and articulate their insistence on such minimal care of the common resources, there are only relatively minor obstacles to eventual success—chiefly money and the shaping of federal and state laws efficiently to express the majority will against the few who would thwart it. The job of cleaning up pollution may be done badly, expensively, and late, but, if we insist, it will be done—unless, of course, some swifter catastrophe overtakes us.

But this is not ground for complacency. If the ecological revolt exhausts itself in a giant pick-up/clean-up, if indeed the new awakening to man's dependence on his environment is diverted into a passion for cleanliness, and we pursue that *Doppelgänger* without precisely counting the costs, we will have failed the challenge, and may end up with a cleaner but otherwise worse world. If, for instance, the charge for cleanliness is added to everybody's cost of living, the poor will pay disproportionately. If taking care of the environment is embraced in lieu of more difficult causes, and resources are diverted to sewage treatment plants or parks that might otherwise have gone to housing, health, welfare, and schools, most of us would think this a perversion, not a reordering, of values. Finally, if the economy purges itself of the burden of pollution only in order to be free to run even faster after endlessly elaborated consumer goods, then we will have profited no more from our sober interlude than the junkie who kicks the habit in order to go on to cheaper highs.

> "In a world where everything is connected, tinkering with one problem at a time is a sure way of multiplying problems."

In a world where everything is connected, tinkering with one problem at a time is a sure way of multiplying problems. That lesson sounds as clear a warning to the antipollution enthusiasts as to the dam builders. So you would have the rivers clean because that is the "right" thing to do. But at what sacrifice? Who will make it? If the rivers are not merely to be made clean now but kept clean, the way we use them will have to be radically changed. For instance, a paper mill unable to modernize economically may have to close up and put a lot of people out of work; who will find jobs for them, and how, and where? Or, if government is to subsidize renovation and pollution control equipment, what are the implications of that for competition, for taxes?

Or look at pollution control in the context of political power. No resident of a big city can be under any delusion as to how relative power in our society affects the care of the environment. Life is not only more pleasant but a lot safer for New Yorkers who live in the East Sixties than for those who live in Harlem. Spokesmen for the poor can hardly be sanguine about how resources are likely to be distributed in the clean-up on which we have ostensibly embarked. They want to know whose environment gets cleaned up first and best. They want to know if the new sewage treatment plant is necessary, if it is more important than new housing, if it will make a difference commensurate with its cost, and if that difference will be equally beneficial to all. They want to know who has reckoned the distribution of benefits and costs of current clean-up programs and how priorities have been set. These are fair questions. So far as I know, good answers are not on hand or even under study.

Widen the context still further to take in the world. Poor nations, like poor people in rich nations, are aware of pollution and have seen that unbridled exploitation of resources can lead to catastrophic collapse of the producing systems. Most cities in the developing countries put up with polluted water that is not only a nuisance but frequently a menace to health. Most countries have known massive agricultural failure from various kinds of soil abuse. They do not want more. But as they survey their meager resources and overwhelming needs, a little dirt and a few setbacks must seem acceptable risks as compared to diminishing or slowing the processes of production. Many of their leaders now wonder if the newly awakened environmental conscience of the developed world may not be exercised partly at *their* expense.

A case in point is DDT. Its use anywhere in the world is a threat to life everywhere. But if it is to be banned universally, who will pay the added costs of insect control? Might not foreign aid programs, which have never been politically strong, succumb to the new discovery that industrialism is a mixed blessing that the underdeveloped could be spared? If antipollution measures add materially to the costs of production, might not some or all of the developed countries try to protect themselves with new restrictions on trade?

Cleaning up is indeed a simple job. What is hard is to ravel out the implications and go about the job in such a way as to make the world not just cleaner, but better overall. Above all, that means concern for the social costs and very difficult decisions to apportion the costs fairly. We need therefore to be clear about what the task is: *The*

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task is not to get rid of pollution but to manage producing systems of all kinds so that they do not pollute.

A few entomologists, agronomists, and others have been working quietly for a number of years to develop the principles and practice of what they call integrated pest control. It is not just a substitute for DDT but a revolutionary way of looking at and managing natural systems. And it has worked, sometimes brilliantly. In the Cañete Valley of Peru the staple crop since the 1920s has been cotton. It is grown under irrigation in an area that gets almost no rain. For a generation cotton pests were controlled well enough by the old-fashioned poisons, such as arsenic compounds. But in 1948 a severe outbreak coincided with the availability of DDT invented during the war. The farmers embraced DDT as the miraculous cure. And for a time it seemed to be. Under its lethal mantle cotton yields almost doubled.

Entranced with their success, the farmers sprayed more and more. They even cut down trees to make spraying easier. With the fallen trees fell the nests of birds that had eaten insects. Meanwhile, the DDT had been killing not only the pests but the insects and parasites that fed on the pests. Year after year, moreover, the target populations built up immunity as those more susceptible to DDT died off, leaving the cotton feast for the fit.

Without enemies, and adapted to their poisoned world, the bugs took over. Seven years after the DDT spraying had begun, cotton yields were only half to two-thirds of what they had been before. In their desperation the farmers called for help. Half the answer was to stop using the persistent organic pesticides, such as DDT, and return to the more selective poisons of a half century ago. But with this went changes in cultivation practices. Schedules of planting and watering, spacing and weeding were adjusted to help the enemies of the pests while reducing the feeding opportunities of the pest itself. By experimentation, regimens were tailored to the place and its native life. These so effectively brought the cotton-feeding insects under control that yields climbed steadily back and now stand at the highest in history.

Success at Cañete was no miracle; it came out of understanding that led to good management; it eschewed the kind of Procrustean bullheadedness that thinks to lop off whatever in nature does not fit the convenience of man. The trouble with DDT as a method of control is that it is essentially the method of war. It regards the pest as an enemy and seeks to destroy him. The trouble with war as an instrument of reform is that it does not discriminate. Attacking pests by broadcasting persistent and general poisons is like trying to get rid of Communists with napalm. The side effects in both cases are disastrous, and for similar reasons. In the indiscriminate spreading of death, functioning systems are disordered. As they break down, opportunities for plunder open up exactly as riots bring looting in train. Once the structure of the community, whether of man or nature, has been destroyed, the pests, like the lawless, can no longer be controlled. So the exterminator emptying niches in nature creates pathologic conditions that parallel the social chaos in the wake of war.

> "It is a special arrogance of man, and may be the death of him, to think that any living thing can be dismissed as merely a nuisance."

The answer, of course, is to work with the system, not against it. In pest control the winning tactic is to see the pest for what he is, a sign of an already disturbed system, and then set about closing out his opportunities by restoring stability. That can be done, as it was done at Cañete, by setting as the goal not the extermination of a pest but production of the largest harvestable crop that can be managed and sustained. The object is not a farm free of pests but one in which the resident pests are under control and by being there discourage strangers who may be less easy to manage. Bollworms, lygus bugs, and the rest still eat cotton plants in Cañete but not enough to matter. Bugs get some; people get more. That is not necessarily equity; but it *is* good sense.

I have written at some length about pest control not only because, worldwide, it is an extremely important environmental problem in itself, but also because it illustrates the broader principle of applying management methods to our relations with nature instead of adopting the methods of surgery, medication, and war. Now we kill wolves and eagles because wolves and eagles occasionally kill sheep. But the cost of a few lost sheep is minuscule compared to the cost of disrupting the adapted relationships of the wild by removing the predators that help keep communities healthy and on even keel. We could easily instead keep the predators' numbers down if necessary and live with the comparative few that nature needs. It is the special arrogance of man, and may be the death of him, to think that any living thing can be dismissed as merely a nuisance.

The kind of management I have described contains a measure of tolerance, a spirit of accommodation, even a humility. Indeed that humble ingredient characterizes the very concept of management as distinguished from quasi-military command. It hardly characterizes man's typical attitude toward the world and its resources. We assume, for instance, that water must always be brought to people for whatever they want wherever they are. Yet sometimes people might be constrained to settle elsewhere or change their ways, not to insist on farming in arid regions perhaps, or forgo the use of water for waste disposal where the supplies are limited or better used in other ways. Are those alternatives so outrageous?

A wilderness area, precious but fragile, ought to be enjoyed by as many people as possible; but at some density visitors destroy what they came to savor. To keep the experience of the wild, we must agree to submit to discipline, to stand in line and wait our turn. That would need a double dose of humility: a respect for the wild so great that one does not wish to destroy it, and a willingness to let the other fellow go if one's own turn does not come. (Such willingness, needless to say, can only consort with a system of scrupulous fairness that does not reward wealth or special favor.)

The most ardent conservationist could not defend an immediate ban on further road building. He can observe that so long as the demand for roads responds to the supply of cars and the demand for cars responds to the supply of roads, we are logically condemned to paving the planet. In the United States the Highway Trust Fund, plowing gas taxes directly and exclusively into highways, has given the chain reaction frightening momentum already. It can be slowed immediately by abolishing the Trust Fund and making much larger public investment in mass transportation.

In the longer run, human mobility is also a management problem in which the demand for satisfaction of one requirement must be modified to accommodate other needs. There is no inherent right to drive. There is no absolute need for people to live spread out as they have come to live in large part because of the automobile.

Of all the instruments of civilization, automobiles most obviously threaten to establish the kind of human dominion over earth that would empty it of other inhabitants. The automobile in this sense is the symbol and servant of that kind of ecological arrogance that is more to be feared than the air pollution to which it contributes. We will begin to bring the automobile under control only as we begin to lessen our

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dependence on it, not merely by developing other ways to get around but by finding ways of life that discipline restlessness.

Few metropolitan areas in the United States have not had one or more airport crises in the past decade. When airports get dangerously crowded, the only way out anyone ever thinks of is to build more airports. The possibility of cutting down air travel is never discussed, for more and faster moving to and fro is one of the symbols of progress and the air industry is very powerful. But if the real reason we build more airports—sometimes at high cost, destroying priceless natural areas, increasing noise and air pollution, adding to ground congestion—is to flatter the egos of technological man or make more money for the industry, we should know that and not talk as though airports responded to deep-felt, indeed inexorable, human need. I would guess that air traffic could be held well within the capacity of present airport facilities by a ruling of the Internal Revenue Service limiting the amount of travel that could be deducted as a business expense. I would guess, too, that there is no chance of such a ruling.

—Sam Falk, Monkmeyer

"Pointing the snout of civilization upwind to sense safer paths to human fulfillment."

When man goes ecologically astray he is usually looking to serve his convenience rather than to gratify his needs. Convenience is a negotiable demand. Conservationists by and large seek to negotiate it. The ecological argument is not that man should do without things he needs in order to spare other living creatures. One might indeed ethically argue that position, but long before we get to the garden of St. Francis there are realms of common sense to be explored. And the first is the needs of man himself.

Man thrives on differences; culturally and biologically, they have enabled us to progress. Yet, man everywhere acts to ensure uniformity. He is driven by a passion to reiterate a few successes and let go whatever cannot make it big. That is a characteristic of mass civilization, of a technology that can stamp out copies cheaply by the billion, and of an economic system that rewards numbers more obviously than quality. But it is also a biologically normal consequence of creature drives. Humanity bent on the take-over of the earth for its own exclusive habitat wipes out the variety of competing life forms. Within the human race the dominant majorities tend to overwhelm the dissident and nonconformist minorities for no other reason than that they can.

In nature the losers in the fight for peck order, the less well-adapted, normally are driven out and their chance for survival lies chiefly in their ability to adapt to another environmental niche. Through migration and genetic change natural systems thus both accommodate variety and enrich it. As man is in total occupation of the human niche, and this is coterminous with the planet, there is no place left for difference to go. If difference is to survive, it must somehow coexist with dominance. That is to say, those who have the power must be persuaded or forced by irrepressible rebellion (see the history of totalitarian societies) to moderate its use in order, for their own ultimate benefit, to tolerate those whom they could destroy. That forbearance is required equally of all men in regard to other living things and of human majorities in regard to the oddballs among us.

When, as commonly happens, a rugged (or merely jealous) democrat attacks the preservation of a wilderness area on grounds that it can serve only a few people and therefore smells of elitism, he is not merely being crass and Philistine; he is running with the bulldozers that, if they ever carry through their threat to homogenize the world, will surely destroy it. In the grand tendency of the universe to run down, the process is a gradual blurring of difference until all parts are alike. Then the machine stops, never to go again, because nothing more can happen. A nation paved with highways, built up to subdivisions, and engineered to have identical climate and resources approaches, psychologically at least, that ultimate warm death.

To conserve the variety of the world is to conserve life itself—our life. And because it is our life, conservation is a personal responsibility that cannot be delegated to government. Government acts through bureaucracies, and bureaucracies respond like all organisms to their own drives. None are and none could conceivably be driven by a passion to conserve environment. Seen through the windows of bureaucracy, what society wants is what a particular agency is under pressure to deliver. To create superagencies—the perennial dream of the coordinators—is no answer. However designed or enlarged, they acquire their own specialties, their own expertness, their own prejudices, their own passion to survive, and special constituencies who learn how to press the right reflex points to get what *they* want.

Only to individuals can come the saving insights into the range of human needs and the complexities of the world community that is to be managed to meet those needs. Because that is so, we face a paradox that could justify despair or bright new hope: At the same time that people have come to depend on systems so complicated and remote that no one can claim to control them, society as never before needs the guidance of the individual. The ecological revolt recognizes that need and to some degree is meeting it. There lies the hope. But realization will take persistence and courage never before demanded of a citizens' movement. As the system, prodded here and there by a successful lawsuit against DDT or a political fight to save a wilderness or beat a congressman, begins to shift just a little, very powerful interests will feel the ground tipping and take alarm. The next prod thereupon becomes more dangerous to them and meets more resistance. To keep on pushing after the interests dig in will take not just courage but faith—faith that the loneliest dissent, if it is sturdy and just, will make a difference in the world. That faith can draw sustenance from the story of life itself: Evolution has been driven by difference from the beginning.

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Earth Watch

Worldwide Environment Notes

Steambus A-Coming

OAKLAND, CALIF.

BUS No. 666 of the Alameda-Contra Costa Transit District of the eastern San Francisco Bay area will make demonstration runs this month in Washington, D.C., to show members of Congress and officials of the U.S. Department of Transportation what steam-powered vehicles are capable of contributing to the future of mass transportation.

No. 666 looks like any other bus on the A-C line—and it is—except that its former diesel engine has been replaced by a steam engine.

The steam-power system installed in the fifty-one-passenger coach was developed by Brobeck and Associates of Berkeley, California, under a demonstration grant made to the California State Assembly by the federal Department of Transportation.

The steam generator in the Brobeck system occupies the original diesel engine compartment at the rear of the bus. The steam engine, steam condenser, and auxiliary parts are mounted at the center of the coach under the floor. The steel drums of conventional steam boilers have been replaced with 1,400 feet of coiled steel tubing through which small amounts of water are passed and quickly evaporated into steam.

In its final road test in September, the Brobeck-A-C steambus carried seventy 100-pound sandbags and eight male adults, the equivalent of a full passenger load. During the test, the bus climbed a 12 per cent grade and accelerated to fifty-six miles per hour over a 1.2-mile course, matching the acceleration it had reached while carrying thirty passengers on diesel power.

Prior to the road runs, the Brobeck system was subjected to extensive bench tests in which the engine developed 203 net and 243 gross horsepower at 2,100 revolutions per minute for periods of sixteen hours, using steam at 850 degrees Fahrenheit and a pressure of 800 pounds per square inch. The generator was run for 100 hours, the engine for fifty, and the whole assembly for forty-two hours.

After the Washington demonstration, No. 666 will return to California to allow A-C drivers to be trained in its operation. No. 666 will then go into regular service on A-C transit's East Bay and Transbay lines.

The Brobeck system is the first of three projected external combustion systems to be put on the road in the California Steambus Project. Two other firms are converting diesel power in passenger coaches to external combustion engines: Lear Motors Corporation of Reno, Nevada, paired with the San Francisco Municipal Railway; and Steam Power Systems of San Diego, California, paired with the Southern California Rapid Transit District in Los Angeles.

The purpose of the California steambus project is to demonstrate how effectively city buses can operate at low levels of exhaust emission without the customary smoke and odor.

California steam-powered bus, ready for work on the Alameda-Contra Costa line, is due to undergo Congressional inspection in Washington, D. C., this month.

What Do Labels Tell?

WASHINGTON, D.C.

LABELS carrying nutritional information are being tried out on a variety of high-volume food products by two supermarket chains working with the U.S. Food and Drug Administration. Jewel Food Stores, with headquarters in Chicago and 260 outlets in the Midwest, is labeling seven items of its canned goods; Giant Food, Inc., with ninety-four stores in the Washington-Baltimore area, is labeling ten shelf items. A spokesman for the FDA says that three more food chains will also work with the federal agency on the test. First National Stores, in New England; Kroger Company, in the Cincinnati area; and the Berkeley Co-op, in Berkeley, California—part of National Cooperatives, Inc.

Three different kinds of labeling, all based on the daily dietary allowances of ten nutrients recommended by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Academy of Sciences, are being tested for their informativeness.

One labeling method names the nutrients present and tells what percentage of the recommended daily allowance of each is represented; a second method lists the nutrients in terms of units; the third uses qualifying words such as "excellent," "good," "fair," and "minor" to indicate nutrient value. Some labels measure only those

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nutrients present; other labels say both what is and isn't present.

The ten nutrients in the recommended dietary allowance are: protein, calories, fat, vitamin A, thiamin (vitamin B_1), riboflavin (vitamin B_2), niacin, vitamin C, calcium, and iron. All the labels indicate caloric content per serving and amounts of protein, carbohydrate, and fat present.

A research group at Cornell University is under contract to the FDA to assess consumer reaction to the different labeling methods in the five retail chains.

Minisub Probes Ocean Dumping

SANDY HOOK, N.J.

NEW YORK CITY dumps about 1.5 million cubic feet a week of sewage sludge and other wastes into the Atlantic Ocean off Ambrose Light near Sandy Hook, New Jersey. The ecological effect is unknown. No one even knows whether the wastes remain where they are dumped or are dispersed by undersea currents.

To learn more about underwater transport of these and other sediments in the New York Bight—an area of the continental shelf stretching from Cape Cod, Massachusetts, to Cape May, New Jersey—the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration of the U.S. Department of Commerce has launched a long-term study. The program started with a recent series of information-gathering submarine dives at the dumping site and off the Jersey coast as far south as Atlantic City.

Using a little yellow two-man submarine, an NOAA marine geologist cruised slowly along the sea bottom, making visual observations with the aid of two powerful searchlights, taking ocean floor samples for laboratory analysis, and measuring the velocity of the bottom currents. Most dives of the minisub, which is 17.5 feet long and weighs about six tons, were to a depth of 150 to 200 feet and lasted from one to two hours. Visibility varied from zero to twenty feet depending on the area and amount of turbulence caused by bad weather.

One long-range goal of the program is to determine whether the sandy ridges and troughs typical of the middle Atlantic shelf topography are the remains of ancient beaches overrun by the ocean after the Ice Age, or are creations of contemporary sea floor currents.

The New York Bight study is being supported by NOAA's new Manned Undersea Science and Technology program, a broad-scale effort to make research submarines and undersea laboratories available for scientific and engineering studies of all the oceans.

Audubon's new members spend lunch hour taking water samples from East River.

Audubon's in Wall Street

NEW YORK.

THE FIRST CHAPTER of the National Audubon Society to be assigned exclusively urban boundaries has been chartered in lower Manhattan. Covering a territory that includes the entire southern tip of the island from river to river between Canal Street and Battery Park, the Lower Manhattan Audubon Society was formed by seventy-two businessmen and businesswomen who work in the downtown area and share a common concern about their weekday environment.

The new chapter has picked Nassau Street for its opening campaign against noise and litter. The members are concentrating on the elimination of illegal distribution of commercial handbills and illegal use of loudspeakers for advertising purposes by store owners.

Last summer, the group took noise-level readings on subway cars and at subway stations. At recent hearings on New York City's proposed noise abatement code, they used their data in testimony favoring stronger subway noise controls.

The new Audubon chapter has another project under way now. It involves an effort to clean up the downstream stretches of the Hudson and East rivers. Those areas will be searched for waste pipes and outfalls. Water samples will be taken and analyzed to identify pollutants.

"We are serious about improving the environment in which we work," says John Alderman, president of the Lower Manhattan Audubon Society. "We really mean business."

Cooperative Motoring

MONTPELLIER, FRANCE.

"PROCOTIP"—*Promotion Coopérative du Transport Individuel Public*, or TIP for short, is a new transportation scheme being tested in this southern French city of 350,000. It provides public cars for private use, thereby reducing motor traffic congestion and easing parking.

Under the plan, TIP cars, painted blue-and-white for easy recognition, are parked at specially marked TIP stands. For a fee, subscribers receive a key that fits all TIP cars. A customer who wants transportation buys a token at a tobacco shop, goes to the nearest TIP stand, inserts the token in a meter on the dashboard, and drives off. On reaching his destination, the customer parks in the closest TIP stand and leaves the car for the next subscriber. Service trucks cruise the streets to see that TIP stands have a sufficient number of cars and that all cars are in working order. To discourage thefts, a miniature camera in the ignition photographs the driver's key, which has his membership number inscribed on it.

Designers estimate that each TIP car can replace fifteen to twenty privately owned vehicles.

Reviving History

QUEBEC CITY.

FIFTEEN SITES at which events in Canadian history took place are being restored in the province of Quebec.

The major undertaking is creation of the sixteen-acre Cartier-Brébeuf National Historic Park outside Quebec City to commemorate Cartier's discovery of the St. Lawrence River, which inaugurated French exploration and settlement of much of the North American continent.

The new park is located at the confluence of the St. Charles and Lairet rivers, where Cartier and his crew spent the winter of 1535-36. Unprepared and unequipped for the rigorous Canadian climate, the expedition ran out of food supplies, and twenty-five of Cartier's men died of scurvy.

A full-scale copy of Cartier's seventy-eight-foot, 160-ton flagship, *La Grande Hermine*, will be moored in an artificial basin in the park.

Another project is restoration of Fort Lévis 1 on the Lauzon Heights across the St. Lawrence River from Quebec City. Of three forts built there in the 1860s to protect Quebec against possible invasion from the south, Lévis 1 is the sole remainder. It is an example of what is considered to be an important stage in Canadian military architecture.

—SALLY LINDSAY.

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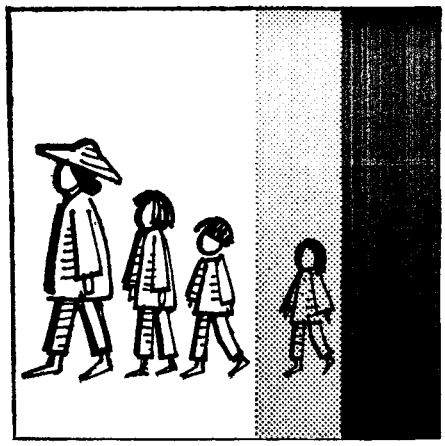

Mao's China rules out both ideology and pestilence in calculating its own attack on overpopulation.

by PAUL R. EHRLICH and JOHN P. HOLDREN

Mainland China, with between 750 and 850 million people, is the most populous nation on earth. This fact alone makes its attitude toward population limitation a matter of great practical importance. But because China is also a non-white, non-Western, militantly socialist nation, its official posture on population has ideological implications as well. Of special interest in this connection is the claim, advanced by Marx a century ago and parroted by many Western radicals today, that population limitation would be unnecessary in a just society. Indeed, the still fashionable view on the far left is that "the population problem" is merely a fabrication devised by rich, white capitalists bent on continued exploitation of the world's poor. Expanding knowledge of events in Chairman Mao's China contradicts this view. After a few false starts, the Chinese have embarked on a program of population limitation unmatched by that of any other nation.

Considerable information on China's population policies was available even before the recent thaw in U.S.-Chinese relations, much of it through American journalist Edgar Snow. Snow has enjoyed remarkable access to the Chinese leadership and has traveled extensively throughout the country. A selection of prethaw documents on population limitation in China, including two pieces by Snow, one by a former press official in the People's Republic of China, and some translations from Chinese medical journals, was recently published by the Population Crisis Committee (a non-profit, Washington-based organization that disseminates information on population problems). These materials, together with the reports of newsmen and physicians who have been permitted to tour China in the past few months, provide a reasonably complete and consistent picture of China's population programs.

Family planning services (the provision of contraceptive information and supplies to those who want them) have been available in China for many years, hindered only by limitations of production, distribution, and peasant education. Such services, in themselves, merely enable individuals to avoid unwanted children. In addition, however, population control measures (those designed to influence the number of children people actually want) have been pushed vigorously in China, if somewhat intermittently.

The first important population control campaign began in 1956. It consisted of centrally organized propaganda efforts, including films, posters, and public meetings, coupled with increased availability of contraceptives. This campaign encountered many obstacles: illiteracy in the countryside, the prevalence of old values in the group then in the peak reproductive years, and optimism that the Great Leap Forward would make concern with population unnecessary. The campaign was terminated in mid-1958, although family planning services remained available.

The failure of the Great Leap and the associated 1959-62 famine were followed by a renewed and much more vigorous population control effort. This time, social coercion was applied to secure conformity with the official norm, which called for late marriage, a three-year interval between marriage and the first birth, similar intervals between all births thereafter, and small completed families. One propaganda slogan was "Two children is just right, three is too many, and four is a mistake." In some localities, economic sanctions were taken against workers who married early or had more than two children; these ranged from denial of ration cards to dismissal from government jobs. Abortion was made widely available and male sterilization was encouraged for those with two or three children. A vast array of party activists was dispersed around the country to carry on birth control propaganda. As a whole, however, the campaign was more successful in the cities, where surveillance was better and offenders had more to lose than in the countryside.

The propaganda and sanctions associated with the second population control campaign were interrupted by the Cultural Revolution in 1966, although contraceptives, sterilization, and abortions continued to be available without restriction. Since 1968—a year of record population growth in China—the government has reasserted itself in actively pushing population control. Many features of the 1962-66 campaign have been restored, and several additional factors make it seem likely that, this time, the momentum of the campaign will be sustained.

First, an apparently very sophisticated contraceptive pill is being manufactured and distributed (free) on an unprecedented scale, and a once-a-month pill is in use in some regions. Second, abortion is now being widely performed by the relatively quick and painless vacuum method, and at the request of the mother alone. Third, decent medical care, contraceptive services, and effective birth control propaganda have now been extended throughout China at the village level, by means of the "barefoot doctors." These paramedical workers are mostly peasants. They receive six months' training by doctors from the cities, who have fanned out across the countryside in a major reorientation of Chinese medicine toward the rural poor. Finally (and perhaps most important), Chinese women have achieved virtual equality with men. They are expected to be full participants in their society—in politics, in acquiring education, in taking jobs—and in this context, large families are a burden to be avoided.

In continuing to support population limitation with an intensity unknown elsewhere, the Chinese sometimes take pains to deny any overtones of "Malthusian" doctrine, and much of their propaganda emphasizes the benefits of small families on the individual level. Nevertheless, in other propaganda and in interviews with journalist Snow, the Chinese leaders have revealed their conviction that progress for China as a nation depends in no small part on the success of population control. Their discomfiture in deserting Marx on this point notwithstanding, the Chinese have set a vital example in recognizing and acting upon the fact that certain principles of biology and arithmetic transcend ideology.

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Letters to the Environment Editor

The Gypsy Moth

THE Paul R. Ehrlich and John P. Holdren article "The Gypsy Moth Backlash" [*SR*, Oct. 2] is a perceptive statement of a problem greater than any gypsy moth infestation—the engineered public panic that obstructs a sensible solution to an overrated threat. There is a false statement in the article, however, which should be brought to the attention of your readers.

Gypsy moth population collapses are not caused by disease and starvation. Although disease is one major factor, the other is not starvation but parasitism. Starvation is a stress on the moths which weakens them to a point where they succumb to the disease and parasites, but in itself starvation is not a cause.

I make this point because in our struggle for sensible control of the gypsy moth we have often confronted this starvation argument mouthed by our spray-happy opponents, who would have people believe that spray-susceptible parasites are not a major gypsy moth control factor.

MRS. JOSEPH A. DAVIS,
Bloomingdale, N.J.

Peddling on Via Veneto

AS A FOOTNOTE to "Peddling the Great West" [*SR*, Sept. 4], let me quote from my 1969 travel diary. Dateline: Rome, Italy.

"June 19 . . . After lunch, on our way down the Spanish Steps, we were accosted by two English girls who asked if we were Americans. Assured that we were, they then asked how we would like to have a free tour of ancient Rome and a free dinner at the Cavalieri Hilton—no obligation whatsoever, just a good will and publicity gesture on the part of the Gulf American Corporation. I suspected a hard sell somewhere and would have backed off, but Jere (my wife) said, 'Let's do it, what can we lose?' So we agreed to meet the girl at 2:30 tomorrow in front of the American Embassy. We shall see.

"June 20 . . . An interesting afternoon. We met one of the English girls who had invited us to the 'no obligation' sightseeing trip on schedule in front of the American Embassy on Via Veneto. She took us to a meeting place in the Borghese Gardens where we climbed, with some twenty others, into an air-conditioned bus and were off on our tour, which ended when the bus deposited us at the Cavalieri Hilton. Here we were ushered into a private room, had a salesman assigned to us, and were fed (at 5 o'clock!). Then the hard sell started. Gulf American, it transpired, was selling land in a development in Rio Rico, forty miles south of Tucson, Arizona. We listened to a general sales pitch by one who was obviously a graduate of a Dale Carnegie course, sat through a short movie, and then our personal salesman—a real go-getter, if ever there was one—tackled us. However, when we explained that we were retired, had no children, and were more interested in getting rid of our money while we still had our health than waiting ten years for it to grow, our man turned us over to a junior who amused us with anecdotes until the session was over. We learned later that Gulf American averaged 41 per cent signed contracts by this method of approach."

KENNETH THOMPSON,
New York N.Y.

LAST FALL we were walking near St. Peter's in Rome when a charming young English girl approached us asking if we would be interested in a tour and dinner at the Hilton (new). Later she met us in a piazza nearby, and we went on a long taxi ride to a waiting Mercedes mini-bus—stereo and all. There were about ten couples, all under thirty-five at the oldest. The tour was delightful—catacombs—and off the beaten path. Then to dinner: a buffet that was very nice indeed.

There were several "pitchers" and a salesman for each couple. We saw an insultingly sloppy movie pitching Rio Rico. The salesmen were stereotypes *par excellence*. When we played along to see what we could get our salesman to say, he virtually promised us the world for $50 down.

This was the worst example of "American enterprise" we experienced on a five-week trip through eight countries—and all from a company "on the New York Stock Exchange."

JAMES E. FREIMUTH,
Carthage, Ill.

"I've got to hand it to you, Max. It took guts to bring me home to dinner unannounced."

What's Watts?

REGARDING the editorial comment on my letter to the editor [*SR*, Sept. 4], concerning Denis Hayes's article "Can We Bust the Highway Trust?" The source of the information I offered was *not* the one you ascribed to me. You took it upon yourself to discredit my letter by stating that I was "imprecise" in my interpretation of a document I've never seen. Imprecision is a serious charge to an engineer.

For your information, I was as unaware of the special census report you refer to as was Hayes. My figures were derived from "Transportation Planning Data for Urbanized Areas Based on 1960 Census," published in November 1970 by the U. S. Department of Transportation. Any differences between my figures and those of the report you describe probably stem from differences in defining the boundary of Watts—an indefinite area. The boundary I used was suggested to me by the former chief of the Data Access Laboratory of the U. S. Bureau of the Census, who recently presented a seminar in Los Angeles on applications of census data, using Watts as an example.

You are guilty of the kind of uneven journalism that leads to intemperate attacks on a free press.

PETER G. KOLTNOW,
Highway Users Federation,
Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The editorial comment that Mr. Koltnow complains against was directed to Mr. Koltnow's earlier letter, which first attributed information to "an examination of some 1960 census material" and then cited figures in reference to Watts as though the 1960 census had identified them as coming from Watts. Mr. Koltnow now explains that the figures actually came from an area which one individual—not the U. S. Census Bureau—considered to be Watts. The only census in which Watts has been defined by the Census Bureau was the special census mentioned in the editor's note to the original Koltnow letter. In short, there has been a regrettable misunderstanding that might have been avoided if Mr. Koltnow had been more explicit in identifying the documentation for his attack on the accuracy of Denis Hayes, author of "Can We Bust the Highway Trust?"*

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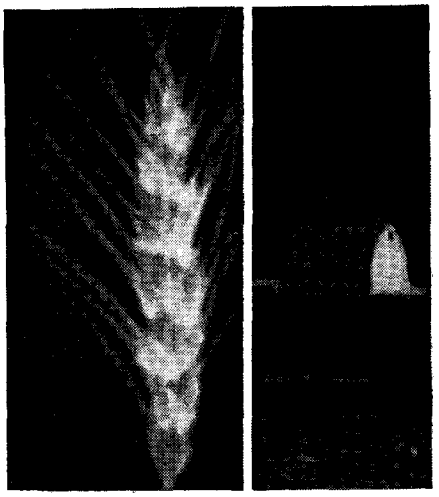

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We don't want you to take our word about quality. Instead, try one of our 3 sample packages. Compare the taste and freshness with the food from your present source. Upon comparison, we think you'll consider Here and Now your source from here on in.

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London Letter

Continued from page 18

terial for future historians that will reveal in guileless detail the haunts and habits of a nation: what kinds of food the people ate and what it cost; the brands of soap and dentifrices they used, and the kitchen utensils; the size and color of coaches and buses; the names of periodicals read; descriptions of supermarkets and of the variegated stalls in Petticoat Lane; the games played; the football teams cheered for; the fashions worn, with uninhibited comments on minis, midis, and maxis, and on hot pants in particular.

Attached to some of the diaries were bus tickets, carpark tickets, playing cards, and clippings from newspapers listing television and radio programs, theater and musical events, sports, weather reports, horoscopes, and advertisements. Many children, some with commendable skill, made drawings and paintings of themselves and their parents, of their homes and flats and gardens. Several children explained why and how the new decimal currency is being used. ("I must give Granny another lesson in decilimisation. She just puts her money down on the counter and says take it out of that.") Four children spent pocket money to buy and attach postage stamps for their descendants to observe.

A whole class of nine-year-olds in Upton House School in Windsor completed a joint project, which was divided into chapters headed "Houses," "Finance," "Food," "Amusements," etc. The concluding chapter, headed "Future," contained, among others, these concepts: "We will have a necklace so we can contact our friends by radio in the necklace although our friends are some distance away." "People will try to make the towns less crowded by whenever a car goes into a town a telephone-like thing will start buzzing inside the car and make an irritating noise. But if you stay in the town then when you go out a computer controlled robot will make you pay 5p a minute for how long you have been there."

Here and now, about to be buried in Somerset House vaults, is an encyclopedia of childhood. It may represent, I suppose, the most authentic and comprehensive story ever told of the life of children in one country on a given day at a given point in time. If it contains no hint of Kipling and departed glories, no rallying cry to Empire, there is at least this arrant boast—this unequivocal if only twice mentioned reference to a people who have given so much of their culture to so much of the world: "Nobody but the English know how to make a proper cup of tea."

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(Continued on page 94)

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from page 93)

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WRITER'S TOUR of Paris, Rome, London—August 1st-15th, 1972. For details, write Writer's Digest, 20 East 12th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45210.

BRITISH, EUROPEAN WATERWAYS HOLIDAYS *guide.* $1.50, Boat, Box 340-R, Belmont, California 94002.

VOYAGE TO DARKNESS—Unique invitation to view July 10th solar eclipse off Nova Scotia coast from decks of luxury liner, Olympia. Seminars in eclipse photography, *meteorology, navigation and astronomy. Following eclipse,* Olympia sails to Gaspe and Sydney for tours of scenic attractions. Sails July 8th-15th. Brochure: Eclipse 72, Box 1972, Englewood, N.J. 07631.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1961

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

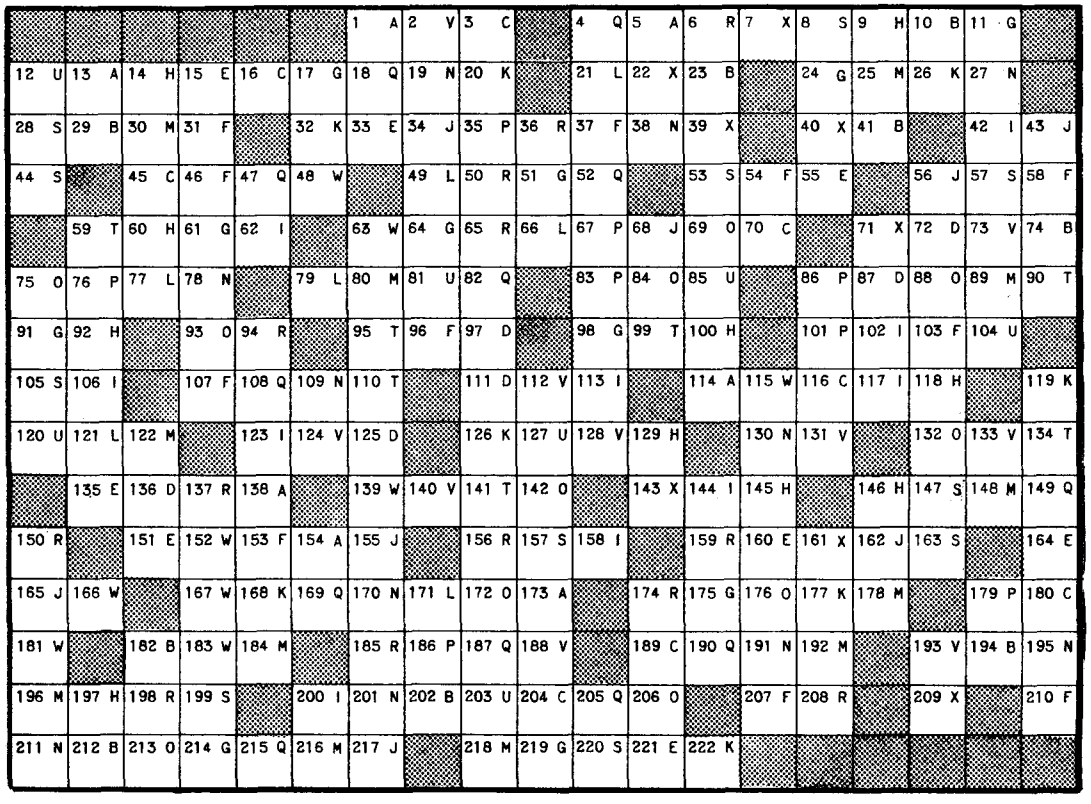
By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Crude railroad of wooden rails or wooden rails capped with metal treads	1 5 13 114 138 154 173
B. Pestering; persecuting	182 194 202 212 10 23 29 41 74
C. Cumbersome	116 180 189 204 3 16 45 70
D. Thin slice of bacon or ham for frying or broiling	72 87 97 111 125 136
E. Windbag	135 151 160 164 221 15 33 55
F. County of Scotland, formerly Haddingtonshire (2 wds.)	58 96 103 107 153 207 210 31 37 46 54
G. A demand made	61 64 214 175 219 11 17 24 51 91 98
H. After a: what many a tyke on a trike dreams of (comp.)	100 146 60 92 118 129 145 197 9 14
I. Passionate or sentimental emotion; beloved	42 62 102 113 117 123 144 158 106 200
J. Assembly, esp. the popular assembly of ancient Athens	34 155 162 217 43 56 68 165
K. The upper part of the stern of a vessel	222 20 32 119 126 168 177 26
L. "Miles around the wonder grew / ____ did I behave." (2 wds.; Housman, "A Shropshire Lad" xviii)	49 121 171 21 66 77 79
M. Involved in an accusation	80 89 178 184 216 122 148 218 25 30 192 196

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Come to the assistance of a person, party, or cause (2 wds.)	211 38 109 27 78 170 191 130 201 195 19
O. "____, with a great thing to pursue, / Dies ere he knows it." (3 wds.; Browning, "A Grammarians Funeral")	69 75 88 176 84 93 206 132 142 172 213
P. Plea	35 67 76 86 101 179 83 186
Q. Employer of productive labor; contractor	187 18 149 169 190 4 47 82 205 108 215 52
R. "Ever let the fancy roam, / Pleasure ____." (4 wds.; Keats, "Fancy")	208 150 159 185 65 6 36 50 94 156 137 174 198
S. Chins, shoots the breeze (3 wds.)	8 57 163 28 199 105 147 157 44 53 220
T. Uncultured, unintellectual	110 99 59 90 134 141 95
U. Stronsay, Pomona, and Hoy, for instance	127 120 81 203 85 104 12
V. Ones who care tenderly or nurture	193 2 133 140 73 128 124 112 131 188
W. Dismissed (2 wds.)	48 152 63 166 183 181 115 139 167
X. Italian-born English novelist (1875-1950; "Scaramouche", "Captain Blood")	39 22 71 209 143 40 7 161

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 24 of this issue.

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Chess Corner No. 162

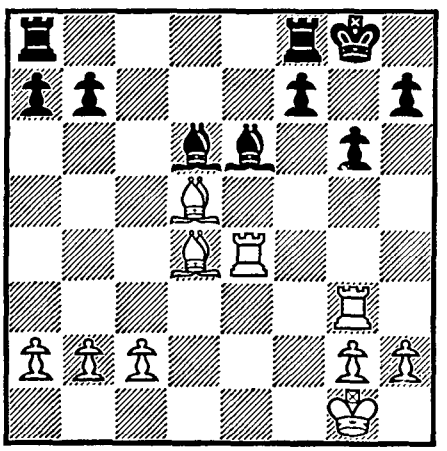
Bobby Fischer, the American chess paladin on the road to the world championship, has compiled a string of victories equaled by none. The tail end of his last competition at Palma de Majorca saw him post seven straight against global grandmasters. But this was nothing compared to what followed. Against the Soviet's Mark Taimanov and the Great Dane, Bent Larsen, Fischer swept all before him, leaving his adversaries scoreless at the zero end of a 6-0 count.

Only the invincible Cuban José Raúl Capablanca has managed such a phenomenal record, going without defeat for ten years.

Fifth Game of Fischer-Larsen Match

Larsen White	Fischer Black	Larsen White	Fischer Black
1 P-K4	P-QB4	11 P-B5	NxN
2 N-KB3	P-Q3	12 BxN	PxP
3 P-Q4	PxP	13 Q-B3	PxP
4 NxP	N-KB3	14 NxP	NxN
5 N-QB3	N-QB3	15 QxN	B-K3
6 B-QB4	P-K3	16 R-B3	Q-B3
7 B-N3	B-K2	17 R-K1	QxQ
8 B-K3	O-O	18 RxQ	P-Q4
9 O-O	B-Q2	19 R-KN3	P-KN3
10 P-B4	Q-B1	20 BxQP	B-Q3

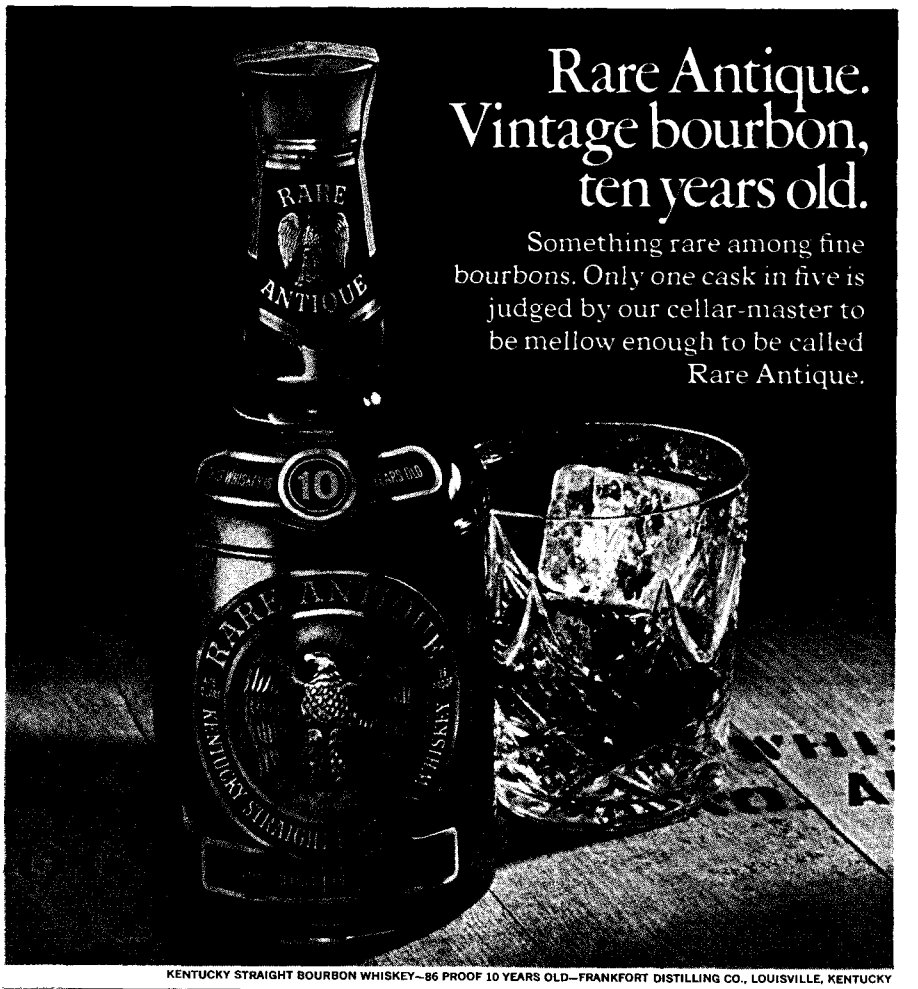
LARSEN



FISCHER

21	RxB	BxR	34 KBxR	RxB
22	R-K7	B-Q3	35 K-Q3	R-B4
23	RxNP	QR-B1	36 RxP	RxR
24	P-B4	P-QR4	37 BxR	BxQNP
25	R-R7	B-B2	38 P-QR4	K-B1
26	P-KN3	KR-K1	39 B-B3	BxB
27	K-B1	R-K2	40 KxB	K-K2
28	B-KB6	R-K6	41 K-Q4	K-Q3
29	B-QB3	P-R4	42 P-R5	P-B3
30	R-R6	B-K4	43 P-R6	K-B3
31	B-Q2	R-Q6	44 P-R7	K-N2
32	K-K2	R-Q5	45 K-Q5	P-R5
33	B-QB3	R/1xP	46 K-K6	Resigns

—Al Horowitz.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Vintage bourbon, ten years old.
Something rare among fine bourbons. Only one cask in five is judged by our cellar-master to be mellow enough to be called Rare Antique.
RARE
ANTIQUE
10
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY—86 PROOF 10 YEARS OLD—FRANKFORT DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

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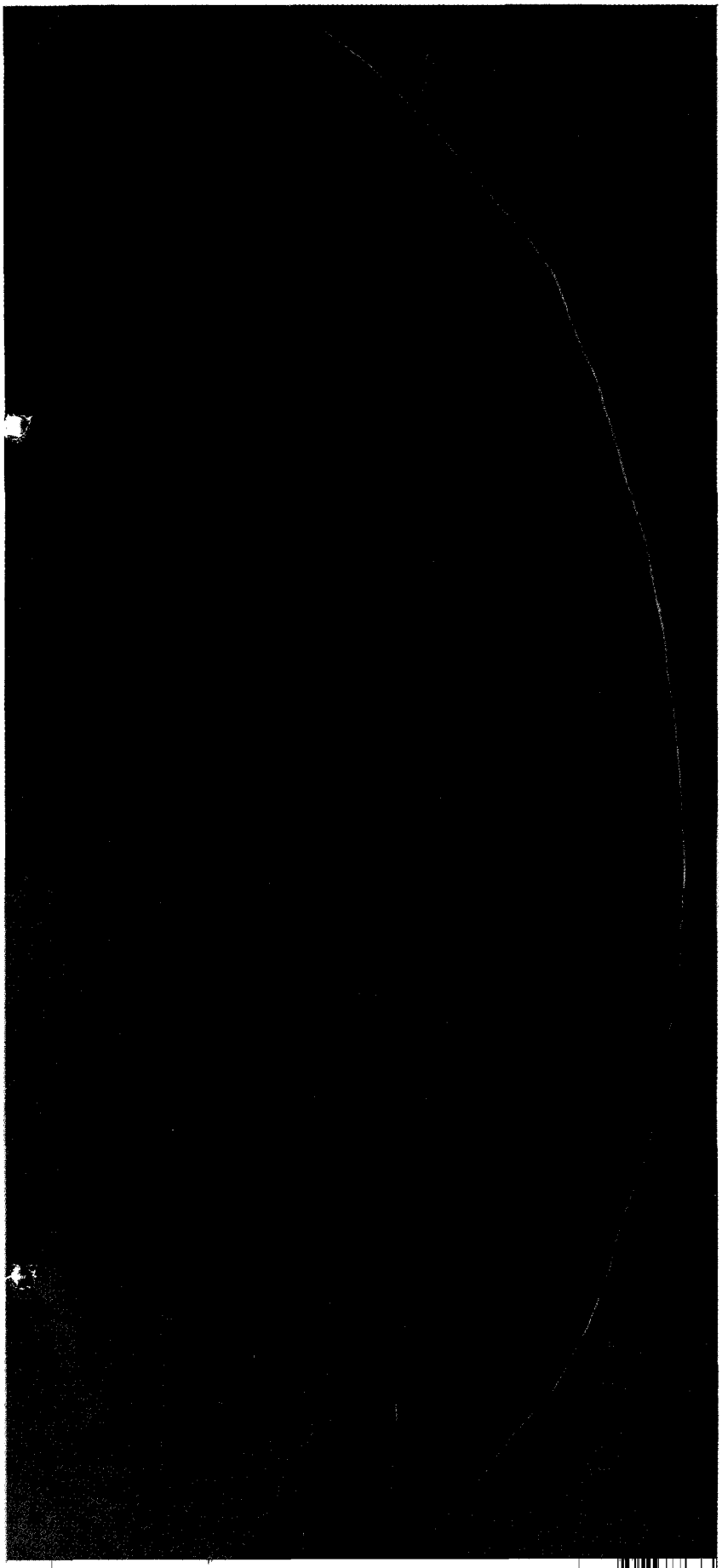

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Rapid transit is one of our surmountable urban problems

Westinghouse can get your town moving, fast.

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Both are adaptations of Westinghouse Transit Expressway, designed to get people quickly around medium-sized cities and major activity centers, such as large campuses. Totally automated, rubber-tired cars. Service every two minutes round the clock. A full-scale demonstration system has been in service six years.

Rapid transit is not one problem, but many. All surmountable. Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Gateway Center, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222.

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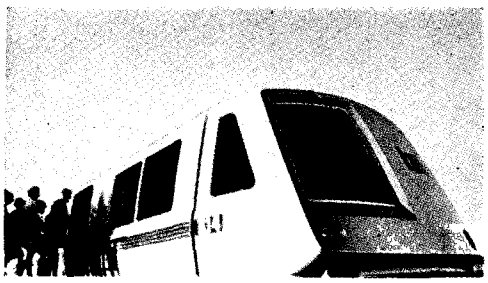

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